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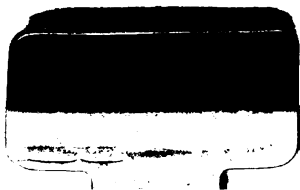
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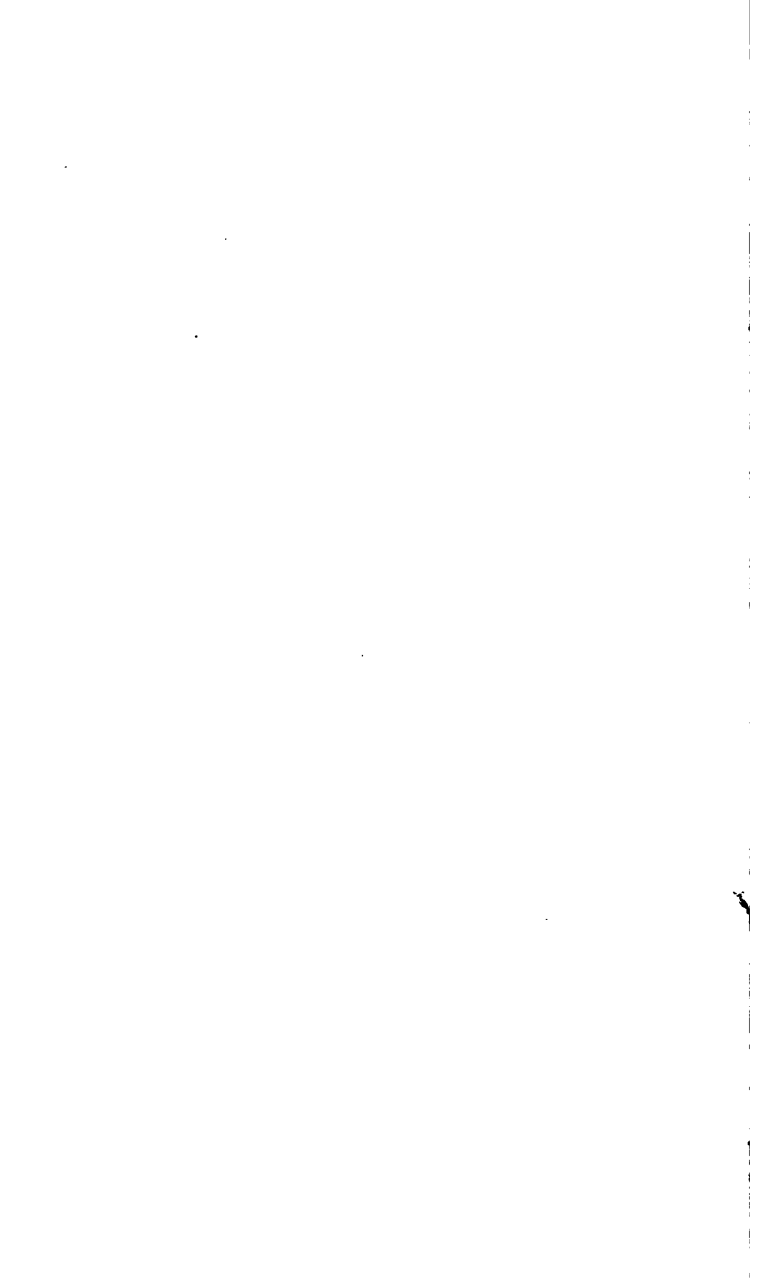
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A

POETICAL TRANSLATION

OF THE

65-863

ELEGIES

John OF *Tatham*

TRIBULLUS;

AND OF THE

POEMS OF SULPICIA.

WITH

THE ORIGINAL TEXT, and NOTES
Critical and Explanatory.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

JAMES GRAINGER, M.D.

Ἰοισας Ερωσ καλεσι, Μοισαι τον Ερωτα Φερουεν,
Ἰολπαν τας Μοισαι μοι αει ποθεοντι διδοιεν
αν γλυκεραι μολπαν, τας Φαρμακoi αδιον υδεν.

BION.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.

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T O

John Bourryau, Esq.

S I R,

WHEN I first thought of prefixing your Name to this Translation of Tibullus, I found myself considerably embarrassed; as I would chuse to avoid the Strain of Adulation, so common in Addresses of this Kind, on the one Hand, without suppressing the just Sense I have of your rising Merit, on the other. I shall not however, I flatter myself, incur the Imputation of the first, by declaring, even in this public Manner, my Satisfaction at the Progress you have made in every Branch of useful and Polite Literature; and this too, at a Time of Life, when young Men of Fashion are generally engrossed by the idle Amusements

A 2

of

of an Age abounding in all the Means of
Dissipation.

If your maturer Years answer, as I am
convinced they will, so favourable a Dawn,
I need not a Moment hesitate, to foretel the
Happiness of your Friends, in an agreeable
Companion, and polite Scholar ; and of
your Country, in a principled and unshaken
Patriot.

It is with particular Pleasure, Sir, that
I dwell, though but in Idea, on this Part
of your future Character. The Time is
not far off, when you will have finished the
Plan of your Education, by a Survey of
foreign Countries : and as it will then, of
Course, be expected from one of your opu-
lent and independent Fortune, you will, I
hope, devote the Fruits of your Industry to
the Service of the Public :

*Hunc precor, hunc utinam nobis Aurora
nitentem*

Luciferum roseis candida portet equis.

TIBULL.

When

When you become a Member of the most august Assembly of the Nation, every Well-wisher to the Community will exult to see you unawed by Power, undazzled by Riches, and unbiaſſed by Faction : an impartial Aſſertor of the juſt Prerogatives of the Crown, and the Liberties of the People : equally a Foe to Corruption, and a Friend to Virtue.

Such, Sir, are the Hopes which all your Friends at preſent conceive of you : and as your Talents, both natural and acquired, ſeem ſtrongly to confirm theſe Hopes, the more inexcusable you will prove, ſhould they hereafter be diſappointed.

In regard to the Tranſlation, with which I here take the Liberty to preſent you ; I will not pretend to ſay, I ſet no Value upon it. My offering it to you is a Proof of the contrary. — Indeed, the chief Merit it has with me, is, that it formerly pleaſed you. It ſerved alſo, to make many of my Hours paſs agreeably, which otherwiſe would have

been extremely irksome, amid the Din of Arms, and Hurry of a Camp-life.

But while you peruse Tibullus as a Poet, let not his Integrity, as a Member of the Commonwealth, be forgotten. In this Light he merits your highest Regard: for though he justly obtained a distinguished Rank among the great Writers of the Augustan Age; yet ought it more especially to be remembered to his Honour, that neither the Frowns of a Court, nor the Distresses of Fortune, could ever induce him to praise those powerful but wicked Men, who had subverted the Liberties of his Country; and this, at a Time, when the Practice of the Poets his Cotemporaries might have countenanced in him, the most extravagant Adulation.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient

humble Servant,

JAMES GRAINGER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Version of Tibullus was begun and completed several Years ago, when the Author was in the Army. A military Man, even in the most active Campaign, has many Hours of Leisure; and as these cannot be spent more rationally than in some literary Pursuit, he employed that Part of his Time, which was not devoted to his Profession, in perusing the Classics.

Time and Place influence us more in our Opinions of, and Relish for, particular Writers, than is commonly imagined. Amid the Horrors of War, the Translator could most readily sympathize with, and best account for, his Poet's Aversion to a Military Life: and while exposed to all the Hurry and Tumult of a Camp, could not but taste with a peculiar Relish all Descriptions of the unruffled and tranquil Scenes of the Country: Beside these, every Motive conspiring to make him regard the Fair Sex as the chief Ornaments of Society, was it surprising that
 Tibullus,

Tibullus, who abounds in Sentiments of this kind, should soon become a Favourite; and that what delighted him, he should at last be tempted to translate?

A pleasing Employment is seldom neglected. Those Elegies which particularly touched him, were first rendered into English; and as these make the greater Part of Tibullus's Poems, he was contented afterwards to complete the Work, by finishing as a Task, what he began as an Amusement.

A favourite Author, on whom some Labour has been employed, is not easily forgotten; the Version, therefore, was retouched as often as Opportunity served. All this while, indeed, the Translator had no Intention of making the Public acquainted with his poetical Amusements: he knew his Poet too well, and admired him too much, to think he had done him Justice:—yet when Mr. Dart's Translation of Tibullus was sent him, he was resolved to publish his own; that those who did not understand the Original, might not form an Idea of the most exact, elegant and harmonious of the Roman Elegiac Poets from the most inaccurate, harsh, and inelegant Version of the present Century.

The

The Translator hopes, he will be acquitted of Vanity, in preferring his own Performance to Mr. Dart's: indeed that Gentleman often missed the Meaning of his Author, while his Poetry always escaped him. Neither does he appear to have been a competent Judge of his own Language; and from the little Tenderness transfused into his Verses, it may be concluded, that he was an utter Stranger to that Passion, which gave rise to most of the Elegies of Tibullus.

What Advantage the present Translator may have over his Predecessor in these Respects, does not become him to determine: yet he is well apprised, that no Translator, however qualified, can give Tibullus the genuine Air of an Englishman.

It is true, that amorous Elegy is less local than many other of the minor Kinds of Poetry, the Passion of Love operating pretty nearly the same upon the human Mind in all Ages. Yet as the Modes of expressing that Passion differ much in different Countries, so these Modes must not be confounded: a Grecian ought to make Love like a Grecian, and a Roman like a Roman.

Besides this, Tibullus abounds in Images of rural Theology—He has even preserved some superstitious

Usages, which are to be met with in no other Poet : but as these are also characteristical, and must be preserved in the Version, who can hope to give a Translation of Tibullus the easy Air of a modern Original ?

Verbal Translations are always inelegant, because always destitute of Beauty of Idiom and Language ; for by their Fidelity to an Author's Words, they become treacherous to his Reputation : on the other hand, a too wanton Departure from the Letter, often varies the Sense, and always alters the Manner.

The Translator chose the middle Way, and meant neither to tread on the Heels of Tibullus, nor yet to lose Sight of him. He had not the Vanity to think, he could improve on his Poet : and though he has sometimes endeavoured to give a more modern Polish to his Sentiments, he has seldom attempted to change them. To preserve the Sense of his Original was his first Care ; his next was, to clothe it in as elegant and becoming a Dress as possible. Yet he must confess, that he has now and then taken the Liberty to transpose, and sometimes paraphrastically to enlarge the Thoughts. Where a Sentiment was too much contracted by the Closeness of the Latin Idiom, to be unfolded in a correspondent Expression in English ; or
from

from its Peculiarity, might, in a modern Language, seem flat, he has endeavoured to inspirit it by collateral Thoughts from other Poets; and where its Colours were languid, to heighten them — with what Success, the Reader must determine.

The Hexameter and Pentameter is said, to be peculiarly suited to plaintive Subjects. The English have no Stanza correspondent to that, but the Alternate, which is supposed to possess a Solemnity and kind of melancholy Flow in its Numbers. This Mr. Hammond chose for his Imitation of Tibullus; and it must be confessed, that he has happily succeeded. Yet, as in this Stanza the Sense naturally ends at the fourth Line, the Translator thought he could not in general have adopted it, without Violence to the Original: he therefore preferred the Heroic Measure, which is not better suited to the lofty Sound of the Epic Muse, than to the complaining Tone of Elegy. The Reader, however, will find one or two Elegies rendered in the alternate Stanza, which is by no means so difficult as the Heroic.

As Tibullus wrote Love Poems like a Roman, any Translation of them without Notes, would have been extremely obscure to an English Reader: most of his Commentators are mere Philologists, or at best they

have only displayed their Erudition in the History of a Heathen God, or the Topography of a River. From this Censure, however, Broekhusius, his Dutch Editor, and Vulpius, his Italian Commentator, may in part be exempted; they have indeed sometimes entered into the Propriety of our Poet's Thoughts. Yet even their chief Excellence consists in arranging the Text; in selecting, the most approved Readings; and in giving those Passages, which they suppose Tibullus either borrowed from his Predecessors, or the Moderns copied from him. The Design of the Translator is very different; he has commented on his Author as a Roman Poet, and as a Roman Lover: and although he owns himself enamoured of his Beauties, (as who can draw a pleasing Resemblance of a Face which disgusts him?) he hopes he has not been blind to his Imperfections. These indeed, he has touched upon with the Tenderness of a Friend, not the Acrimony of a Critic.

Yet as most of the Commentators were consulted, the Translator has taken from each of them, such Notes, as he imagined would be most serviceable to an English Reader, always ascribing them however to the Author who furnished them. Thus, beside Broekhusius and Vulpius, the name of Mr. Dart will
 some.

sometimes be found at the Bottom of an Observation? Nor must it be forgotten, that the Translator has been obliged to that Gentleman for ten or twelve Lines in his Version.

It has been judged necessary to print the Latin Text along with the Version: this the Translator would willingly have declined, as his Work can hope to find Favour with those only, who understand not the Original. Yet, when he considered, that the English Press had afforded no one accurate Edition of Tibullus; and that even the best of those printed abroad were not exempted from material Errors; he surmounted his Scruples, and has endeavoured to give a less exceptionable Text of his Poet, than any hitherto published.

Before he concludes, the Translator must return his sincere thanks to a worthy Friend, for his elegant Version of the First Elegy, and of Ovid's Poem on the Death of Tibullus. By what Accident his own Translation of the first Elegy was lost, is of no consequence; especially too, as the Reader, from a Perusal of Mr. P****'s Specimen, will probably be induced to wish, that more of those now published, had undergone a like Fate, provided the same Gentleman had likewise translated them.

Nor

Nor is that, the only good Office which challenges his Gratitude: the Translator is particularly obliged to his Friend, for having procured him the valuable Acquaintance of another learned Gentleman; who not only took the trouble to compare his Version of the three last Books with the Original; but who also favoured him with some Notes, which constitute the chief Ornament of the second Volume. Thus, like the Britons of old, the Translator has called in Auxiliaries to conquer him.

T H E
L I F E
O F
T I B U L L U S.

WE are not only unacquainted with the Prænomens of Tibullus, but with the Year of his Birth. The Biographers, from a Line* in the fifth Elegy of his third Book, indeed inform us, that Ovid and he were born the day that Hirtius and Panfa were killed, viz. on the tenth of the Calends of April, A. U. C. 710. This was the Opinion of the Learned for many Centuries; nor was it controverted, till Joseph Scaliger first entertained some Doubts of it; and Janus Douza the younger, about a hundred and seventy Years ago, was induced, by comparing

* *Natalem nostri primum videre parentes
Quum cecidit fato consul uterque pari.*

what our Poet had said of himself, with what Horace and Ovid have wrote concerning him, to reject that Line as spurious, and to assert that Tibullus must have been born almost twenty Years sooner. Although we think some considerable Objections may be raised against Douza's Opinion *, yet as the old Account is liable to still greater, we shall venture with that Critic, to inform the Reader, that Albius Tibullus, the Prince of Elegiac Poets, was born at Rome, A. U. C. 690, six Years after the Birth of Virgil, and one after that of Horace.

Tibullus might say with his great Admirer, Ovid,

*usque a proavis vetus ordinis hæres,
Non modo militiæ turbine factus eque †.*

being descended from an Equestrian Branch of the Albian Family : — and though some of the old Biographers ‖ assert, that his Ancestors made a Figure in the Forum and in the Field, yet as History makes no mention of them, Posterity would have been unacquainted with this Branch of that illustrious House, had it not been for our Poet.

* See the Arguments on both Sides of the Question in the Notes to the fifth Elegy of the third Book.

† Amor. lib. iii. el. 14.

‖ Crinitus, &c.

As the ancient Writers of Tibullus's Life have favoured us with no Particulars of his Infancy, it is probable it was distinguished by nothing remarkable. The human Mind does not always blossom at the same Period; and it by no means follows that his Childhood must have flourished, whose mature Age has produced fair Fruits of Science. Perhaps too, Details of early Excellence are less useful than is commonly imagined, as they often dispirit those who would otherwise in due Time have expanded into an extensive Reputation.

But if such Accounts are less useful, it would have been no unprofitable Gratification of Curiosity to have known by what Plan his Studies were conducted, and who were his Preceptors. Antiquity, however, having left us in the Dark with regard to these Matters, we can only suppose that as his Father's Condition was considerable, so nothing was omitted to render our Poet an useful and elegant Member of Society.

The Romans possessed a real Advantage over the Moderns in Point of Education; for as the same Citizen might plead Causes, command Armies, and arrive at the first Dignities of the Priesthood; so their literary Institutions were made to comprehend these several
Objects.

Objects. It is easy to see of what vast Utility so general a Plan must have been to a State ; and perhaps it is not paying Letters too high a Compliment, to say, that the Successes of the Romans were in a great measure owing to this Advantage.

In the Year of Rome 705, the civil War broke out between Cæsar and Pompey. The Army and corrupt part of the Legislature followed Cæsar ; while the Majority of the Senate and of the Knights, with all those who dreaded a perpetual Dictator, sided with Pompey, as the Person from whom the Republic had less Danger to apprehend. Of this Number was the Father of Tibullus ; and there is Reason to suspect, that he either fell in the Field, or was butchered by Proscription, for we know that a considerable Part of his Estate was left a Prey to the rapacious Soldiery *. These Events probably determined our Author's public Attachments ; but without these Motives to Revenge, it is not unlikely that Tibullus had, before this Time, adopted the political Opinions of his Father †.

At what Actions in the civil War our young Knight was present, as it was not prudent in him to mention

* Vide Panegy. ad Messalam, lin. 191. Jan. Douz. Sched. Succid.

† See Francis's Notes on the thirty-third Ode of the first Book of Horace,

in his Poems, so Historians do not inform us : but as Principle and Revenge equally conspired to rouse his Courage (and Courage he certainly possessed †) may we not safely infer, that Tibullus did not run away, like his Friend Horace, from Philippi †, at which Battle he was present with his Patron the illustrious Messala Corvinus ‡

But the Fortune of Octavius prevailing over the better Cause of Brutus and Cassius, Messala too (who was next in Command to these Patriot Citizens) going over with his Forces to the Conqueror, Tibullus, although he paid the greatest regard to the Sentiments of that excellent Soldier and Orator, yet determined to leave the Army ; for as he would not fight against the Party which his Friends had now espoused, so neither could he appear in Arms against those whom his Principles taught him to regard as the Assertors of Liberty. Besides, the bad Success of the Patriot-party and his own Experience, had now inspired him with an Abhorrence of the War ; he therefore retired A. U. C. 712, to his Country-seat at Pedum, there, by an honest Industry, to raise his impaired Fortune to its ancient Splendor, while his Hours of Leisure were either devoted to Philosophy or the Muses*.

† Tibull, Lib. i. El. 8.

‡ Vell. Patercul. lib. ii. cap. 71.

* Panegy, Tibull, ad Messalam, lin. 184.

But we are not to imagine that rural Objects and Study solely engaged our Poet's Attention; for being formed with a natural Tenderness of Disposition, he began to enlarge the Sphere of his Pleasures by conversing with the Fair Sex. The first Object of his Affection was probably Glyceria; and we have Horace * on our Side, when we add, that she at first gave him Hopes of Success: but though his Person was elegant †, his Fortune not contemptible, and his Life was then in the Prime, Glyceria deserted him for a younger Lover ‡. As he entertained a real Affection for that Lady, her Infidelity gave him much Uneasiness, he therefore endeavoured, by exerting his Elegiac Genius, to reclaim her. But his Poems producing in Glyceria no Change to his Advantage, his Friend and old Fellow-soldier Horace advised him to abate of his Sorrow for her Loss, and send her no more Elegies.

* Lib. i. Ode 33.

† Horat. lib. i. ep. 4.

‡ Horat. lib. i. ode 33.

Albi ne doleas plus nimio, &c.

No more in Elegiac Strain
Of cruel Glyceria complain

None

None of these Elegies having come down to our Times, Lilio Gyraldi || supposes that Nemesis and Glycera were the same—but the Poems which are inscribed to Nemesis * do not favour this Supposition: and indeed, it seems more likely, that Tibullus was so piqued at the ill Success of his first Amour, that he destroyed all those Elegies which it gave rise to.

Some Time after this, (A. U. C. 718.) the fierce Inhabitants of Pannonia rebelling, and Messala being one of the Generals appointed by Augustus to reduce them, that Nobleman invited Tibullus to attend him in the Expedition. As this Service was not against the Pompeian Party †, and as he hoped in the Hurry of a Military Life to find a Remedy for his Melancholy, he complied with his noble Friend's Request; and in every Action behaved with his usual Bravery. In Proof of this the Commentators quote our Poet's Description of the old Soldier of Arupinum.

*Testis Arupinas, & pauper natus in armis.
Quem si quis videat, vetus ut non fregerit ætas,
Terna minus Pylæ miretur sæcula fama,*

|| Dialog. de Poet.

* Lib. ii.

† An Amnesty was granted by the Triumvirate to all Pompey's Party, A. U. C. 715.

Namque

*Namque senex longæ peragit dum sæcula vitæ,
 Contum fecundos Titan renovaverit annos :
 Ipse tamen velox celerem super edere corpus
 Audet equum, validisque sedet moderator habenis *.*

Besides these Verses, some others may be brought from the Panegyric, and in particular the three following, to strengthen their Assertion :

*Nam bellis experta cano, testis mihi victæ
 Fortis Japidiæ miles, testis quoque fallax
 Pannonius, gelidas passim disjectus in Alpes †.*

In this Manner did our Poet subdue his Passion for Glycera : but being by Nature addicted to the Love of the Fair-sex, at his Return from the Army, he fixed his Affections on Delia.

Cyllenius, in his Commentary on Tibullus †, conjectures that she obtained the Name of Delia from the Greek Word *δελία*, on Account of her surpassing in Beauty the Roman Ladies. But we have the more respectable Authority of Apuleius ||, for asserting that
 Delia

* Paneyr. ad Messalam, lin. 110.

† Ibid. lin. 107.

‡ This Commentary was published at Venice, A. D. 1487

|| *In apologia accusent — & Tibullum, quod ei sit Plania in animo, Delia in versu.* Casaubon and Colvius think, it should be

Delia was an Appellation given her by our Poet, her real Name being Mania.

Some Critics * contend, that Delia was a Woman of the Town :—but many Passages in the Elegies addressed to her †, contradict this Assertion. Which of these Poems were first written, cannot now be determined; but it is certain, they were not composed in the Order, they are now printed.

It would seem, that some Time after his Attachment to Delia, Messala invited our Poet to accompany him in some military Expedition : but he was then too deeply enamoured of Delia, to attend the Call of Honour. Tibullus therefore composed his first Elegy, in which, as he prefers a Country Retirement with Delia and a moderate Income, to all the Triumphs of War and Allurements of Fortune, so Corvinus could not well urge, with Propriety, our Poet's Departure.

Messala having soon after obtained the Consulship, Tibullus composed his Panegyric. This Poem is in heroic Numbers, and though not destitute of poeti-

be read either *Flavia* or *Plauca*. In one of Fulvius Ursinus's MS. Copies of the Apology, it was written *Plautia*. *Plania*, however, says Broekhusius, is found in Roman Inscriptions, and therefore the Name need not be altered.

* *Erát libertinae conditionis muliercula.* Broekh.

† Vide lib. i. passim.

cal Beauties, is inferior to his Elegies : it seems rather an Effusion of Friendship, than an Effort of Genius : it has therefore not been translated.

In the Year of Rome 725*, Messala being intrusted by Augustus Cæsar with an extraordinary Command over Syria, insisted on Tibullus's accompanying him thither, to which our Poet consented. This Sacrifice to Friendship was not however obtained without much reluctance ; for Delia, it would seem, opposed his Departure. But as Messala, in this Expedition, was to visit Greece, Asia, &c. and as Tibullus, in his Panegyric, had said,

Pro te vel rapidas ausum maris ire per undas,

Adversis hyberna licet tumeant freta ventis.

Pro te vel solus densis subsistere turmis :

Vel pavidum Ætneæ corpus committere flammæ

Sum quodcunque tuum est †, &c.

he embarked with his Patron. He, however, had not been long at Sea, before he was taken so ill, that Messala was obliged to put him ashore, and leave him in Phæaciâ †. In this Island, so famous for the Gardens of Alcinous, our Poet composed the third Elegy of the

* Norris Ceno:soph. Pisan. Diss. ii. cap. 16. § 7.

† Panegyric. ad Messalam, lin. 193.

‡ Now Corfu.

first Book; which shews, that whatever Effect this Sickness had upon his Constitution, it did not in the least impair his poetical Talents.

From the Sentiments of Tenderneſs expreſſed in that beautiful Poem, it would not have been ſurprizing, had Tibullus on his Recovery returned to Italy: but he had too ſincere a Regard for his Friend, to deſert him; he therefore, as ſoon as he was able to renew his Voyage, haſtened after Meſſala, and with that Nobleman * travelled through Cilicia, Syria, Egypt, and Greece, being then probably initiated into the Eleuſinian Myſteries at Athens †.

What were the political Conſequences of this Expedition, Hiſtorians do not mention: but the Conſequences to Tibullus were highly diſagreeable; for if any Streſs, in this Point, is to be laid on his Elegies, there is Reaſon to ſuſpect, that Delia married before his Return.

This, doubtleſs, occaſioned much Uneaſineſs to, and rendered our Poet, the leſs unwilling to embrace another Offer made him, ſoon after, by Meſſala,

* Lib. i. El. 8. Alſo See Schuſius's Notes on the third Elegy of the firſt Book.

† *Non ego tentavi nulli reſiſtere virorum*

Audax laudanda ſacra docere Deæ. Lib. iii. El. 5.

of going to Aquitaine; which Province having revolted (A. U. C. 726.) Augustus had intrusted that excellent Officer with the important Business of its Reduction*.

The Romans, says an elegant Writer, fought with other Nations for Glory, but with the Gauls for Liberty. This Observation was at least verified at this Time; for it was not till after many sharp Actions, in which both the General and his Soldiers distinguished themselves, that Messala completed the Service he was sent upon. In all these Battles, our Poet signalized his Courage in so remarkable a Manner, that the Success of the Expedition was, in no small Degree, owing to him.

*Non sine me est tibi partus honos: Tarbella Pyrene
Tessis, & oceani littora Santonici:
Tessis Arar, Rhodanusque celer, magnusque Garumna,
Carnuti & Flavi cœrula lymphæ Liger †.*

For which Reason, he had military Honour conferred on him; *militaribus donis ornatus est*, as the old Writer of his Life informs us †.

* Steph. Vinand. Pighii Annal. & Norris Cenotaph. Pisan. Diff. ii. cap. 16. 7.

† Lib. i. El. 8.

‡ In the Life prefixed to that Edition of Tibullus which was published at Venice, A. D. 1475.

The Reduction of Aquitaine was so acceptable to the Emperor, that Messala had a Triumph decreed him the Year after * : and as our Poet had born so distinguished a Share in the War, it is not to be supposed, but he was present at that superb Solemnity ; which, as an ancient Inscription † acquaints us, was celebrated on the seventh of the Calends of October.

But his Gallic Expedition not having banished Delia from his Breast, he again paid his Addressees to her : and, from some Passages in the second and seventh Elegies of the first Book, it would seem, that they were but too successful.

When a Woman has once so far forgot herself, as to bestow improper Favours on a Lover, nothing is more natural than for that Lover to suspect he is not the only Favourite. Our Poet is an Instance of the Truth of this Observation ; for to such a Height did his ungenerous Suspicions of Delia arise (notwithstanding all her Protestations of Innocence) that he made her Husband acquainted with his Intrigue ‡. Whether Delia was innocent or not, she could never

* Cenotaph. Pisan. Diss. ii. cap. 16. § 7.

† Pighii Annales.

‡ Lib. i. El. 7.

forgive this Discovery. Or had she been willing to forget the past, we cannot suppose that her Husband would ever admit Tibullus again into his House.

Such then was the extraordinary Conclusion of our Poet's Intimacy with Delia ; and therefore, the Poem which furnished these Particulars, is justly made the last of the Poems inscribed to that Beauty.

Although the Elegies of Tibullus warrant, in some sort, these Surmises ; yet, it ought to be considered, that Poets write from Imagination, more frequently than from Reality, because ideal Subjects afford greater Scope to their Faculties, than Occurrences in common Life : — and indeed, if what Ovid tells us, may be depended on, Delia was again enamoured with our Poet, at the Time of his Decease, when probably her Husband was dead.

Some Time elapsed, before Tibullus entered into any new Engagements : in this Interval, he composed his famous Elegy on Messala's Birth-day, the ninth and the following Elegies of the first Book, with the first and second of the second Book ; endeavouring to forget his Disasters, by dividing his Time between his Country-seat and Rome, but chiefly by conversing, more than ever, with the Learned and Polite : of these the most eminent among his Acquaintance were Messala, Valgius, Macer, and Horace.

Messala was now in the Height of his Reputation : in Eloquence, and Military Knowledge he was excelled by none of his Cotemporaries ; and yet the Goodness of his Heart surpassed his Abilities. His House was the Rendezvous of the Learned ; and his Patronage, as an admirable Poet * expresses it, was

The surest Passport to the Gates of Fame.

Happy in the Approbation of all Parties, his siding with Augustus, after the Defeat at Philippi, did not lose him the Esteem of his old Friends ; and his interesting himself in their Behalf, to the Honour of that Emperor, made him not the less beloved by Augustus. †

℄ J. Valgius Rufus was eminent, not only for heroic Poetry, but also for his Elegies, especially those, on the Death of his Son Mystes †. He also wrote some
excellent

* Dr. Young.

‡ Messala had a Brother, who was also a polite Scholar, as Horace informs us. According to St. Jerome, this illustrious Roman married Terentia, Cicero's Widow, and by her had two Sons, Marcus and Lucius, who both attaining to the Consulship, and were an Ornament to their Families, by their military and civil Capacities. Messala himself was so old before he died, as to forget his own Name. Pliny the Elder tells us, that he would not permit a Person of his Family to have his Statue placed among those of his Ancestors, because he was a Disgrace to them.

† We learn this Circumstance from Horace, who wrote Valgius a beautiful consolatory Ode on the Occasion.

excellent Epigrams. But all his Poems are now lost. As Tibullus thought him the best Poet next to Homer, Posterity has suffered much in their Loss †.

Of Macer, all that is known, is mentioned in the Notes to the sixth Elegy of the second Book.

But although Tibullus himself informs us of his acquaintance with these eminent Scholars; yet should we not have known of the Friendship, which Horace and he entertained for one another, had it not been for Horace, who probably about this Time sent our Poet an Epistle, which is thus translated by Mr. Francis.

Albius! in whom my Satires find
 A candid Critic and a kind,
 Do you, while at your Country-seat,
 Some rhiming Labours meditate,
 That shall in volum'd Bulk arise,
 And e'en from Cassius bear the Prize;
 Or, sauntering thro' the silent Wood,
 Think what befits the Wise and Good.

*Non semper imbres nubibus bispidos
 Manant in agros, &c.*

Lib. ii. Ode 9.

† The Critics have been able, from all Antiquity, to glean only seven Lines of Rufus's Poetry, which the Reader, if curious of such literary Scraps, will find collected by Broekhusius, in his Notes on Tibullus's Panegyric to Messala.

Thou

Thou art not form'd of lifeless Mould,
 With Breast inanimate and cold ;
 To thee the Gods a Form complete,
 To thee the Gods a large Estate,
 In Bounty give, with Skill to know
 How to enjoy what they bestow.

Can a fond Nurse one Blessing more
 Ev'n for her favourite Boy implore,
 With Sense and clear Expression blest,
 Of Friendship, Honour, Wealth, possess ;
 A Table elegantly plain,
 And a poetic easy Vein ?

By Hope inspir'd, depress'd by Fear,
 By Passion warm'd, perplex'd with Care ;
 Believe that every Morning's Ray
 Hath lighted up thy latest Day ;
 Then, if To-morrow's sun be thine,
 With double Lustre shall it shine.

Such are the Maxims I embrace,
 And here, in sleek and joyous Case,
 You'll find for Laughter fitly bred,
 An Hog by Epicurus fed *.

FRANCIS.

* Lib. i. Ep. 4.

Monf. Dacier † observes, that this Epistle is all ironical ; for Tibullus, according to him, having exhausted his Fortune by Extravagance, had now retired to the Country, to recruit his Finances, and avoid the Importunity of his Creditors.

To find out these Things from the Epistle before quoted, required a strange Obliquity of Understanding ; as to support them, demanded some Learning :— however, it must be confessed, that the French Editor of Horace, is not the first Author who maintained this extraordinary Opinion. An old Grammarian *, whose Comment on Horace, Caspar Barthius owns he perused, but to whom Dacier was willing to sink his Obligations though he also must have seen him, has out-done the French Critic in what he writes of Tibullus. *Fuit hic Albius* (says this uncommon Genius) *eques Romanus, qui primus in amatorio carmine habetur : cum per ironiam irridet Horatius, quasi rem bene gesserit, cum in juventa omnia prodegerit, et postea versibus victum quaesiverit. Ergo ubi eum laudat, se innuit Horatius ; ubi vituperat se, & Epicurum nominat, Albium intelligit, quem ridendum ait quod prodegerit omnia, jam nihil habens, quo, ut so-*

† Voyez ses Notes sur l'Horace, lib. i. ep. 4.

* Casp. Barth. Adversar. lib. xxxvii. cap. 19.

lebat,

lebat, cutem curare possët: quod vero aut

Di tibi divitias dederint; &c.

manifesta ironia est, nam Epicuri non credentes deos habere curam rerum humanarum, omnia prodigunt; quod postquam factum est omnibus sunt ridiculi.

Whence this *femi-priscus Grammaticus* (for so Broekhusius calls him). drew these Particulars relating to our Poet, is not known: but that Dacier should adopt them, is Matter of Wonder; as, in all Probability, the Frenchman had read Tibullus's Panegyric *, which plainly shews that the Diminution of his Fortune was not owing to his own Intemperance. And if the Grammarian had perused his Elegies † with ever so little Attention, he would have seen, that Tibullus was rather religious than otherwise, and by no means an Epicurean, at least in Belief.

But, say some Critics, who have too thoughtlessly embraced this Opinion, does not Horace confirm it,

* *quamvis*
Fortuna, ut mos est illi, me adversa fatiget.

And some Lines lower,

† *nam cura novatur,*
Quum memor antecessos semper dolor admovet annos.
Sed licet asperiora cadant, spoliisque relictis.

Lin. 190.

† Book i. El. 1, 3, 8, 11.

a.5

where

~~TEXT~~ THE LIFE OF TIBULLUS:

where he tells us, that his Father warned him, when a young Man, from pursuing extravagant Courses, by setting before his Eyes the Infamy and miserable Life of Albius,

Nonne vides Albi ut male vivat filius ?

To make this Objection decisive, the Critics must first prove, that there were no other Albiusses in Rome than the Father of Tibullus ; which, by the way, is false : and then they must shew, that this infamous and indigent Son of Albius's was our Poet ; which cannot be done, especially as we know, that he died a Knight, and of Course, was worth upwards of three thousand Pounds Sterling.—There are also innumerable Passages in his Elegies *, which prove, that he was by no means in distressed Circumstances, though less wealthy than his Ancestors. Again, is it to be imagined, that the rich and generous Messala would have suffered so fine a Genius, and one whom he regarded so much, to have been distressed by his Creditors ? And, to crown all, as Tibullus was confessedly some Years younger than Horace, with what Propriety could Horace's Father propose Tibullus as an Example not to be followed by his Son ?

* See the Notes on the first Elegy of the first Book, and on the first and third Elegy of the second.

When such were the Friends of Tibullus, and his poetical Abilities had long since obtained him universal Applause, he could have found no Difficulty in getting Admission to the learned Court of Augustus :— how then, ask the Commentators, has it come to pass, that he never once mentions either that Emperor, or Mæcenas, both whom his brother Poets celebrated with such a Lavishness of Praise? And yet, add they, there are many Parts of his Writings, where those Patrons of Genius might have been introduced with uncommon Propriety?

True to the Principles of the Republic, and a real Friend to the Liberties of the People, Tibullus never could prevail upon himself to flatter those, whatever Affection they expressed for the Muses, whom his Principles taught him to detest as the Enslavers of his Country.

This, as Pope emphatically expresses it, “ kept him sacred from the Great,” who doubtless perceived with secret Displeasure (for Augustus and Mæcenas well knew the Importance of having the Poets on their Side) that no Loss of Fortune, and no Allurement of Ambition could induce Tibullus to join in the general Chorus of their Praise. Although, both the Emperor and his Favourite must in their
a 6
Hearts

Hearts have applauded our Poet's Integrity; yet that mental Applause, in all Probability, would not have secured Tibullus from the Effects of their Displeasure; had it not been for the Interest which he had with Messala.

Besides Messala, Valgius, and Macer; Tibullus mentions Cornutus, Marathus, Titius, and Messalinus:—the Conjectures of the Critics concerning these Romans are inserted in the Notes to the Elegies, where their Names occur.

Soon after this, Tibullus fell in Love with Neæra. It is true, that the Elegies he wrote to Neæra, in every Edition of our Poet, follow those, in which he celebrates Nemesis:—yet as Ovid (who could not well be mistaken in what related to one whom he regarded so much as Tibullus) says, that Nemesis was his last Mistress; and, as it is probable, that the fifth Elegy of the second Book (our Poet being then certainly very fond of Nemesis) was written between the Years 732 and 734, when Augustus wintered in Samos, that is, a short time before our Poet's Death, we suppose, although the learned Gentleman who favoured the Author with the Notes marked B, is of a different Opinion, that Neæra was the third Object of his Affections.

Fabricius conjectures, from her Name, that she was a Woman of the Town; Neæra, in the Declension of the Roman Empire, being a synonymous Term for a Courtezan * : but Fabricius should have considered that Tibullus wrote in the Augustan Age. Besides, it appears from Homer †, from Valerius Flaccus ‡, and from an old Marble Statue preserved by Pignorius ||, that Women of the first Rank and most unsuspected Modesty, were called by that Name. Without, however, these Authorities, Tibullus himself screens this Favourite from the Imputation of Libertinism, by bestowing on her the Epithet *casta* § : He also characterizes her Parents, as People of Virtue and Fortune:

It appears from the second and third *Elégy* of the third Book, that Neæra, after a long Courtship, having consented to marry Tibullus, was somehow or other forced away from him. This gave our Poet an uncommon Concern, which was redoubled, when he discovered, that she herself had not only been necessary to her being carried off, but meant also to marry his Rival.

* Thus Ifo, the old Glossarist of Prudentius, interprets Neæra by *pellex* and *concupina*.

† *Odyf.* lib. xii. ver. 133.

‡ *Argonaut.* lib. ii. ver. 147.

|| *Epist.* Symbolic. vid. Reines, *Ep.* 29.

§ *Lib.* iii. *El.* 4.

Mr. Dart, in his Life of Tibullus †, is of Opinion, that Neæra was the same with Glycera:—but why then does our Poet not call her by that Name? Besides, if any one will attentively peruse Horace's consolatory Ode to our Author on the Infidelity of Glycera, and compare it with many Passages in the third Book of Tibullus, he will easily see, that Mr. Dart must be mistaken.

Tibullus, who had hitherto been unsuccessful in his Addresses to the Fair, was not more fortunate in his last Mistress; for, if Nemesis (for so was she called) possessed Beauties of Mind and Person equal to those of Delia, and Neæra, her extreme Avarice obscured them all: and though Martial * founds Tibullus's chief Claim to poetical Reputation, on the Elegies he addressed to that Lady,

Fama est arguti Nemesis formosa Tibulli,

we have our Poet's Authority for asserting, that they produced no Effect upon her.

Whether Nemesis ever abated of her Rigour to Tibullus, his Elegies do not inform us:—it is indeed probable she did, especially since Ovid represents her, as

† P. 20.

* Lib. viii, Ep. 73.

sincerely

sincerely grieved at Tibullus's Death, which, according to Marfus, a cotemporary Poet, happened soon after that of Virgil :

Te quoque, Virgilio comitem, non æqua, Tibulle,

Mors juvenem campos misit ad Elyfios :

Ne foret, aut ilegis molles qui fleret amores ;

Aut caneret forti regia bella pede.

Thee! young Tibullus, to th' Elyfian Plain
 Death bid accompany great Maro's Shade ;
 Determin'd that no Poet should remain
 Or to sing Wars, or weep the cruel Maid.

For Tibullus died either A. U. C. 735, the Year of Virgil's Death, or the Year after, in the forty-fourth or forty-fifth Year of his Age.

Nor was Marfus the only Poet who celebrated this melancholy Event: Ovid †, who had no less Friendship than Admiration for Tibullus, has immortalized both himself, and his Friend, in the following beautiful Elegy, which containing some further Particulars relating to our Poet, will make a proper Conclusion to this Life, which, from the Scantiness, as well as the little Authority of many of the Materials, the Author is sorry, he cannot render more complete.

† Lib. iii. El. 8.

If Thetis, if the blushing Queen of Morn †,
 If mighty Goddesses could taste of Woe
 For mortal Sons; come, Elegy forlorn!
 Come, weeping Dame! and bid thy Tresses flow:

Thou bear'st, soft Mistress of the tearful Eye
 From Grief thy Name, now Name alas too just!
 For see thy favourite Bard, thy Glory lie,
 Stretch'd on yon funeral Pile, ah! lifeless Dust!

See Venus' Son, his Torch extinguish'd brings,
 His Quiver all revers'd, and broke his Bow;
 See pensive how he droops with flagging Wings,
 And strikes his bared Bosom many a Blow:

Loose and neglected, scatter'd o'er his Neck,
 His golden Locks drink many a falling Tear:
 What piteous Sobs, as if his Heart would break,
 Shake his swollen Cheek? Ah Sorrow too severe!

Thus,

Memnona si mater, mater ploravit Achillem,

Et tangunt magnas tristia fata deos;

Flebilis indignos, Elegia, solve capillos,

Ah nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit!

Ille tui vates operis, tua fama, Tibullus.

5

Ardet in extructo corpus inane rogo.

Ecce, puer Veneris fert everfamque pharetram,

Et fractos arcus, & sine luce facem.

Adspice, demissis ut eat miserabilis alis;

Pectoraque infesta tundat aperta manu.

10

Excipiunt sparsi lacrymas per colla capilli;

Oraque singultu concutiente sonant.

† Aurora.

Eratis.

Thus, fair Iälus! for thy godlike Sire *,
 'Tis said, he weeping from thy Roof withdrew:
 Nor deeper mourn'd the Queen of soft Desire †,
 When the grim Boar her lov'd Adonis slew.

And yet we Bards are fondly call'd divine,
 Are sacred held, the Gods' peculiar Care :-
 There are, that deem us of th'ethereal Line,
 That something of the Deity we share.

But what can Death's abhorred Stroke withstand?
 Say what so sacred he will not profane?
 On all the Monster lays his dusky Hand,
 And Poets are immortal deem'd in vain.

Thee, Orpheus, what avail'd thy heavenly Sire?
 Thy Mother-muse, and beast-inchanting Song?
 The God for Linus swept his mournful Lyre,
 And with a Father's Woes the Forests rung.

Great

Fratri in Æneæ sic illum funere dicunt
 Egressum tectis, pulcher Jule, tuis.
 Néc minus est confusa Venus moriente Tibullo, 15.
 Quam juveni rupit cum ferus inguen aper.
 At sacri vates, & divûm cura vocamur:
 Sunt etiam, qui nos numen habere putent.
 Scilicet omne sacrum mors inportuna profanat:
 Omnibus obscuras injicit illa manus. 20.
 Quid pater Ismario, quid mater profuit, Orpheo?
 Caimine quid victas obstupuisse feras?
 Ælinon in sylvis idem pater, Ælinon, altis
 Dicitur invitâ concinuisse Lyrâ.
 * Æneas. † Venus. Adspice:

Great Homer see, from whose eternal Spring
 Pierian Draughts the Poet-train derive,
 Not he could 'scape the fell remorseless King *,
 His Lays alone the greedy Flames survive.

Still live, the Work of Ages, Ilion's Fame,
 And the slow Web by nightly Craft unwove:
 So Nemesis' shall live, and Delia's Name;
 This his first Passion, that his recent Love.

Now what avails, ye Fair! each holy Rite,
 Each painful Service for your Lover paid?
 Recluse and lonely that you pass'd the Night?
 Or fought th' Egyptian Cymbal's fruitless Aid?

When partial Fate thus tears the Good away,
 (Forgive, ye Just! th'involuntary Thought)

I'm led to doubt of Jove's eternal Sway,
 And fear that Gods and Heaven are Words of
 Nought. Live

Adspice Moenidem, à quo, ceu fonte perenni, 25
 Vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis;
 Hunc quoque summa dies nigro submerfit Averno;
 Effugiunt avidos carmina sola rogos.
 Durat opus vatum Trojani fama laboris,
 Tardaue nocturno tela retexta dolo. 30
 Sic Nemesis longum, sic Delia nomen habebit,
 Altera cura recens, altera primus amor.
 Quid nunc sacra juvant? quid nunc Ægyptia profunt
 Sifra? quid in vacuo secubuisse toro?
 Cum rapiant mala fata bonos, (ignoscite falso) 35
 Sollicitor nullos esse putare Deos.

• Pluto;

Vive

Live pious, you must die : Religion prize,
 Death to the Tomb will drag you from the
 Fane :

Confide in Verse ; lo ! where Tibullus lies !
 His All a little Urn will now contain !

Thee, sacred Bard ! could then funereal Fires
 Snatch from us ? on thy Bosom durst they feed ?
 Not Fanes were safe, not Jove's refulgent Spires *,
 From Flames that ventur'd on this impious Deed.

The beauteous Queen that reigns in Eryx' Towers,
 From the sad Sight averts her mournful Face ;
 There are, that tell of soft and pearly Showers
 Which down her lovely Checks their Courses
 trace.

Yet

Vive pius ; moriere pius : cole sacra ; colentem
 Mors gravis à templis in cava busta trahet.
 Carminibus confide bonis ; jacet ecce Tibullus,
 Vix manet è toto parva quod urna capit. 40
 Tene, sacer vates, flammæ rapuere rogales ?
 Pectoribus pasci nec timere tuis ?
 Aurea sanctorum potuissent Tempia deorum
 Urere, quæ tantum sustinere nefas.
 Avertit vultus, Erycis quæ possidet arces, 45
 Sunt quoque, qui lacrymas continuisse negent.

* The Capitol.

Sed

Yet better thus, than on Phæacia's Strand,
 Unknown, unpitied, and unseen to die :
 His closing Eyes here felt a Mother's Hand,
 Her tender Hands each honour'd Rite supply.

His parting Shade here found a Sister's Care,
 Who sad attends, with Tresses loose and torn :
 The Fair he lov'd his dying Kisses share,
 Nor quit the Pyre, afflicted and forlorn.

“ Farewel, dear Youth!” thus Delia parting cry'd;
 “ How blest the Time, when I inspir'd the Lay ?
 “ You liv'd, were happy ; every Care defy'd,
 “ While I possess'd your Heart, untaught to
 fray.”

To

Sed tamen hoc melius, quam si Phæacia tellus
 Ignotum vili subposuisset humo.

Hic certè manibus fugientes preffit ocellos
 Mater ; & in cineres ultima dona tulit : 50

Hic soror in partem miserâ cum matre doloris
 Venit, inornatas dilaniata comas.

Cum tuis sua junxerunt Nemesisque, priorque
 Oscula : nec solos destituere rogos.

Delia discedens, “ Felicius,” inquit, “ amata 55
 “ Sum tibi ; vixisti, dum tuus ignis eram.”

Qui

To whom thus Nemesis, in scornful Mood,
 " Mine was the Loss, then why art thou distress'd?
 " Me, only me with parting Life he view'd ;
 " My Hand alone with dying Ardor press'd *."

And yet, if ought beyond this mouldering Clay
 But empty Name and shadowy Form remain,
 Thou liv'st, dear Youth ! for ever young and gay,
 For ever blest, shalt range th' Elyfian Plain.

And thou, Catullus ! learned gallant Mind,
 (Fast by thy Side thy Calvus will attend)
 With Ivy Wreaths thy youthful Temples twin'd,
 Shalt spring to hail th'Arrival of thy Friend.

And

Cui Nemesis, " Quid," ait, " tibi sint mea damna
 dolori ?

" Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu."

Si tamen è nobis aliquid, nisi nomen & umbra,
 Restat; in Elyfiâ valle Tibullus erit. 60

Obvius huic venies hederâ juvenilia cinctus
 Tempora, cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo.

* Alluding ironically to the following Passage in the first
 Elegy, which Tibullus there applies to Delia ;

*Te videam suprema mihi cum venerit hora !
 Te teneam moriens deficiente manu !*

O may I view thee with Life's parting Ray !
 And thy dear Hand with dying Ardor press!

Tu

And Gallus, too profuse of Life and Blood,
 If no sad Breach of Friendship's Law deprive.
 This Band immortal of the Blest and Good,
 Thy Shade shall join, if Shades at all survive.

Thou, polish'd Bard ! thy Loss tho' here we mourn,
 Hast swell'd the sacred Number of the Blest.
 Safe rest thy gentle Bones within their Urn !
 Nor heavy press the Earth upon thy Breast !

Tu quoque (si falsum temerati crimen amici)
 Sanguinis atque animæ prodige, Galle, tuæ.
 His comes umbra tua est; si quæ est modò corporis
 umbra; 65
 Auxisti numeros, culte Tibulle, pios.
 Offa quieta, precor, tutâ requiescite in urnâ;
 Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo.

The poetical Reader, it is presumed, will be pleased to learn, that the Translator of this Elegy has in his Possession a fine Version of Ovid's heroic Epistles, in the same Stanza, with which, it is hoped, he will be prevailed upon to favour the Public.

E R R A T A.

V O L. I.

Book i. El. 2. l. 64. infatuate, *lege* impos'd on. El. 4. l. 5, and 6. stands *lege* stand'st. Ibid. l. 9. Cycle *lege* Sickle. Ibid. l. 44. Ply, ply an oar, *lege* Or steer, or row, or agile, &c. El. 5. l. 3. and *lege* boasts. El. 6. l. 24. May *lege* Fierce. El. 7. 34. Tip me the Wink, *lege* Give me the Hint. El. 8. l. 22. stealing with a silent, *lege* winding with a silver. El. 9. l. 6. shew'd *lege* show'd. l. 63. can *lege* l. El. 11. l. 51. lucoque *lege* lucoque. l. 54. perfractras *lege* perfractas. l. 84. shewn *lege* shown.

V O L. II.

Book ii. p. 49. Notes, l. 10, and 13. Alcesti *lege* Alcestis. El. 6. l. 10. facta *lege* grata. P. 109. Notes, l. 5. Follius *lege* Pettius. Book iii. El. 4. l. 69. chaster Bed *lege* chaste Embrace. Book iv. Poem the second, l. 14. dare *lege* face.

ALBII TIBULLI
E L E G I Æ.

T H E

E L E G I E S

O F

TIBULLUS.

ALBII TIBULLI

LIBER PRIMUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

DIVITIAS alius fulvo fibi congerat auro,
Et teneat culti jugera multa soli :
Quem labor assiduus vicino terreat hoste,
Marta cui somnes classica pulsa fugent.

Me

In this beautiful Elegy, Tibullus prefers the Retirements of a Country Life, with Delia and a moderate Income, to all the Honours of War and Splendors of Fortune.

According to Scaliger, this Elegy, tho' placed the First in the Book, was written, in Order of Time, the Last of those inscribed to Delia. The Poem itself, however, gives no Sanction to this Opinion.

Verf. 2. *O'er fertile Vales.*] There is a great Dispute among Editors, whether the Original of this Line should be read,

Et teneat culti jugera multa soli :

or,

TIBULLUS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ELEGY THE FIRST.

THE glitt'ring Ore let others vainly heap,
 O'er fertile Vales extend th' inclosing Mound;
 With dread of neighb'ring Foes forsake their Sleep,
 And start aghast at ev'ry Trumpet's Sound.

Me

or,

Et teneat culti jugera magna soli :

The first however is the preferable Reading, being best supported by MSS. Besides, had it been destitute of that Authority, it would still merit that Distinction, as Tibullus must either have been unacquainted with Agriculture (every Roman Acre being two hundred and forty Feet long, and as many broad) had he applied *Magna* to Acres; or have used a superfluous Epithet.

VULP.

But Broekhusius, altho' he reads *Multa*, has yet proved, that Tully and Valerius Flaccus have used that Adjective at least once in the Sense of *Magna*.

Me mea paupertas vitæ traducat inertî,

5

Dum meus exiguo luceat igne focus :

Nec Spes destituat, sed frugum semper acervos

Præbeat, et pleno pinguis musta lacu.

Ipse feram teneras maturo tempore vites

Rusticus, & facili grandia poma manu.

10

Nec tamen interdum pudeat tenuisse bidentem,

Aut stimulo tardos increpuisse boves.

Non

6. *A tranquil Life fair Poverty.*] The Word *Paupertas* in the Original signifies, a Mediocrity of Fortune: for so Porphyrio interprets it in his Commentary on Horace, L. 2. Ep. 5. And indeed it is evident from Cicero, that this was the Meaning imposed upon *Paupertas* in the Augustan Age. From this Word then those who maintain, that our Poet had spent his Estate and was obliged to retire to the Country, can derive no Support; as indeed the whole of this Elegy contradicts that Assertion.

Almost all the Commentators on Tibullus have observed, that he abounds in Alliterations, and give the Original of this Line as an Instance of it,

Me mea Paupertas, &c.

Nor is Tibullus singular in this; the best Poets and Orators of the Augustan Age were fond of them; and hence these Gentlemen conclude, contrary to the Opinion of many of the Moderns, that Alliterations, are beautiful in Poetry. A sparing use of them, no doubt, adds to the Melody of Numbers; accordingly Pope, and the best English Poets, practise Alliteration.

Tho' Pontanus and others have wrote well on the Subject of Alliteration, they have not attempted to give a Reason for its pleasing the Ear. When the same Letters begin succeeding Words, these run more smoothly off the Tongue, as the Organs of Speech are subjected to a smaller Change in pronouncing

EL. I. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 5

Me humbler Scenes delight, and calmer Days ; 5

A tranquil Life fair Poverty secure !

Then boast, my Hearth, a small but cheerful Blaze,

And Riches grasp who will, let me be poor.

Nor yet be Hope a Stranger to my Door,

But o'er my Roof, bright Goddess, still preside ! 10

With many a bounteous Autumn heap my Floor,

And swell my Vats with Must, a purple Tide.

My tender Vines I'll plant with early Care,

And choicest Apples, with a skilful Hand ;

Nor blush, a Rustic, oft to guide the Share, 15

Or goad the tardy Ox along the Land.

Let

nouncing them. Other Causes may perhaps be assigned, but this appears to be the principal.

7. *And while my Heartb.*] The Original of this Line is variously read by the Annotators.

Dum meus assiduo luceat igne focus

is maintained by Broekhusius, &c. while Scaliger and others substitute *exiguo* in the room of *assiduo* ; both readings are supported by M. S. authority ; that, however of Scaliger's is retained as the most poetical.

9. *Nor yet be Hope.*] The Goddess Hope had many Temples and public Gardens at Rome, for which the Reader may consult Alexander Donatus, L. 1. Romæ C. 9. L. 2. C. 25. L. 3. C. 13, 18, 23.

Boiffard has given an elegant Figure of the *Spes Rustica*, T. 4. Ant. P. 130.

Non agnamve finu pigeat foetumve capellæ

Desertum oblitâ matre referre domum.

Hic ego pastoremque meum lustrare quotannis, 15

Et placidam soleo spargere lacte Palem.

Nam veneror, seu stipēs habet desertus in agris,

Seu vetus in trivio florea ferta lapis.

Et

17. *Let me a simple Swain.*] Calphurnius, a Sicilian Poet of some Merit, has a good natured Precept somewhat similar to this Thought of our Poet's.

*Te quoque non pudeat, cum serus ovilia vises,
Si qua jacebit ovis partu resoluta recenti,
Hanc bumeris portare tuis, natosque tepenti
Ferre sinu tremulos, et nondum stare paratos.*

Ecl. 5. V. 39.

Humanity to brute Creatures is the certain Indication of a good Mind. See an excellent Paper on this Subject in the Adventurer.

21. *Here Pales I bedew.*] Pales was the Goddess of Shepherds; some called her *Magna Mater*, and others *Vesta*. The Festival instituted in her Honour obtained the Name of *Palilia* or *Parilia*, and was celebrated on the Eleventh or Twelfth of the Calends of May, the Day that Rome was supposed to have been founded. At this Solemnity the Shepherds, leaping over Bonfires of Straw, &c. placed at regular Distances, offered to their Goddess Milk and Cakes of Millet for the Health of their Flocks. This Ceremony is thus described by Ovid in that wonderful Effort of poetical Genius his *Fasti*.

*Pastor, oves saturas ad prima crepuscula lustra,
Uda prius spargat, virgaque verrat bumam.
Frondebis, et fixis decorentur ovilia ramis:
Et tegat ornatas longa corona fores.
Cerulei fiant vivo de Sulphure fumi;
Tactaque fumanti Sulphure balet Ovis.*

Ure

Let me, a simple Swain, with honest Pride,

If chance a Lambkin from its Dam should roam,

Or sportful Kid, the little Wanderer chide,

And in my Bosom bear exulting Home. 20

Here Pales I bedew with milky Show'rs,

Lustrations yearly for my Shepherd pay,

Revere each antique Stone bedeck'd with Flow'rs

That bounds the Field, or points the doubtful Way:

My

Ure Maris rores, Tædamque, Herbasque sabinas;

Et crepet in Mediis laurus adusta Focis.

Libaque de Milio Milii fscella sequatur:

Rustica præcipue quo Dea læta cibo est.

Adde dapes, mulctramque suas: dapibusque resctis

Silvicolam tepido lacte precare Palen.

Consule, dic, Pecori pariter, Pecorisque Magistris:

Effugiat Stabulis noxa repulsa meis.

L. 4. V. 735.

Thus we see that the Fumigations used upon this Occasion were sovereign for Diseases of the Skin.

22. *Lustrations yearly.*] The Original of this Line has greatly puzzled the Commentators: some of them understanding by *Pastorem meum*, Pan, and others, *Apollo nominus*. The true Interpretation, however, seems to be that which is given in the Translation. See Notes to El. 5. B. 2.

23. *Revere each antique.*] We see from this Passage, that a kind of Adoration was paid to a Stone or a Trunk of a Tree which divided the Roman Lands. They perfumed them with Essences, crowned them with Flowers, and sacrificed round them in the Month of February. They were shaped into odd Figures, and called *Panes Agrestes*; as those which pointed out the Road had the Name of *Compitalis* bestowed on them.

The God Terminus of the Latins, or ζευς ὀπιος of the Greeks, had no Animals sacrificed to him; because, as Plutarch ob-

Et quodcunque mihi pomum novus educat annus,

Libatum agricolæ ponitur ante Deo. 20

Flava Ceres, tibi fit nostra de rure corona

Spicea, quæ templi pendeat ante fores.

Pomosisque ruber Custos ponatur in hortiis,

Terreat ut sacrâ falce Priapus aves.

Vos

erves in his Πρωμακία, he prevented Broils, and of Course Bloodshed, among Neighbours.

By the Laws of Numa, if any Person drove his Plough into his Neighbour's field, both he and his Oxen were accursed.

According to Arnobius, the Arabians and Pessenuntians paid divine Worship to shapeless unformed Stones; and if Regnard is to be credited, the Laplanders at this Day deify any large Stone they meet with, provided it has any Thing extraordinary in its Figure. These People probably have neither Painters nor Statuaries among them.

26. *Before the rural God.*] Commentators are not a little divided in their Opinions, who the *Deus Agricola* of the Original was. According to Broekhusius the Poet meant Vertumnus; and, it must be confessed, the Husband of Pomona has a better Right to this Place than any other of the Sylvan Gods whom the Critics have recommended. See a beautiful Description of this antient Tuscan Deity in Propertius. Lib. 4. El. 2.

29. *The ruddy God*] For Priapus any of the common Books of Mythology may be consulted.

30. *And far away.*] Gebhardus, on MSS. Authority, (for what Absurdities have not Librarians committed?) reads,

Terreat ut scævas falce Priapus aves.

which he interprets by Birds of bad Omen; not reflecting, that Birds of good Omen were no less destructive to fine Fruit (the Keeping of which was the Province particularly assigned to Priapus) than his *Aves sinistrae*.

EL. I. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 9

My grateful Fruits, the earliest of the Year, 25

Before the rural, God shall duly wait.

From Ceres' Gifts I'll cull each browner Ear,

And hang a wheaten Wreath before her Gate.

The ruddy God shall save my Fruit from stealth,

And far away each little Plund'rer scare : 30

And you, the Guardians onçe of ampler Wealth,

My household Gods, shall still my Off'rings share.

My

32. *My household Gods.*] The Lares were the Offspring of the Nymph Lara, whom Mercury ravished as he was conducting her to the Stygian Lake, whither Jupiter had banished her for blabbing his Amours.

*Fitque gravis, Geminosque parit qui compita servant,
Et vigiles nostra semper in Æde Lares.*

FAST.

They therefore had Worship paid them in the Houses particularly of Husbandmen and in the Highways; and their Festival was called *Compitalitii*, *Compita itta*, or *Compitalia*. At these, the Images of Men and Women made of Wool were suspended, with as many Balls also of Wool as there were Slaves in the Family, and as many *simulacra perfecta* as there were Children. By this hanging in Effigy, the Ancients imagined, the Lares would be bribed (so true is it, that Fear is the Parent of Polytheism) to spare the Living.

These Deities were made of Wood, Stone, or Marble, according to the Wealth or Superstition of the Votary; and were either publick or private. The former were those that watched over the Safety of the Whole, while the Private only superintended a Family. Both were clothed in a Dog's Skin, and sometimes had the Head of a Dog clapped upon human Shoulders. Their common Figure, however, was a

B. 5.

grottesque

Vos quoque felicitis quorundam, nunc pauperis agri
Custodes, fertis munera vestra, Lares : 26

Tunc vitula innumeros iustrabat caesa juvencos :

Nunc agna exigui est hostia magna soli.

Agna cadet vobis, quam circum rustica pubes

Clamet : Iô messes et bona vina date. 30

37 Adfatis, Divi : neu vos de paupere mensâ

38 Dona, nec e puris spernite fictilibus.

Fictilia antiquus primum sibi fecit agrestis

39 Pocula, de facili composuitque luto.

At vos exiguo pecori furesque, lupique, 35

Parcite : de magno est praeda petenda grege.

Non ego divitias patrum, fructusque requiro,

Quos tulit antiquo condita messis avo.

Parva seges satis est : satis est requiescere tecto,

Si licet, et solito membra levare toro. 40

Quam

grotesque Caricatura of a Man's Countenance. Vid. Boxhorn's *Quæst. Romanæ*, P. 31. The Place where the household Gods stood was called Lararium. At first the only Offerings made them were Fruits, Wine and Frankincence, but in Time both Lambs and Hogs were sacrificed to them. They generally wore a Chaplet of Flowers ; and when young Gentlemen put on the *Toga Virilis* they dedicated to them their *Bullæ* ;

Bullaque succinctis laribus donata pependit.

41. *Then come, ye Powers.*] This Simplicity in the Worship of the Gods, which Numa introduced, and which suited the Poverty of the primæval Times, continued in Practice till Paganism was lost in Christianity.

Vid. Valer. Maxim. L. 4. C. 4. at the End.

My num'rous Herds, that wanton'd o'er the Mead,
 The choicest Fatling then could richly yield ;
 Now scarce I spare a little Lamb to bleed 35
 A mighty Victim for my scanty Field.

And yet a Lamb shall bleed, while, rang'd around,
 The Village Youths shall stand in Order meet,
 With rustic Hymns, ye Gods, your Praise resound,
 And future Crops and future Wines intreat. 40

Then come, ye Pow'rs, nor scorn my frugal Board,
 Nor yet the Gifts clean earthen Bowls conveay ;
 With these the first of Men the Gods ador'd,
 And form'd their simple Shape of ductile Clay.

My little Flock, ye Wolves, ye Robbers, spare,
 Too mean a Plunder to deserve your Toil ; 46
 For wealthier Herds the nightly Theft prepare ;
 There seek a nobler Prey, and richer Spoil.

For treasur'd Wealth, nor Stores of golden Wheat,
 The Hoard of frugal Sires, I vainly call ;
 A little Farm be mine, a Cottage neat
 And wonted Couch where balmy Sleep may fall.
 " What

52. *And wonted Couch.*] Scaliger reads,

————— *et solo Membra levare toro,*

B. 6.

supposing

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
 Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu :
 Aut, gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit auster,
 Securum somnos imbre juvante sequi!
 Hoc mihi contingat. Sit dives jure, furorem
 Qui maris, & tristes ferre potest pluvias.

45

Jam

supposing that our poet had only one Bed left him, *Solum sibi superesse torum*. But however exactly this Circumstance may correspond with many of the modern Inhabitants of Parnassus, yet the whole of this Elegy shews, that our Roman Knight was by no Means so reduced; and indeed, as Broekhusius remarks, all the MSS. and best Editions, read,

Solito membra levare toro.

not a casual Bed, such as Campaigners must often put up with, but, an accustomed fixed Place of Rest; such as the Poet of Verona describes in the following beautiful Lines, addressed, upon his Return from Bithynia, to the Peninsula Sirmio, on which he had a Villa.

*O quid solutis est beatius curis ?
 Quum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
 Labore fessi venimus lavem ad nostrum,
 Desideratoque adquejicimus lecto.
 Hoc est, quod unum est, quo laboribus tantise.*

CAT. Carm. 29.

Those only can perceive the full Force of this Observation who have experienced it. Ovid, in his Banishment, knew and lamented the Want of a *consuetus lectus*.

*Non hæc in nostris, ut quondam scribimus hortis,
 —Nec consueta meum lectule corpus habes.*

TRIST. L. 1. EL. 10.

And again,

TAM

“ What Joy to hear the Tempest howl in vain,
 “ And clasp a fearful Mistress to my Breast:
 “ Or lull’d to Slumber by the beating Rain, 55
 “ Secure and happy sink at last to rest.”

These Joys be mine!—O grant me only these,
 And give to others Bags of shining Gold,
 Whose steely Heart can brave the boist’rous Seas,
 The Storm wide-wasting, or the stiffening Cold. 60

Content

*Tam procul ignotis igitur moriemur in oris,
 Et sient ipso tristia fata loco?
 Nec mea consueto languescunt corpora lacto?
 Deposita nec me, qui sicut, ullus erit?*

Tritt. L. 3. El. 3.
 BROEKHUSIUS.

Quam juvat &c.] The Translator finding this passage so well rendered by the late Mr. Hammond, has taken the Liberty to adopt it. The Commentators say; that Tibullus borrowed this Thought of Rain assisting Slumber from Sophocles; but could not our Poet have observed, that Rain falling on the Roof of an House would compose to Sleep, without having been obliged to that tragic Poet for the Observation? Antonius Musa, who did such honour to Physic, at Rome, cured Mæcenas of a three Years Watchfulness by the falling of Water; and Physicians at this Day experience the soporific Qualities of such a Device; or of the Sea breaking at a Distance upon the Shore.

60. *The Storm wide-wasting.*] After the Original of this Line, Scaliger and Broekhusius place,

*Quem labor assiduus vicino terreat hoste:
 Martia cui somnos classica pulsa fugent.*

which they explain by the extraordinary Duties, especially in the Night-time, that Soldiers undergo in the Neighbourhood of an Enemy. It must be owned, that these Lines fall
 in

Jam modo non possum contentus vivere parvo,

Nec semper longae deditus esse v'ae :

Sed canis aestivos ortus vitare sub umbrâ

Arboris, ad rivos praetereuntis aquae.

O quantum est auri potius, pereatque smaragdus

Quam fleat ob nostras ulla puella vias.

Te bellare decet terrâ, Messala, marique,

Ut domus hostiles praeferat exuvias.

Me

in here very naturally; yet, as most Editions rank them immediately after

Et teneat culti jugera multa soli.

Lin. 2.

my Friend has translated them in that Place.

61. *Content with little.*] The Original of this Line greatly perplexed the Critics, till Joannes Brodæus first saw, that a second *non* before *contentus* was wanting. Manutius, in his Commentary on Cicero's Familiar Epistles, and Muritius, in his Lect. Var. L. 10. produce many Instances of this Mode of writing from the best Antiquity.

BRÖCKH.

63. *In cooling Shades.*] In this, and some of the following Stanzas, Tibullus represents that secure Tranquillity of a country Life, which Innocence of Mind bestows only on those, who live according to the Laws of Nature. *Neque enim facile*, adds Broekhusius, *impurus quivis solitudini se committat, sub arborum umbra somnulum capturus in molli gramine. Hæret intus sempiterna scelerum comes mala conscientia.*

— *Non ficulæ dapes*

Dulcem elaborabunt saporem, &c.

Lib. 3, Od. 1.

Nor Dainties force his pall'd Desire,
Nor Chaunt of Birds, nor vocal Lyre,
To him can Sleep afford;

Heart

Content with little, I would rather stay
 Than spend long Months amid the watry Waste :
 In cooling Shades elude the scorching Ray
 Beside some Fountain's gliding Waters plac'd.

O perish rather all that's rich and rare, 65
 The diamond Quarry, and the golden Vein,
 Than that my Absence cost one precious Tear,
 Or give some gentle Maid a Moment's Pain.

With Glitt'ring Spoils, Messala, gild thy Dome,
 Be thine the noble Task to lead the Brave :

A

Heart-soothing Sleep, which not disdains
 The rural Lot, or humbler Swains,
 And shady Rivers fair ;
 Or Tempe's ever-blooming Spring,
 Where Zephyrs wave the balmy Wing,
 And fan the buxom Air.

FRANCIS:

ut præclare Horatius noster, ille optimus ille certissimus vivendi magister. Hanc sibi nunc vivendi rationem sequendam Tibullus proponit, æquissimo animo relinquens beatæ fortunæ et opes, strepitumque Romæ, qua quidem vita nihil convenientius sapientiæ studiosis, et musarum sacerdotibus, bonæque mentis candidatis. But this Opinion of Broekhusius may be disputed ; for, tho' a country Solitude is necessary for the perfecting Works of Genius, yet the Town is the best School for those who would excel in Descriptions of human Life.

69. *Messala.*] This great Soldier, Patriot and Critic (of whom so much has been said in Tibullus's Life) was in a high Degree of Favour with Tully ; and tho' Mæcenas has been more praised by the Poets than Messala, the Historians shew us, that our Poet's Friend was both a greater and better

Man

Me retinent vinctum formosae vincla puellae, 55

Et fedeo duras janitor ante fores.

Non ego laudari curo, mea Delia tecum

Dummodo sim, quaeso segnis, inersque vocer.

Ipsè boves, mea, sim tecum modo, Delia possim

Jungere, & in solo pascere monte pecus; 60

Et, te dum licèat teneris retinere lacertis,

Mollis in incultâ sit mihi fomnus humo.

Quid Tyrio recubare toro sine amore secundo

Prodest, cum sætu nox vigilanda venit?

Nam neque tum plumae, nec fragula picta soporem,

Nec sonitus placidae ducere possit aquae. 66

Ferreus ille fuit, qui, te quum posset habere,

Maluerit prædas stultus, & arma sequi.

Ille

Man than the Favourite of Augustus. See the Notes to El. 3. and El. 8. of the First Book.

If the Authority of Virgil is to be depended upon, the Romans derived the Custom of adorning their Houses with hostile Spoils from the remotest Antiquity. *Æn.* 7. V. 183. And indeed it is natural to imagine, where Tradition is the chief Spring from which the first unlettered Nations drew their Knowledge of past Events, that these Marks of Conquest were the best Authority for the oral Historian.

When a Roman sold a House adorned with hostile Spoils, either won by himself or his Ancestors; the Purchaser was not permitted to avail himself of the Honour they bestowed, but obliged to take them down.

81. *Of threefold Iron.*] The Person alluded to in this Passage was C. Sossus, who being Prætor when the civil War broke out, was afterwards sent by M. Anthony to command in

EL. I. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 17

A lovely Foe me captive holds at Home, 71
Chain'd to her scornful Gate, a watchful Slave.

Inglorious Post!—And yet I heed not Fame :
Th' Applause of Crouds for Delia I'd resign :
To live with thee I'd bear the Coward's Name, 75
Nor 'midst the Scorn of Nations once repine.

With thee to live I'd mock the Plowman's Toil,
Or on some lonely Mountain tend my Sheep ;
At Night I'd lay me on the flinty Soil,
And happy 'midst thy dear Embraces sleep. 80

What drooping Lover heeds the Tyrian Bed,
While the long Night is pass'd with many a Sigh :
Nor softest Down with richest Carpets spread,
Nor whisp'ring Rills, can close the weeping Eye.

Of threefold Iron were his rugged Frame, 85
Who when he might thy yielding Heart obtain,
Could yet attend the Calls of empty Fame,
Or follow Arms in quest of fordid Gain.

Unenvy'd

in Syria and Cilicia, when he first subdued the Aradians; and then Antigonus, having formerly butchered a Roman Garrison, fled, after his defeat, to Jerusalem, which Sosius soon after took; and using the Jews with no less Cruelty than Avarice, he bestowed their Kingdom on Herod of Ascalon: Neither did Antigonus escape the Conqueror, who not only

Ille licet Cilicum victas agat ante catervas,

Ponat & in capto martia castra solo ;

70

Totus & argento contextus, totus & auro,

Infideat celeri conspiciendus equo.

Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,

Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu.

Flebis, & arfuro positum me, Delia, lecto ;

75

Tristibus & lacrymis oscula mixta dabis.

Flebis, non tua sunt duro prae cordia ferro

Vincta, nec in tenero stat sibi corde flex.

Illo non juvenis poterit de funere quisquam

Lumina, non virgo sicca referre domum.

80

Tu

only whipped, but crucified and beheaded him. These Actions of Barbarity, altho' they disgrace Victory, yet procure Sosius the Honour of a Triumph at Rome. A. U. C. 719.

BROEKHUSIUS.

89. *Unenvy'd let him drive.*] We see, from this Instance, (and many such occur in our Poet) that Elegy, as well as Comedy, sometimes raises her Voice; and if Tibullus's Panegyric had not come down to us, Critics, no doubt, would have hence conjectured, that his Genius was no less suited to the lofty than the tender Subjects of Poesy.

93. *O may I view thee.*] This pathetic Circumstance Ovid has applied to Nemesis in his fine Elegy on the Death of our Poet.

98. *When on the Pile.*] For the Funerals of the Antients, see Notes to El. 2. B. 3.

Of all the Methods practised by different Nations in their Disposal of the Dead, the Custom of the Calatian Indians, as Herodotus relates it, is the most extraordinary. Darius, says that elegant Historian, having one Day asked some of his Grecian Subjects, what Sum would induce them to eat their

Unenvy'd let him drive the vanquish'd Host,
 Thro' captive Lands his conquering Armies lead ;
 Unenvy'd wear the Robe with Gold imbos'd, 91
 And guide with solemn State his foaming Steed.

O may I view thee with Life's parting Ray,
 And thy dear Hand with dying Ardor press :
 Sure thou wilt weep—and on thy Lover's Clay, 95
 With breaking Heart, print many a tender Kiss !

Sure thou wilt weep—and Woes unutter'd feel,
 When on the Pile thou seest thy Lover laid !
 For well I know, nor Flint, nor ruthless Steel,
 Can arm the Breast of such a gentle Maid. 100

From the sad Pomp, what Youth, what pitying Fair,
 Returning slow can tender Tears refrain ?

O Delia,

their deceased Parents (*τους πατερας αποθησκοντας κατασιττεςθαι*) they instantly replied, that no Bribe should ever make them do so horrid an Action. Upon this, the same Monarch, in the Presence of the Greeks too, demanding, by an Interpreter of some Calatian Indians, how much Money they would take not to eat, for that was their Custom (*οι τους γονας κατασιττεςθαι*) but to burn their dead Parents ; he was entreated, with loud and earnest Exclamations, not to compel them to do a Deed which for ever must destroy their Peace of Mind ! So justly, adds the Historian, does Pindar call Custom the Sovereign of all. *νομον παντων βασιλευα.*

HEROD. Thal. C. 38.

Tu manes ne laede meos; sed parce solutis

Crinibus, & teneris, Delia, parce genis.

Interea, dum fata finunt, jungamus amores.

Jam veniet tenebris Mors adoperta caput.

Jam subrepet iners aetas, nec amare decebit,

85

Dicere nec cano blanditias capite.

Nunc levis est tractanda Venus, dum frangere postes

Non pudet, & rixas inferuisse juvat.

Hic

103. *O Delia, spare thy Cheeks.*] Those who indulged an immoderate Grief for their deceased Friends, were supposed by the Antients to injure their Manes, and therefore Cornelia entreats her Husband, Paulus the Censor,

Defins, Pauli, memmi acrymis urgere) spuerum.

Propert. L. 4. E. 11.

And Lucian, in his excellent Discourse on Mourning, (*περὶ πένθους*) makes a departed Youth thus answer the frantic Sorrowings of his Father, *ὦ καινοδαίμων ἀνδρῶν τὴ κρηράς,* &c. Unhappy Mortal why do you thus lament aloud? Why do you cause me so much Pain? Cease to tear your Hair and wound your face, I am far more fortunate than you. Why then do you call me Names, and term me wretched?

104. *Nor give my ling'ring Shade.*] Turnebus was the first who explained this Passage. The Poet, tho' an Enemy to extravagant Grief, expected that Delia would shew a tender Concern when he died.

ΒΡΟΚΗΣΙΟΥΣ.

111. *With boary Locks.*] That pleasant Versifier Malherbe thus addresses the Muses,

Quand le Sang bouillant en mes veines

Me donnoit de jeunes desirs

Tantot vous soupriez mes peines

Tantot vous bantiez mes plaisirs :

Mais aujourd'hui que mes années

Vers

O Delia, spare thy Cheeks, thy Tresses spare,
Nor give my ling'ring Shade a World of Pain.

But now while smiling Hours the Fates bestow, 105
Let Love, dear Maid, our gentle Hearts unite!
Soon Death will come and strike the fatal Blow;
Unseen his Head, and veil'd in Shades of Night.

Soon creeping Age will bow the Lover's Frame,
And tear the myrtle Chaplet from his Brow: 110
With hoary Locks ill suits the youthful Flame,
The soft Persuasion, or the ardent Vow.

Now the fair Queen of gay Desire is ours,
And lends our Follies an indulgent smile:
'Tis lavish Youth's to enjoy the frolick Hours, 115
The wanton Revel and the midnight Broil.

Your Chief, my Friends, and Fellow-foldier, I
To these light Wars will lead you boldly on:

Far

*Vers leur fin s'en vont terminées,
Seroit il bien a mes écrits
D' Ennuyer les races futures
Des ridicules aventures
D'un Amoureux en cheveux gris ?*

The Reader may see the Miseries of an old Man's falling in Love well described in the Elegies commonly imputed to Virgil's Friend the famous Cornelius Gallus. These Elegies are a modern Composition, the Work of one Longinus Maximian a Physician.

Hic ego dux, milesque bonus : vosigna, tubaeque

Ite procul : cupidis vulnera ferte viris : 90

Ferte & opes : ego composito securus acervo

Despiciam dites, despiciamque famem.

ELEGIA

Far hence ye Trumpets found and Banners fly : 119

To those who covet Wounds and Fame begone.

And bear them Fame and Wounds ; and Riches bear ;

There are that Fame and Wounds and Riches prize.

For me, while I possess one plenteous Year,

I'll Wealth and meagre Want alike despise.

THE

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

ADDE merum, vinoque novos compesce dolores,
Occupet ut fessi lumina victa. sopor.

Neu quisquam multo perfusum tempora baccho
Excitet, infelix dum requiescit amor.

Nam posita est nostrae custodia saeva puellae, 5
Clauditur et dura janua fulta fera.

Janua difficilis domini, te verberet imber,
Te Jovis imperio fulmina missa petant.

Janua jam pateas uni mihi victa querelis ;
Neu furtim verso cardine aperta sones. 10

5 Et

The following Poem was written by Tibullus upon his being disappointed in getting Admittance to the Apartments of Delia.

Verse 7. Relentless Gate.] It was customary with the Roman Lovers to address the Gates of their Mistresses : Many Instances of this occur in the Elegiac Poets.

13. Then recollect.] This kind of Gallantry was much practised by the Romans.

*At lacrimans exclusus amator limina saepe
Floribus, at sertis operit, postisque superbos
Ungit amaracyno.*

LUCRET.

Meantime

T H E

S E C O N D E L E G Y .

WITH Wine, more Wine, my recent Pains
deceive,

Till creeping Slumber fend a soft Repricve :

Asleep, take heed no Whisper stirs the Air,

For wak'd, my Boy, I wake to heart-felt Care.

Now is my Delia watch'd by ruthless Spies, 5

And the Gate, bolted, all Access denies.

Relentless Gate! may Storms of Wind and Rain,

With mingled Violence avenge my Pain !

May forky Thunders, hurl'd by Jove's red Hand,

Burst every Bolt, and shatter every Band ! 10

Ah no ! Rage turns my Brain ; the Curse recall ;

On me, devoted, let the Thunder fall !

Then recollect my many Wreaths of Yore,

How oft you've seen me weep, insensate Door !

No

Meantime excluded, and expos'd to Cold,
The whining Lover stands before the Gates,
And there with humble Adoration waits ;

VOL. I,

C

Crowning

Et mala si qua tibi dixit dementia nostra,

Ignoscas ; capiti sint precor illa meo.

Te meminisse decet quae plurima voce peregi

Supplice, quum postea florea ferta darem.

Tu quoque ne timide custodes, Delia, falle.

15

Audendum est. fortes adjuvat ipsa Venus.

Illa favet, seu quis juvenis nova limina tentat,

Seu referat fixo dente puella fores.

Illa docet furtim molli descendere lecto,

Illa pedem nullo ponere posse sono.

20

Illa viro coram nutus conferre loquaces,

Blandaue compositis abdere verba notis.

Nec docet hoc omnes : sed quos nec inertia tardat,

Nec vetat obscura surgere nocte timor.

Nec finit occurrat quisquam, qui corpora ferro

25

Vulneret, aut rapta praemia veste ferat.

Quisquis amore tenetur, eat tutusque sacerque

Qua libet ; infidias non timuisse decet.

Non mihi pigra nocent hybernae frigora noctis ;

Non mihi, quum multa decidit imber aqua.

30

Non

Crowning with Flowers the Threshold and the Floor,
And printing Kisses on th' obdurate Door.

DRYD.

The Romans decked their Doors with Garlands upon many public and private Occasions.

* 24. *Their speaking Fingers.*] The best Comment on all this Passage is that Elegy of Ovid's which begins

N.

EL. 2. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 27
 No longer then our Interview delay, 15
 And as you open let no Noise betray.

In vain I plead!—Dare then my Delia rise!
 Love aids the Dauntless, and will blind your Spies!
 Those who the Godhead's soft Behests obey,
 Steal from their Pillows unobserv'd away; 29
 On tiptoe traverse unobserv'd the Floor;
 The Key turn noiseless, and unfold the Door:
 In vain the jealous each Precaution take,
 Their speaking Fingers Assignations make.
 Nor will the God impart to all his Aid: 25
 Love hates the fearful, hates the lazy Maid;
 But through sly Windings, and unpractis'd Ways,
 His bold Night-Errants to their Wish conveys:
 For those whom He with Expectation fires,
 No Ambush frightens, and no Labour tires; 30
 Sacred the Dangers of the Dark they dare,
 No Robbers stop them, and no Bravoës scare.
 Tho' wintery Tempests howl, by Love secure,
 The howling Tempest I with ease endure:

No

Me specta, nutusque meos, &c.

32. *No Robbers stop them.*] The Civil Wars, as they introduced a general Dissoluteness of Manners, so they also encreased the Number of Robbers; and we have classical Authority for asserting, that Rome, in the Age of Cæsar, was as much infested with Assassins, as modern Italy. Propertius has thus improved upon this Passage of our Author.

Non labor hic lædit, referet modo Delia postes,
Et vocet ad digiti me taciturna sonum.

Parcite luminibus, seu vir, seu femina fias
Obvia; celari vult sua furta Venus.

Neu strepitu terrete pedum, neu quaerite nomen, 35
Neu prope fulgenti lumina ferte face.

Si quis et imprudens adspexerit; occulat ille,
Perque Deos omnes se meminisse neget.

Nam fuerit quicumque loquax, is sanguine natam,
Is Venerem e rabido sentiet esse mari. 40

Nec

*Nec tamen est quisquam sacros qui lædit amantes
Scyronis media sic licet ire Via :
Quisquis Amator erit, Scythicis licet ambulet oris,
Nemo adeo ut noccat, barbarus esse potest,
Luna ministrat iter, demonstrant Astra salebras,
Ipse Amor accensas percutit ante faces.*

Lib. 3. El. 16.

Yet, after all, the Thoughts of Tibullus appear more just. Mr. Prior has given us the same Sentiment, but in a different Manner, using Mythology with more Address than even most of the Antients.

For Love, fantastic Power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till Watchfulness be laid ;
Undaunted then through Cliffs and Valleys strays,
And leads his Votaries safe through pathless Ways :
Not Argus with his hundred Eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, tho' he, poor Guide, be blind.

HENRY and EMMA.

36. *Soft turn the Gate.*] Broekhusius's Note on the Original of this Passage is so curious, that the Reader shall have it in his own Words, *Minus recte Turnebus (nam et Turnebus homo fuit) banc digitorum contrepationem exponit de re, quam facile nulloque negotio adsequimur, et levi quodam velut sono*

No watching hurts me, if my Deia smile, 35
Soft turn the Gate, and beckon me the while.

She's mine. Be blind, ye Ramblers of the Night,
Left angry Venus snatch your guilty Sight :
The Goddess bids her Votaries Joys to be
From every casual Interruption free : 40
With prying Steps alarm us not, retire,
Nor glare your Torches, nor our Names enquire :
Or if ye know, deny, by Heaven above,
Nor dare divalge the Privacies of Love.
From Blood and Seas vindictive Venus sprung, 45
And fare Destruction waits the blabbing Tongue !
Nay,

sono et tutu jubemus et obtinemus. Adv. lib. 20. This Explanation, adds our Commentator, Turnebus confirms by a Quotation from Martiál, which, however, as Broekhusius sagaciously observes, only intimates the Gesture of a Person, *scatulam poscentis*. He then interprets the Passage, and his Interpretation the Translator has adopted.

38. *Left angry Venus.*] This was a Punishment supposed to be inflicted on those who beheld, though without Design, any Deity. The old Priestess of the *Bona Dea*, in Propertius, thus addresses Alcides.

*Parce oculis, hospes, lucoque age ceda verendo,
Cede aedem, & tuta, limina lingue, fuga.*

Lib. 4. El. 9.

Venus, in the End of the Hymn ascribed to Homer, threatens Anchises, if he blabbed their Intercourse, to strike him with Thunder. The Youth, having disregarded this Warning, was thus deprived of one of his Eyes. See Callimachus his Poem intitled the Bath of Diana.

Nec tamen huic credet conjunx tuus, ut mihi verax

Pollicita est magico faga ministerio.

Hanc ego de coelo ducentem fidera vidi.

Fulminis haec rapidi carmine sistit iter.

Haec cantu finditque solum, manesque sepulcris 45

Elicit, et rapido devocat ossa rogo.

Jam tenet infernas magico fridore catervas :

Jam jubet adspersas lacte referre pedem.

Quum

49. *By potent Spells.*] The first Description of a Witch to be found in any Latin Poet, is that which Virgil has given in his Eighth Eclogue. Those Critics who are fond of tracing Resemblances among Poets, would be apt to assert, that our Author had that Passage in his Eye; and yet, if it is considered, that popular Prejudice imputed those very Effects to Witchcraft, there is no Occasion for supposing, that Maro's Mæris assisted Tibullus in his Description of his *Saga Verax*. However dissonant to sound Sense and Philosophy, magical Descriptions may be, yet they have an excellent Effect in Poetry, where Admiration is to be excited.

According to Marcellus, *Saga*, in its primitive Meaning, signified *turpis amorum conciliatrix*; and as such Bawds used Spells and Drugs to effectuate their illicit Purposes, it came afterwards to be applied to a Witch.

The Romans, according to Broekhusius, held Magic in the utmost Abhorrence. Would the Reader view the full Force ascribed by the Antients to Witchcraft, let him turn to Horace's Fifth and Seventeenth Epodes. Ovid's Epistle to Hypsipyle, V. 83. and El. 8. Lib. 1. and Metamorp. Lib. 7. V. 179. Lib. 14. V. 43. Propertius, Lib. 4. El. 5. Seneca's Medea, V. 675. and his Hercules Oeta. V. 454. Lucan, Lib. 6. V. 431. Apuleius, Lib. 1, 2, 3. of his Metamorphosis. Petronius. Claudian, Lib. 1. in Rufin. V. 146. Silius, Lib. 8. V. 496. Valerius Flaccus, Lib. 6. V. 439. and Nemesianus's Fourth Eclogue. But Virgil's Description (Lib.

Nay, should they prate, you, Delia, need not fear;
 Your Lord, (a Sorcerers swore,) should give no Ear!
 By potent Spells she cleaves the sacred Ground,
 And shuddering Spectres wildly roam around! 50
 I've seen her tear the Planets from the Sky!
 Seen Lightning backward at her Bidding fly!
 She calls! from blazing Pyres the Corse descends,
 And, re-enliven'd, clasps his wondering Friends!

The

(Lib. 4. Æn. V. 487.) of a Witch, though comprised in Five Lines only, is, by Broekhusius, preferred to all the rest.

However the Moderns may be obliged, in other Respects, to yield the poetical Palm to the Antients; yet the most bigotted to classical Superiority must confess, that the Antients themselves have been surpassed by us in the Poetry of Magic. Who, for Instance, of the Greek or Roman Poets, can be compared with our Shakespare in this Particular? Nay, they might be challenged to produce any magical Rites equal in Propriety and Terrour to those we find in Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdes; a Poem from which, if Shakespare did not transplant many a Beauty, Milton certainly did.

50. *And shuddering Spectres.*] It was believed by the Antients, that Magic could raise the Manes of the Dead, and that those Ghosts could certainly inform Enquirers concerning future Events. Vid. Homer's Odysey, Lib. 11. Virgil's Æn. 6. Seneca's OEdip. Stat. us, Lib. 4. Silius Italicus, Lib. 13. and Valerius Flaccus, Lib. 1. Nor did the Romans regard Necromancy as an infamous or abominable Art.

One of the Usages practised to make the Manes appear, was to shed human Blood; and, if Cicero may be credited, (Vid. Interrogat. Vatin.) the Entrails of Boys particularly were, on such Occasions, offered up.

52 *Seen Lightning.*] Some Editors read *Fluminis*; and the Reading is supported by M. S. Authority.

Quam libet, hæc tristi depellit nubila coeſo :

Quam libet, æſtivas convocat ore nives.

50

Sola tenere malas Medæe dicitur herbas ;

Sola feros Hecates perdomuiſſe canes.

Hæc mihi compoſuit cantus, quis fallere poſſes.

Ter cane, ter dictis deſpue carminibus.

Ille

[55. *She calls from blazing Pyres.*] Theſe Thoughts are thus aſſumed by Hammond.

wizard Dame, thy Lover's ancient Friend,

With magic Charms has deaf't thy Husband's Ear ;

At her Command I ſaw the Stars deſcend,

And winged Lightnings ſtop in mid Career.

I ſaw her Raſp and cleave the ſolid Ground,

While ghaf'tly Spectres round us wildly roam ;

I ſaw them hearken to her potent Sound,

Till ſcar'd at Day they ſought their dreary Home.

At her Command, the vigorous Summer plies,

And wintry Clouds obſcure the hopeful Year :

At her ſtrong Bidding gleetny Winter ſhines,

And vernal Roſes on the Snows appear.

She gave theſe Charms, which I on thee beſtow :

They dim the Eye, and dull the jealous Mind ;

For me they make a Husband nothing know ;

For me, and only me, they make him blind.

El. 5.

The Whole of this fifth Eley of Hammond's is indeed a beautiful Imitation of this ſecond of Tibullus.

[54. *Then with Aſperſions.*] The Aſperſion uſed to ſend thoſe Infernæ Catervæ back to Hell was Milk ; and, if the

Translator

The Fiends she gathers with a magic Yell, 55
 Then with Aspersions frights them back to Hell!
 She wills,—glad Summer gilds the frozen Pole!
 She wills,—in Summer wintery Tempests roll!
 She knows, ('tis true,) Medea's awful Spell!
 She knows to vanquish the fierce Guards of Hell! 60
 To me she gave a Charm for Lovers meet,
 (" Spit thrice, my Fair, and thrice the Charm repeat.")
 U8

Translator is not mistaken, this is the only Passage in the ancient Poets where Milk is taken Notice of as used for this Purpose. See Notes on the Second El. of the Third Book for the Use of Milk at Funerals; and El. 6. of the same Book, for its Virtue in dispelling Diseases, when offered along with Blood and Wine to the Infernal Gods.

60 *She knows to vanquish.*] The unusual hissing in the Original of this Line

Sola feros Hecates perdomuisse canes,

was probably meant to give the Reader a more terrible Idea of those fierce Attendants of Hecate; and hence the Alteration of.

Sola feros Hecate, &c.

offered by Broekhusius, seems improper.

62. *Spit thrice, my Fair.*] The Reader who wants to be informed of the many Uses made of Spittle in Medicine, in Magic, in Expiations, in averting Witchcraft, in Omens, and in conciliating Love, may consult Pliny the Elder, and those Commentators whom Broekhusius has quoted. We shall only observe, that the Belief of its being a Preservative against Fascination is very ancient, for Theocritus makes Damaetas thus express himself in the Sixth Idyl.

οἷς μὲν Ἐσκαπθῶ δὲ, τρις ἐπιτρεῖα εἰς ἔμην κολπῶν.

Ille nihil poterit de nobis credere cuiquam : 55

Non tibi, si in molli viderit ipse toro.

Tu tamen abstineas aliis ; nam cetera cernet

Omnia : de me uno sentiet ipse nihil.

Quid credam ? nempe haec eadem se dixit amores

Cantibus, aut herbis solvere posse meos. 60

Et me lustravit taedis, et nocte serena

Concidit ad magicos hostia pulla Deos.

Non ego, totus abesset amor, sed mutuus esset,

Orabam : nec te posse carere velim.

Nor did only the Shepherds of Sicily look upon Spittle in this Light, the Romans believed the same of it. Accordingly, on the Day when an Infant was named, (which for Girls was on the Eighth, for Boys on the Ninth, after Birth) the Grandmother, or Aunt, moving round in a Circle, rubbed, with her middle Finger, the Child's Forehead with Spittle, which was hence called *Lustralis Saliva*.

The Number Three was of great Import in almost all the religious and magical Ceremonies of Antiquity ; for though, as Virgil expresses it, the Gods were supposed to be pleased with all odd Numbers, yet Three was deemed the most pleasing to them. The Number Four was also of some Estimation, as Macrobius, in his Commentary on the Somn. Scipion. informs us. Vid. Cap. 5. 6. Our Poet also uses the Number Four in one of his Elegies.

63. *Us, in soft Dalliance.*] Ovid, who, without any Ceremony adopts our Poet's Sentiments, whenever they suit his Purpose, has made use of the same Argument to an over-vigilant Keeper.

*Viderit ipse licet, credet tamen ille neganti
Damnabit oculos, et sibi verba dabit.*

Altho' it is with great Reluctance that Men credit any Report injurious to the Fame of one they love ; yet nothing less than a Spell was necessary to make a Husband deny the Testimony of his own Senses.

Us, in soft Dalliance should your Lord surprize ;
 By this infatuate he'd renounce his Eyes !
 But blefs no Rival, or th' Affair is known ; 65
 This Incantation me befriends alone.
 Nor stopp'd she here ; but swore, if I'd agree,
 By Charms or Herbs to set thy Lover free.
 With dire Lustrations she began the Rite !
 (Serenely shone the Planet of the Night) 70
 The magic Gods she call'd with hellish sound,
 A fable Sacrifice distain'd the Ground——
 I stopp'd the Spell : I must not, cannot part :
 I begg'd her Aid to gain a mutual Heart.

69. *With dire Lustrations.*] The Lustration mentioned in the Original was a Torch of Pine-tree ; to which were added Sulphur and Bitumen, and, as Broekhusius conjectures, Blood. A solemn Washing, and the Sacrifice of a black Lamb, preceded the Use of the Torch. These Ceremonies were also performed on a clear Night, *Noſte Serena*. The Antients thought them equally powerful either to bind the Lover, or free him from the Influence of Love.

Pontanus and Amaltheus, among the Moderns, not to mention others, have given us an ample Detail of the Ceremonies practis'd on these Occasions : But as most of them are unadapted to modern Superstition ; their Accounts shew some Learning but little Judgment. Ovid laughs at all these Ceremonies in his Remedy of Love.

71. *The magic Gods she call'd.*] The best List of these Deities is to be found in the Seventh Book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, V. 192. and in the two Spanish Poets ; Seneca, *Med.* V. 140. and Lucan, *Lib.* 6. V. 730.

BROEKHUS.

74. *I begg'd her Aid.*] Tho' this be evidently the Conclusion of the Elegy, yet some Editors have strangely tacked to it,

Perrens ille fait,

and the Thirteen following Lines, which belong to the First Elegy. Nor content with this, they have forced

Num veneris magna,

and the Seven succeeding Verses, from their natural Place in the Fifth Elegy of this Book, and have added them to the other Transposition. Mr. Dart followed one of these Editions.

May it not have been this Inaccuracy of Editors which induced that great Poet, as well as Critic, Mr. Dryden, to assert, that Tibullus in composing seldom looked farther than the next Line; that he rambles from his Subject, and concludes with something which is not of a Piece with the Beginning. Altho' it is granted, that no Man understood the Beauties of antient Poetry, and of course could draw the Characters of antient Poets, better than Mr. Dryden; yet it is certain, that his Sentiments on these Subjects were not always the Result of mature Deliberation. In the general Preface to the Volume from which the above Censure on our Author is taken, Mr. Dryden complains of his Want of Letters; and indeed this is too evident in the Quotation above, as the Arguments to Tibullus's Elegies will shew a Beginning, a Middle, and a Conclusion, even more than can be found in Propertius, who yet, according to that Critic, had always a Plan when he sat down to write.

Let not however the Reader imagine, that this is meant as a Censure on Mr. Dryden; that immortal Genius had not
Time

Time to correct his Works. But what shall we say of the Age which suffered its first Pen to be hackneyed through Necessity?

However, if Dryden's Circumstances are an Apology for his little Incorrectnesses; Rapin cannot be pardoned on the same Account: and yet that Critic, who often characterizes Books he never read, makes the following Observation.

Je fais, qu' il y a des ouvrages qui doivent par la qualité de leur caractère être écrits d' un air libre sans autre dessein, que celui d' une naïveté naturelle, et sans contrainte, tels que sont les hymnes d' Orphée d' Homère, de Callimachus, tels que sont certaines Odes de Pindare, d' Anacréon, et d' Horace, qui n' ont de règle que l' enthousiasme, tels que sont aussi la plupart des Élégiés de Tibulle et Propertius; mais il faut avouer, que ce ne sont pas les plus belles, & quand on fait Reflexions aux Eleges d' Ovide on y trouve toujours un tour secret qui en fait le dessein. What shall one say to all this critical Jargon, but that

Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.

Jo. Antonius Vulpus, a Lawyer of Bergamo, who published an Edition of Catullus, Tibullus and Propertius, A. D. 1610, at Padua, concludes this Second Elegy with

— *nec te posse carere velim,*

as Broekhusius has done; but then he immediately adds, though without any Reason, *Videntur aliqua desiderari.* Vulpus observes, that *posse carere* was a Roman colloquial Expression, of which he produces two Instances from Martial.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

IBITIS Aegeas sine me, Messāla, per undas,
O utinam memores ipse, cohorsque mei.

Me tenet ignotis aegrum Phaeacia terris.

Abstineas avidas Mors, precor, atra manus.

Abstineas, Mors atra, precor; non hic mihi mater,

Quae legat in moestos ossa perusta sinus :

Non

This Elegy was written in a dangerous Fit of Sickness, which detained our Poet in the Island of Corfu, antiently called Phaeacia, and was apparently composed before the Second.

The Commentators pretend, that Messāla was upon his Syrian Expedition at this Time; and that Tibullus recovering followed his Patron to Cilicia, Ægypt, &c. As this Expedition took Place A. U. C. 724, Tibullus was then only Fourteen Years old, if he was born in the Consulship of Hirtius and Pansa; but as this is rather too fine an Elegy for a Boy of that Age, (and yet Pliny the younger had wrote a Greek Tragedy before Fifteen Years) and as it appears, that he had been for some Time in love with Delia; not to mention other Arguments which the Poem itself affords us, the Translator is inclined to join Issue with Douza, who places his Birth A. U. C. 690, in the Consulship of Cicero and of Caius Anthony. Vide the Life.

But at whatsoever Time this Elegy was written, we may apply what Quintilian says of Eloquence to this Species of Writing in Particular, *Pectus est, quod disertus facit.*

T H E

T H I R D E L E G Y.

W H I L E you, Messala, plough th' Ægean Sea,
 O sometimes kindly deign to think of me :
 Me, hapless me, Phæacian Shores detain,
 Unknown, unpitied, and oppress'd with Pain.
 Yet spare me, Death, ah spare me and retire : 5
 No weeping Mother's here to light my Pyre :

Here

Verse 1: *While you, Messala.*] The Original of these Lines is quoted by Dr. Trapp, in his Chapter on Elegy, as an Instance of the soothing Graces of elegiac Complaints, *Quam jucundus est dolor poeticus,* (says that Critic, prælect. 13.) *et quanta elegantia querelarum, morbum suum, terra peregrina ægro-tus, sic defleat Tibullus.*

The *Cobors* mentioned in the Text was Messala's Retinue ; which must have been very different from that of most modern Generals, if made up of such Men as Tibullus. But in those Days a Man was thought the better Soldier for cultivating an Acquaintance with the Muses.

An Abhorrence of our Dissolution was implanted in us by the Author of Nature for the wisest Purposes. Even the oldest, and most wretched, are, in general, unwilling to die. But to be snatched away in the Bloom of Life, and whilst in
 a foreign

Non foror, Assyriis cineri quæ dedat odores,

Et fleat effusis ante sepulcra comis :

Delia non usquam, quæ me quam mitteret urbe,

Dicitur ante omnes consuluisse Deos. 10

Illa sacras pueri sortes ter sustulit : illi

Rettulit e trinis omina certa puer.

Cuncta dabant reditus ; tamen est deterrita nunquam,

Quin fletet, nostras respiciretque vias.

Ipsè ego solator, quum jam mandata dedissem, 15

Quæream tardas anxius usque moras.

Urg'd

a foreign Country, at a Distance from one's Relations, especially from a darling Mistress, are Circumstances peculiarly distressful. Homer, who knew the Source of every Passion, and could raise them all, has beautifully inserted many such pathetic Strokes in describing the Deaths of his Heroes: And if his Battles make the Reader regardless of Danger, they also encrease his Humanity : And altho' Virgil is surpass'd by Homer, in this Respect, yet is the Lamentation of Euryalus's Mother, who had left her Father's Court to share the Fortunes of her Son, a Master-piece of the Pathetic. Tasso has introduced many beautiful Strokes of this Kind into his *Il Goffredo* ; but none of the modern heroic Poets are in this Particular to be preferred to the Author of *Leonidas* ; unless indeed we admit, that Dante's Description of Ugolino surpasses any poetical Picture of Distress to be met with among either the Ancients or Moderns.

14. *And Fortune.*] The Original runs thus,

*Illa sacras pueri sortes ter sustulit, illi
Rettulit e trinis omina certa puer.*

Those who were superstitious, among the Antients, generally consulted the Lots before they began any Thing of Importance. The first Words spoken by the Virgin in the Temple of Juno, were the Sortes, in Cases of Marriage ; as the first spoken

Here is no Sister, with a Sister's Woe,
 Rich Syrian Odors on the Pile to throw :
 But chief, my Soul's soft Partner is not here,
 Her Locks to loose, and sorrow o'er my Bier. 10

What tho' fair Delia my Return implor'd,
 Each Fane frequented, and each God ador'd :
 What tho' they bade me every Peril brave ;
 And Fortune thrice auspicious Omens gave ;
 All could not dry my tender Delia's Tears, 15
 Suppress her Sighs, or calm her anxious Fears ;
 E'en as I strove to minister Relief,
 Unconscious Tears proclaim'd my heart-felt Grief:
 Urg'd

spoken by a Boy in the Highway, gave the Omen commonly depended upon before a Journey was undertaken. An Example will better explain this obscure Piece of Superstition. A Lady who was betrothed, went, with a young Companion, to the Temple of the Goddess of Marriage, to watch the first Words spoken by a Woman. Anxiously attentive she seated herself, while the other stood. Two Hours having passed, without a Word's being uttered, or any Body entering, the younger at last said, " My Dear I am tired, will you permit me to sit in your Chair a little." These were the first Words. The younger accordingly seated herself, and no Body coming in, they both went away after having waited some Time longer. The betrothed Lady soon after died, and the other was married to the Bridegroom in her Stead.

There were other Kind of Sortes. The old Scholiast on the Fourth Pythian Ode of Pindar, tells us, that Dice thrown upon a Table were used as a Lot; and if one particular Side turned up, what they wished would come to pass; but if it did not, their Wishes would not be accomplished.

Aut ego sum caussatus avcs, aut omina dira :

Saturni aut sacram me tenuisse diem.

O quoties ingressus iter mihi tristia diam

Offensum in porta signa dedisse pedem ! 20

Audeat invito ne quis discedere amore,

Aut sciat egressum se prohibente Deo.

Quid tua nunc Isis mihi, Delia : quid mihi profunt

Illā tua toties aera repulsa manu ?

Quidve, pie dum sacra colis, pureque lavari 25

Te memini, et puro secubuisse toro ?

Nunc,

Εαν Καλλοπος μιν τοδε αναβη, αποτελεσθησεται, τοδε ει, ουκ αποτελεσθησεται.

Of Lots, some were sacred to Apollo, some to Mercury ; and they were sometimes to be cast into a deep Well or Fountain. We see an Instance of this in Suetonius's Life of Tiberius, Cap. 14. and Dempster in his Notes on Rosinus, informs us, that those who had Success in this Kind of Divination, often bestowed Gifts upon the Fountain. See Pliny, Lib. 8. Ep. 8.

At Prænestæ was a Temple, erected to Fortune, where Devotees used often to repair in order to have their future Adventures told them.* This Temple was very magnificent, which made Carneades say, "He never had seen Fortune more fortunate than at Prænestæ." In that Temple the Lots were blended together, thrown into an olive Chest, or Urn, and drawn by a Boy. This is probably the Species of Divination alluded to here by our Poet.

21. *Or if I struck.*] The striking the Foot against the Threshold, at the first going abroad, was, by the Antients, reputed a bad Omen ; and is one of the Pretexts our Poet used in order to delay his Departure. The Superstitious among ourselves have many as foolish Observances.

26. *Your Isis heeds not.*] Jupiter, in one of Lucian's Dialogues, commands Mercury to hasten to the Nemean Forest, there.

Urg'd still to go, a thousand Shifts I made,
 Birds now, now Festivals my Voyage staid : 20
 Or, if I struck my Foot against the Door,
 Strait I return'd, and Wisdom was no more.
 Forbid by Cupid, let no Swain depart,
 Cupid is vengeful, and will wring his Heart.

What do your Offerings now, my Fair, avail ? 25
 Your Isis heeds not, and your Cymbals fail !
 What, though array'd in sacred Robes you stood,
 Fled Man's Embrace, and sought the purest Flood ?
 While this I write, I sensibly decay,—
 “ Assist me, Isis, drive my Pains away : 30

That

there to destroy Argus, which done, he was to waft Io over Sea to Ægypt, and there make an Isis of her. *Ἔγω θεῶν τοῖς ἐμοῖ, καὶ τὸν Νεῖλον ἀναγῶ, καὶ τοὺς ἀίμας ἀποπνεύω, καὶ ροῦζω τὴν πλεοντα.* *Sit illis Dea, Nilumque attollat, et ventos immittat et navigantes servet.* The same witty Author also informs us, that the Ægyptians not only used to call their larger Ships by the Name of Isis, for Good-luck's Sake, but also to have Statues of this tutelary Deity placed in the Stern and Fore-castle of their Vessels. Vid. his Piece intitled, *πλοῖον ἢ εὐχαί.* This shews the Propriety of Delia's addressing Isis to protect Tibullus in the Voyage he was about to make.

Gruterus has transmitted to us the Figure, &c. of a marble Altar, dedicated to Isis, to which Broekhuusius was obliged for the Form he has given us of an Ægyptian Sistrum or Cymbal. Apuleius has also described this Instrument. Lib. 3. of his Metem.

28. *Fled Man's Embrace.*] In the Mysteries of Isis, it was customary for the Votary to lie alone several Nights successively. This Custom Propertius rails at.

Tristia

Nunc, Dea, nunc succurre mihi; nam posse mederi

Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis:

Ut mea votivas persolvens Delia nosces,

Ante sacras lino tecta fores sedeat.

30

Bisque die resoluta comas tibi dicere laudes.

Insignis turba debeat in Pharia.

At mihi contingat patrios celebrare Penates,

Reddereque antiquo menstrua tura Lari.

Quam

Tristia jam redeunt iterum solemnia nobis.

Cynthia jam nosces est operata decem;

At utinam Nilis pereat quæ sacra repente

Misit matronis Inachis, ausonitis!

Quæ Dea tam cupidos toties divisit amantes,

Quæcumque illa fuit, semper amara fuit.

DART.

32. *The numerous Tablets.*] Those who had escaped Shipwreck, or any dangerous Fit of Sickness, usually hung up, in the Temple of Isis, Tablets, on which, say Authors, was described the Manner of their Deliverance: But Brœckhusius is of Opinion, that, as Sailors dedicated to Isis a Representation in Paint of the Danger they had escaped; so those who recovered from any dangerous Distaste, by the Assistance of Isis, suspended, on the Walls of her Temple, Tablets, whereon was represented the Form of the Organ that had been principally affected, without any mention of the Remedies used. Thus the old Poet in the Priapeia has it.

Cur pictum memori sit in tabella

Membrum quæritis, &c.

Besides this, among the many votive Inscriptions to Isis for Health recovered, which Gruterus and others have preserved,

" That you can every mortal Ill remove,
 " The numerous Tablets in your Temple proye :
 " So shall my Delia, veil'd in votive White,
 " Before your Threshold sit for many a Night ;
 " And twice a Day, her Tresses all unbound, 35
 " Amid your Votaries fam'd, your Praises found :
 " Safe to my household Gods may I return,
 " And Incense monthly on their Altars burn."

How

served, we meet with no Mention of the Applications or Medicines supposed to have been successful.

It is, however, an old Tradition, that Hippocrates was indebted to such Tablets, in a Temple in the Island of Cos, for the best Part of the *Coacæ Prænotiones*. Could this be proved, it would shew, that great Good may sometimes spring from Superstition.

In popish Countries many Figures of Wax, Silver, &c. are at this Day to be seen on the Walls of their Churches, Chapels, &c.

33. *So shall my Delia.*] As the Goddess herself was clothed in white Linen; so those who returned her Thanks for their own, or Friends, Recovery from Sicknefs, were always veiled in the same Manner, and sat on the Ground before the Porch of the Temple. Her Priests had their Heads shaved, and also wore Linen Surplices. Hence they were called *Linigeri*. See Martial's humorous Epigram on that Subject, Lib. 12. Ep. 29. Apuleius, in the Eleventh Book of his *Metamorphosis*, has given the fullest Account of the Worshipers of *Isis*.

35. *And twice a Day.*] From the Words *pbaria turba*, a great Critic, as Broekhusius informs us, conjectured, that Messala attended Augustus Cæsar in his Ægyptian Expedition against Mark Anthony. But the Epithet *pbaria* which is every where appropriated to *Isis*, and her Worship, deceived Him.

Quam bene Saturno vivebant rege prius, quam 35

Tellus in longas est patefacta vias

Nondum caeruleas pinus contemserat undas,

Effusum ventis praeberatque sinum.

Nec vagus ignotis repetens compendia terris

Prefferat externa navita merce ratem. 40

Illo non validus subiit juga tempore taurus :

Non domito frenos ore momordit equus.

Non domus ulla fores habuit : non fixus in agris,

Qui regeret certis finibus arva, lapis.

Ipsae mella dabant quercus, ultroque ferebant 45

Obvia fecuris ubera lactis oves.

Non acies, non ira fuit, non bella : nec ensem

Inmiti faevus duxerat arte faber.

Nunc

39. *How blest Man liv'd in Saturn's golden Days.*] Ovid has imitated the Whole of this Passage in the beautiful Elegy, which he sent to Corinna upon her going abroad. Lib. 2. El. 11.

No Poet, either antient or modern, has surpassed Tibullus in his Description of the Golden Age ; yet how different that Age was from the Picture given us of it by Tibullus, the great rural and philosophical Poet informs us in his Autumn,

Corruption still,

Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal Hand

Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage Year ;

And still the sad Barbarian, roving, mix'd

With Beasts of Prey ; or, for his Acorn Meal,

Fought the fierce tusky Boar ; a shivering Wretch !

Aghast

How blest Man liv'd in Saturn's golden Days,
 E'er distant Climes were join'd by lengthned Ways.
 Secure the Pine upon the Mountain grew, 41
 Nor yet o'er Billows in the Ocean flew ;
 Then every Clime a wild Abundance bore,
 And Man liv'd happy on his natal Shore :
 For then no Steed to feel the Bit was broke, 45
 Then had no Steer submitted to the Yoke ;
 No House had Gates, (blest Times!) and, in the
 Grounds
 No scanty Landmarks parcell'd out the Bounds :
 From every Oak redundant Honey ran,
 And Ewes spontaneous bore their Milk to Man : 50
 No deathful Arms were forg'd, no War was wag'd,
 No Rapine plunder'd, no Ambition rag'd.

How

Aghast and comfortless ! when the bleak North,
 With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd Tempest fly,
 Hail, Rain and Snow, and bitter-breathing Frost ;
 Then to the Shelter of the Hut he fled,
 And the wild fordid Season pin'd away :
 For Home he had not ; Home is the Resort
 Of Love and Joy, and Peace and Plenty, where
 Supported and supporting, polish'd Friends
 And dear Relations mingle into Blifs.
 But this the rugged Savage never felt ;
 E'en desolate in Crowds ; and thus his Days
 Roll'd heavy, dark and unenjoy'd along,
 A Waste of Time.

Nunc Jove sub domino caedes, nunc vulnera semper :

Nunc mare ; nunc leto multa reperta via.

50

Parce pater ; timidum non me perjuria terrent,

Non dicta iam sanctos impia verba Deos.

Quod si fatales jam nunc explevimus annos,

Fac lapis his scriptus stet super ossa notis :

“ Hic jacet inmiti consumptus morte Tibullus,

55

“ Messalam terra dum sequiturque mari.”

Sed me, quod facilis tenero sum semper Amori,

Ipse Venus campos ducet in Elysiis.

2

Hic

65. *Then Love my Ghost.*] This Description of Elysium is not so poetical as may at first Sight be imagined ; since even the Philosophers have painted that happy Residence of the Blessed in as lively Colours. BROEKHUS.

Upon turning to the Passage in Plutarch (Consol. ad Apollon.) cited by Broekhusius in Defence of this Censure, we were not a little astonished to find that excellent Philosopher, borrowing the Whole of his Description of Elysium from Pindar's second Olympian Ode ; which, as it is one of the finest Passages in the old Theban, we shall here transcribe.

ιστον δε νυκτεσσιν ασι
ισα δ' εν αμνηραις αλι-
ση εχουτες, απογερον
εσθλοι γεμονται ειο-
τον, η χρονη ταρασσαν-
τες αλλα χειρον
ηδε ποττιαν υδωρ
κειναν παρα διασταν, αλ-
λα παρ μεν τιμιος
θεων οτινες εχει-
ρον ευορκιας
αδακριν γεμονται
μωρα, &c.

How chang'd, alas! Now cruel Jove commands;
 Gold fires the Soul, and Falchions arm our Hands:
 Each Day, the Main unnumber'd Lives destroys; 55
 And Slaughter, daily, o'er her Myriads joys.
 Yet spare me, Jove, I ne'er disown'd thy Sway,
 I ne'er was perjur'd; spare me, Jove, I pray.

But, if the Sisters have pronounc'd my Doom,
 Inscib'd be these upon my humble Tomb. 60
 "Lo! here inurn'd a youthful Poet lies,
 "Far from his Delia, and his native Skies!
 "Far from the lov'd Messala, whom to please
 "Tibullus follow'd over Land and Seas."

Then Love my Ghost (for Love I still obey'd) 65
 Will grateful usher to th' Elysian Shade:

There

And especially in the succeeding Antistrophe,

*εἶνα μακαρον
 νασον Ωλιαειδης
 αυραι περιπλουσιω, &c.*

Which Passages are thus translated by the late Dr. West,
 in his admirable Version of Pindar.

But in the happy Fields of Light,
 Where Phœbus, with an equal Ray,
 Illuminates the balmy Night,
 And gilds the cloudless Day.

In peaceful, unmolested Joy,
 The Good their smiling Hours employ:
 Them no uneasy Wants constrain
 To vex th' ungrateful Soil.

Hic choreae, cantusque vigent, passimque vagantes
Dulce sonant tenui gutture carmen aves. 60

Fert casiam non culta seges, totosque per agros
Floret odoratis terra benigna rosis.

Hic juvenum series teneris inmixta puellis
Ludit, et assidue praelia miscet Amor.

Illic est cuicumque rapax mors venit amanti, 65
Et gerit insigni myrtea ferta coma.

At Scelerata jacet fedes in nocte profunda

Abdita, quam circum flumina nigra sonant.

Tisiphoneque

To tempt the Dangers of the billowy Main,
And break their Strength with unabating Toil,
A frail, disastrous Being to maintain,

But, in their joyous, calm Abodes,
The Recompence of Justice they receive;
And, in the Fellowship of Gods,
Without a Fear, eternal Ages live.

Again, in the Antistrophe, he says, that the Good who
have been three Times purified in as many successive
Transmigrations, &c. become then qualified to enter the for-
tunate Islands, where

Fragrant Breezes, vernal Airs,
Sweet Children of the Main,
Purge the blest Island from corroding Cares,
And fan the Bosom of each verdant Plain,
Whose fertile Soil immortal Fruitage Bears:
Trees, from whose flaming Branches flow,
Array'd in golden Bloom, refulgent Beams;
And Flow'rs of golden Hue that blow
On the fresh Borders of their parent Streams;
These by the Blest in solemn Triumph worn,
Their unpolled Hands and clustering Locks adorn.

But beautiful as this Description is, it does not surpass
that which Homer has given in the Fourth Odysey, Line

There Joy and ceaselefs Revelry prevail ;
 There soothing Musick floats on every Gale ;
 There painted Warblers hop from Spray to Spray,
 And, wildly-pleasing, swell the general Lay : 70
 There every Hedge, untaught, with Cassia blooms,
 And scents the ambient Air with rich Perfumes :
 There every Mead a various Plenty yields ;
 There lavish Flora paints the purple Fields :
 With ceaselefs Light a brighter Phœbus glows, 75
 No Sicknefs tortures, and no Ocean flows ;
 But Youths associate with the gentle Fair,
 And stung with Pleasure to the Shade repair :
 With them Love wanders wherefoe'er they stray,
 Provokes to Rapture, and inflames the Play : 80
 But chief, the constant Few, by Death betray'd,
 Reign, crown'd with Myrtle, Monarchs of the Shade.

Not so the Wickèd ; far they drag their Chains,
 By black Lakes sever'd from the blisful Plains ;

Those

564. which, as Mr. Spence justly observes, is the only Passage where that Father of Poetry describes the Regions of the Blest. But to finish this long Note, we shall only remark, that, as these last mentioned Pictures of Elysium are suited to their different Places, or the Poems in which they appear, so is that of our Poet appropriated to the elegiac Muse ; Dr. Trapp accordingly quotes it for its uncommon Beauty. Prælect. 13.

83. *Not so the Wick.d.*] The First poetical Description of Hell is to be found in Homer ; and tho' all the succeeding epic Poets of Antiquity have, in Imitation of their great Father,

Tifiphoneque inpexa feros pro crinibus angues,

Sævit, et huc illuc impia turba fugit.

70

Tum niger in porta serpentum Cerberus ore

Stridit, et aeratas excubat ante fores.

Illic Junonem tentare Ixionis aufi

Verfantur celeri noxia membra rota

Porrectusque novem Tityus per jugera terrae

75

Adfiduas atro viscere pascit aves.

Tantalus est illic, et circum stagna: sed acrem

Jam jam poturi deserit unda sitim.

Et

sent their Heroes to visit those Regions of Woe, none of them have improved the Original.

But altho' Homer's Hell surpasses the Hell of the Antients, it cannot however be compared with many Passages in the Inferno of that great original Poet Dante. Milton perhaps has not outdone him.

Voltaire's Hell is as little terrible, as his Massacre of St. Bartholomew is unaffectionately told.

86. *Where Cerberus howls.*] Mythologists place a hundred hissing Serpents round the Head and Neck of Cerberus, whom they also equip with the Tail of a Dragon.

89. *There be who dar'd.*] As the Poet meant, not only to keep off every one from laying Siege to his Mistress, but also to preserve her constant in his Absence; he has selected, from the Amours of Mythology, some Incidents very proper to his Purpose.

Yet the whole of this Description is liable to the Censure, which Lucian, in his admirable Treatise on the Manner of writing History, passes on Parthenius, Euphorion, and Callimachus, who, wandering from their main Subject, spend, according to that witty Critic, many Words in describing Impertinences; but as the whole Passage is admirable, the Reader will not probably be displeas'd to see it translated.

You

El. 3. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 53.

Those should they pass, impassable the Gate 85

Where Cerb'rus howls, grim Sentinel of Fate.

There snake-hair'd Fiends with Whips patrol around,

Rack'd Anguish bellows, and the Deeps resound :

There he, who dar'd to tempt the Queen of Heaven,

Upon an ever-turning Wheel is driven : 90

The Danaids there, still strive huge Casks to fill,

But strive in vain, the Casks elude their Skill :

There Pelop's Sire, to quench his thirsty Fires,

Still tries the Flood, and still the Flood retires:

There Vulturs tear the Bow'ls, and drink the Gore,

Of Tityus, stretch'd enormous on the Shore. 96

Dread Love, as vast as endless be their Pain

Who tempt my Fair, or wish a long Campaign.

O let

You must be particularly cautious, how you launch out in describing Mountains, Rivers and Fortifications; lest, by an ostentatious display of Eloquence, you entirely drop the Thread of your History: whenever, therefore, Perspicuity demands that the Reader should, in some Degree, be informed of such Circumstances, let your Description of them be comprised in as few Words as possible. On Occasions like these, place Homer before your Eyes, who, tho' a Poet, yet, in his Account of Hell, passes slightly over Tantalus, Ixion, Tityus, and the rest: all which Particulars, were they to be described by Parthenius, Euphorion, or even Callimachus, what a Profusion of Verses would be employed in bringing the Water to the Lips of Tantalus, and in turning round the Wheel of Ixion?

The more judicious among the Antients saw, that under the Fables of Tantalus, &c. were represented the Torments of an evil Conscience. See Macrobius's sensible Commentary on the Somnium Scipionis.

Et Danaï proles, Veneris quæ numina læsit,

In cava Letheas dolia portat aquas.

80

Illic fit, quicumque meos violavit amores,

Optavit lentas et mihi militias.

At tu casta, precor, maneat, sanctique pudoris

Adfideat custos sedula semper anus.

Haec tibi fabellas referat, positæque lucernâ

85

Deducat plenâ staminâ longâ colo.

Ac circa gravibus pensis adfixa puella

Paullatim somno fessa remittat opus.

Tunc veniam subito, ne quisquam nuntiet ante :

Sed videar coelo missus adesse tibi.

90

Tunc mihi qualis eris longos turbata capillos

Obvia nudato, Delia, curre pede.

Hunc precor, hunc utinam nobis Aurora nitentem

Luciferum roseis candida portet equis.

O let no Rival your Affections share,
 Long as this Bosom beats, my lovely Fair ! 100
 Still on you let your prudent Nurse attend ;
 She'll guard your Honour, she's our common Friend.
 Her Tales of Love your Sorrowings will allay,
 And, in my Absence, make my Delia gay :
 Let her o'er all your Virgin-train preside, 105
 She'll praise th' Industrious, and the Lazy chide.
 But see ! on all enfeebling Languors creep ;
 Their Distaffs drop, they yawn, they nod, they sleep.
 Then, if the Destinies propitious prove,
 Then will I rush, all Passion, on my Love : 110
 My wish'd Return no Messenger shall tell,
 I'll seem, my Fair, as if from Heaven I fell.
 A soft Confusion flushes all your Charms,
 Your graceful Dishabille my Bosom warms, }
 You, Delia, fly and clasp me in your Arms. 115

For this Surprize, ye Powers of Love, I pray,
 Post on Aurora, bring the rosy Day.

109. *Then, if the Destinies.*] This is one of those Thoughts, which, as Horace happily expresses it, Venus has imbued with a fifth Part of her Nectar.

ELEGIA QUARTA.

SIC umbrosa tibi contingant tecta, Priape,
 Ne capiti soles, ne noceantque nives :

Quae tua formosos cepit solertia ? certe

Non tibi barba nitet, non tibi culta coma est.

Nudus et hibernae producis frigora brumae, 5

Nudus et aetivi tempora ficca Canis.

Sic ego : tum Bacchi respondet rustica proles,

Armatus curva sic mihi falce Deus.

Te,

In this Elegy the Poet consults Priapus about the Means to be used in Order to become a Favourite with the Fair ; and that God, in his Answer, delivers an Epitome of the Art of Courtship.

However immoral some Parts of Priapus's Directions may be, there are but too many, among the modern Men of Gallantry, who implicitly obey them ; for, if the Translator is not greatly mistaken, Perjury in Love-matters prevails now as much in Britain as ever it prevailed in antient Italy.

Those who understand the Original, need not to be told the Reasons which obliged the Translator to alter and omit many Passages of this Elegy, which, with some few others of the same Stamp, were probably those Parts of Tibullus, which made the pious Anthony Possavin apply to Heaven in Prayer, to preserve him from Temptation whenever he purposed to read our Poet,

Verse

THE
FOURTH ELEGY.

POET.

SO round, my God, may shady Coverings bend,
 No Sun-beams scorch thy Face, no Snows offend!
 Whence are the Fair so proud to win thy Heart,
 Yet rude thy Beard, and guiltless thou of Art?
 Naked ^{you} ~~thou~~ stands, expos'd to wintery Snows! 5
 Naked ^{you} ~~thou~~ stands when burning Sirius glows!
 Thus I—and thus the Garden-Power reply'd,
 A crooked Cycle glittering by his Side.

PRIAPUS.

Verse 4. *Yet rude thy Beard.*] Priapus thus describes himself in an antient Author,

*Parum est mihi, fixi quod hic miser sedem
 Agente terra per Caniculam rimas
 Siticulosam sustinens diu æstatem :
 Parum, quod imi perfluunt sinus imbre,
 Et in capillos grandines cadunt nostros
 Horretque dura barba vineta chrystallo.*

VULG.

Te, te ne capiant, primo si forte negarit,
 Taedia : paullatim sub juga colla dabit. 10
 Longa dies homini docuit parere leones,
 Longa dies molli saxa peredit aqua.
 Annus in apricis maturat collibus uvas,
 Annus agit certa lucida signa vice.
 Nec jurare time. Veneris perjuria venti 15
 Irrita per terras, et freta longa ferunt.
 Gratia magna Jovi: vetuit pater ille valere,
 Jurasset cupide quidquid ineptus amor.
 Perque suas impune finet Dictynna sagittas
 Adfirmes, crines perque Minerva suos. 20
 At

11. *The Vine in Time.*] This was so favourite an Illustration, that Ovid has thrice inserted it in his *Art of Love*. Lucretius has also twice introduced the Drop of Water into his admirable Poem *De Rerum Natura*; and Tasso, in his *Amynta*, has made it his own.

—————*O miserello*

*Non disperar ch' acquisterai costei ;
 La lunga etate a l' omine di porre
 Freno a i Leoni, et a le Tigre Hyrcane.*

18. *Swear, swear by Pallas' Locks.*] The Antients not only swore by particular Divinities, but by those Things which were supposed to be most acceptable to them. But whence was it, says Broekhusius, that Lovers swore by the virgin Goddess? and adds this wise Solution, *Credo, ob adamatum Endymiona.*

Minerva

PRIAPUS.

Take no Repulse—at first what tho' they fly!
 O'ercome at last, Reluctance will comply. 10
 The Vine in Time full ripen'd Clusters bears,
 And circling Time brings back the rolling Spheres:
 In Time soft Rains thro' Marble sap their Way,
 And Time taught Man to tame fierce Beasts of Prey.
 Nor aw'd by Conscience meanly dread to swear; 15
 Love-oaths, unratify'd, wild Tempests bear!
 Banish then Scruples, if you'd gain a Heart;
 Swear, swear by Pallas' Locks, Diana's Dart;
 By all that's most rever'd—if they require:
 Oaths bind not eager Love, thank Heaven's good
 Sire! 20
 Nor

Minerva was so fond of her Hair, which it seems was very fine, and so highly resented all Rivalship in that Particular, that she turned the Hair of Medusa, who had preferred her own to that of the Goddess, into Serpents. Vid. Serv. in 6 Æn. V. 289.

Before the Virgins of Argos married, they hung up a Lock of their Hair in the Temple of Minerva, who was thought in a peculiar Manner to protect the *Capillitium Puellarum*. Broekhusius adds, *In vicem puellae Palladi crinem disponebant bonarumque psecader.*

20. *Oaths bind not eager Love.*] This Sentiment is introduced by Plato in his Symposium.

ὁ δὲ δεινότητος, ὡς γὰρ λέγουσιν οἱ πολλοὶ ἐπὶ καὶ ομαρτυρεῖ μόνω ξυγνωμῇ παρα θεῶν, &c.

VULF.

See an Epigram to the same Purpose in Callimachus.

At si tardus eris, errabis : tranſiit aetas

Quam cito ! non ſegnīs ſtat remeate dies.

Quam cito purpureos deperdit terra colores !

Quam cito formoſas populus alba comas !

Quam jacet, infirmæ venere ubi fata ſenectæ, 25

Qui prius Eleo eſt carcere miſſus equus !

Vidi ego jam juvenem, premeret quum ſerior aetas,

Moerentem ſultos præteriſſe dies.

Crudeles Divi ! ſerpens novus exuat annos ?

Formæ non ullam Fata dedere moram ? 30

Solis æterna eſt Phœbo, Bacchoque juvenas :

Tam decet intonſus crinis utrumque Deum.

Tu,

26. *So late a Victor.*] See an admirable Diſſertation upon this Subject by the late Mr. Weſt, prefixed to his Tranſlation of Pindar.

29. *Ye partial Gods.*] It is reported by Naturaliſts, that Serpents or Snakes, upon eating a certain Herb, called Maratos, caſt their Skin and renew their Age. Ovid has a Thought like this in his *Ars Amand.*

*Anguibus excutitur tenui cum pelle vetuſtas,
Nec faciunt cervos cornua jacta ſenes ;
Noſtra ſine auxilio fugiunt bona, &c.*

Lib. 3.

which Mr. Congreve has thus engliſhed,

The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns, may caſt,

And both renew their Youth and Vigour paſt ;

But no Receipt can human-kind relieve,

Doom'd to decrepid Age without Reprieve.

DART.

This is a good poetical Illuſtration, but Philoſophy diſclaims it. Serpents, and moſt of the reptile Kind, do indeed

Nor be too slow; your Slowness you'll deplore;
 Time posts; and, oh! Youth's Raptures soon are o'er:
 Now Forests bloom, and purple Earth looks gay;
 Bleak Winter blows, and all her Charms decay:
 How soon the Steed to Age's Stiffness yields, 25
 So late a Victor in th' Olympic Fields?
 I've seen the Aged oft lament their Fate,
 That senseless they had learnt to live too late.
 Ye partial Gods, and can the Snake renew,
 His youthful Vigour and his burnish'd Hue? 30
 But Youth and Beauty past; is art in vain
 To bring the coy Deserters back again?

POET.

Jove gives alone the Powers of Wit and Wine,
 In Youth immortal, spite of Years, to shine.

Priapus

deed cast their Coats (exuvizæ) but they do not thereupon
 grow young again, no more than a Bird does after moulting.

The Fugacity of Beauty is a Topic which almost every
 Love-writer, since the Days of Tibullus, has used to his
 Mistress whenever she demurred; and yet Mr. Prior, in his
 Manner of applying it, has made it entirely his own.

Take heed, my Dear, Youth flies apace;

As well as Cupid, Time is blind;

Soon must those Glories of thy Face

The Fate of vulgar Beauties find;

The thousand Loves that arm thy potent Eye,

Must drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.

33. *Jove gives alone.*] Bacchus was much celebrated, both
 by the Greek and Roman Poets, for his Beauty. Anacreon
 honours him with the Epithet *καλος*, and Naso makes him
 the following fine Compliment.

—————*Fidi*

Tu, puero quodcumque tuo tentare libebit,
 Cedas : obsequioplurima vincit amor.
 Neu comes ire neges, quamvis via longa paretur, 35
 Et Canis arenti torreat arva fiti.
 Quamvis praetexens picta ferrugine coelum,
 Venturam admittat imbrifer arcus aquam.
 Vel si caeruleas puppi volet ire per undas,
 Ipse levem remo per freta pelle ratem. 40
 Nec te poeniteat duros subiisse labores ;
 Aut opere infuetas adteruisse manus.
 Nec, velit infidiis altas si claudere valles,
 Dum placeas, humeri retia ferre negent.
 Si volet arma, levi tentabis ludere dextra, 45
 Saepe dabis nudum, vincat ut ille, latus.
 Tunc tibi mitis erit : rapias tunc cara licebit
 Oscula ; pugnabit, sed tamen apta dabit.
 Rapta dabit primo : mox adferet ipse roganti.
 Post etiam collo se implicuisse volet. 50
 Heu male nunc artes miseras haec saecula tractant.
 Jam tener adfuevit munera velle puer. At

— *Tibi enim inconsumpta juventus,
 Tu puer aeternus, tu formosissimus alto
 Conspiceres caelo, tibi cum sine cornibus adstas
 Virgineum caput est.*

Apollo's Beauty is commonly known. Bacchus, as well as Cupid and Minerva, is always represented with long yellow Hair ; and hence the Epithet χρυσοκομος, which some of the Poets have bestowed on him.

37. *Go pleas'd where'er she goes.*] This Thought is finely imitated by that sweet elegiac Poet. Joannes Secundus.

Illius

PRIAPUS.

Yield prompt Compliance to the Maid's Desires ; 35

A prompt Compliance fans the Lover's Fires :

Go pleas'd where'er she goes, tho' long the Way,

Tho' the fierce Dog-Star dart his sultry Ray ;

Tho' painted Iris gird the bluish Sky,

And sure portends, that ratling Storms are nigh : 40

Or, if the Fair-one pant for sylvan Fame,

Gay drag the Meshes, and provoke the Game :

Nay, should she chuse to risk the driving Gale ;

Ply, ply an Oar, and agile hand the Sail :

No Toil, tho' weak, tho' fearful, thou forbear ; 45

No Toils should tire you, and no Dangers scare :

Occasion smiles, then snatch an ardent Kiss ;

The Coy may struggle, but will grant the Bliss :

The Bliss obtain'd, the fictitious Struggle past ;

Unbid, they'll clasp you in their Arms at last. 50

POET.

Alas ! in such degenerate Days as these,
No more Love's gentle Wiles the Beauteous please !

IF

*Illius imperio ventos patiemur et imbres,
Ibimus et solas nocte silente vias,
Nec grave frigus erit, nec solstitium, licet in me
Fervidus ingeminet sidera sicca puer
Illa volet comitem sibi, me quocunque sequemur
Qua via nulla rotas pervia nulla rati.*

El. 3. Lib. 1.

48. *The Coy may struggle.*] Horace has beautifully applied
this Thought to Lycimnia,

Dum

At tibi, qui venerem docuisti vendere primus,

Quisquis es, infelix urgeat ossa lapis.

Pieridas, pueri, doctos et amate poëtas.

55

Aurea nec superent munera Pieridas.

Carmine purpurea est Nisi coma : carmina ni sint,

Ex humero Pelopis non nituisset ebur.

Quem referent Musæ, vivet : dum robora tellus,

Dum coelum stellas, dum vehet amnis aquas.

60

At qui non audit Musas, qui vendit amorem ;

Idaeæ currus ille sequatur Opis.

Et tercentenas erroribus expleat urbes ;

Et fecet ad Phrygios vilia membra modos.

Blanditiis vult esse locum Venus ipsa : querelis

65

Supplicibus, miseris fletibus illa favet.

Hæc

*Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem, aut facili sævitia negat.
Quæ poscente magis gaudeat eripi
Interdum rapere occupat.*

Boileau has done great Justice to this Thought in his *L'Art Poétique*, Chant. 2. and Mr. Francis seems to have caught the Soul of Horace when he translated it.

65. *The Fair, whose Beauty.*] If Poetry bestows Immortality on Charms, which would otherwise fade, it is eminently the Interest of the Fair-Sex to keep well with the Poets. Propertius and Ovid impute to their own Verses, what Tibullus more modestly ascribes to Poetry in general. Indeed Beauty is the Parent of Poetry ; and if the British Bards have surpassed their Brethren on the Continent, it is chiefly owing to the superior Charms of our fair country Women.

The Images, expressive of Beauty, when immortalised by Song, should here have been such as were more appropriated
to

If poor, all gentle Stratagems are vain!

The Fair-one's languish now alone for Gain!

O may Dishonour be the Wretch's Share, 55

Who first with hateful Gold seduc'd the Fair!

PRIAPUS.

Ye charming Dames, prefer the tuneful Quire,

Nor meanly barter heavenly Charms for Hire.

What cannot Song? The purple Locks that glow'd
On Nifus' Head, harmonious Song bestow'd! 60

What cannot Strains? By tuneful Strains alone

Fair Iv'ry, Pelops, on thy Shoulder shone!

While Stars with nightly Radiance gild the Pole,

Earth boasts her Oaks, or mighty Waters roll,

The Fair, whose Beauty Poets deign to praise, 65

Shall bloom uninjur'd in poetic Lays:

While she who hears not when the Muses call,

But flies their Fav'rites, Gold's inglorious Thrall!

Shall prove, believe the Bard, or soon, or late,

A dread Example of avenging Fate! 70

Soft, flattering Songs, the Cyprian Queen approves;

And aids the suppliant Swain with all her Loves.

POET.

to Elegy; for those, our Poet mentions on this Occasion, would better have suited Pastoral.

Hæc mihi, quæ canerem Titio, Deus edidit ore ;

Sed Titium conjunx hæc meminisse vetat.

O fuge te teneræ puerorum credere turbae :

Nam causam justî semper amoris habent. 70

Hic placet, angustis quod equum compefcit habenis :

Hic placidam niveo pectore pellit aquam.

Hic, quia fortis adest audacia, cepit : at illi

Virgineus teneras stat pudor ante genas.

Pareat ille suæ ; vos me celebrate magistrum, 75

Quos male habet multa callidus arte puer.

Gloria

74. *This answer Titius.*] Broekhuftus is of Opinion, that the Titius mentioned in the Text, was Titius Septimius, a Man no less eminent for his Friendship with Horace, than for his real poetical Abilities ; and whom that excellent Judge of Men, as well as of Writing, thus characterizes,

*Quid Titius, Romana brevi venturus in ora ?
Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus,
Fastidire lacus et rivos ausus apertos :
Ut valet ? ut meminit nostri ? fidibusne latinis
Thebanos aptare modos studet auspice musa ?
An tragica defœvit et ampullatur in arte.*

B. I. Ep. 3.

How fares my Titius ? Say when he intends
To publish ? Does he not forget his Friends ?
He who disdains the Springs of common Fame,
And dauntless quaffs the deep pindaric Stream :
Does he design, when all the Muse inspires,
To tune to Theban Sounds the Roman Lyres ?
Or, with the Transports of theatric Rage,
And its sonorous Language shake the Stage ?

FRANCIS.

The

POET.

The God, no Novice in th' intriguing Trade,
This Answer, Titius, to my Question made :

But Caution bids you fly th' insidious Fair, 75
And paints the Perils of their Eyes and Air ;
Nor these alone, devoted Man subdue,
Devoted Man their slightest Actions woo.

Be cautious those who list—but ye who know
Desire's hot Fever, and Contempt's chill Woe ; 80
Me grateful praise—Contempt shall pain no more ;
But Wish meet Wish, instructed by my Lore :
By various Means, while others seek for Fame,
Scorn'd Love to counsel be my noblest Aim.

Wide

The old Scholiast accordingly informs us, that he published both Lyric Poems and Tragedies. There is Reason also to think, that he likewise wrote Comedies ; for the same Scholiast observes, on the following Line of Horace,

Ut vinosa glomos furtivae Pyrrhia lanæ.

Ep. 13. B. 1.

that the Poet Titius introduces a Servant of the Name of Pyrrhia, stealing a Ball of Wool from her Mistress. All his Works are unfortunately lost. He had a noble Monument erected to him in the neighbourhood of Aricia, ten Miles from Rome.

Barthius, in his *Adversaria*, owns, that he did not know who the Titius was, whom Horace mentions ; and therefore Mr. Francis is the more excusably silent on this Article.

After all, it is impossible for any Modern to determine, whether Horace and Tibullus meant the same Titius ; and indeed it is of no Consequence.

Gloria cuique sua est: me, qui spernentur amantes,
 Consultent; cunctis janua nostra patet.

Tempus erit, quum me Veneris praecepta ferentem
 Deducat juvenum sedula turba fenem. 80

Heu heu quam lento Marathus me torquet amore!
 Deficiunt artes, deficiuntque doli.

Parce puer, quaeso, ne turpis fabula fiam:
 Quum mea ridebunt vana magisteria.

85. *Wide stands my Gate for all.*] This is an Image borrowed from the Practice of the Roman Lawyers. There is no Word in the English Language which fully expresses the Meaning of the Latin Verb *deducere*. It implies that solicitous Attendance which the younger paid to Men of Eminence, or Clients to their Patrons. To form a just Idea of this Custom, a Modern must consult Juvenal, and *Cicero de petitione consulatus*.

TIBULLUS.

ELEGIA

El. 4. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 69

Wide stands my Gate for all—I rapt foresee 85

The Time, when I Love's Oracle shall be!

When round my Seat shall press th' enamour'd Throng,

Attend my Motions, and applaud my Song.

Alas! my Hopes are fled, my Wiles are vain;

The Fair, I doat on, treats me with Disdain: 90

Yet spair me, Charmer, your Disdain betrays

To witty Laughter my too boastful Lays.

Tibullus probably had in his Thoughts some Verses of Callimachus, which S:obæus (Serm. 114) has preserved.

Γηρασκει δ' ὁ γερον κεινος ελαφροτερον,
κουραι τον φιλεουσι, νεει δε μιν ὡς ε τοκην
χειρος επ' οικεινν αχρις αγουσι θυρηκ.

VULP.

T H E

T H E
F I F T H E L E G Y.

ASPER eram, et bene discidium me ferre loquar :

At mihi nunc longe gloria fortis abest:
 Namque agor, ut per plana citus sola verbere turbo,
 Quem celer adsueta versat ab arte puer.
 Ure ferum, et torque; libeat ne dicere quidquam 5
 Magnificum posthac; horrida verba doma.
 Parce tamen, per te furtivi foedera lecti,
 Per Venerem quæso, compositumque caput.

Ille

Tibullus had unfortunately boasted, that Delia had not so great an Ascendant over him as she imagined. Being willing to know the Extent of her Authority, she forbade him her Presence: This he at first treated as an Order, which would give him no Pain to comply with; but he was soon convinced of his Error, and found, that his Felicity consisted solely in her Converse. To reinstate himself, therefore, in her good Graces, the following Elegy was composed.

5. *And like a Top.*] No Poet, perhaps, ever used fewer Similies than Tibullus. The principal Object always employed

ELEGIA QUINTA.

OF late I boasted I could happy be,
 Resume the Man, and not my Delia see!
 My boasts of Manhood and of Bliss are vain;
 Back to my Bondage I return again!
 And like a Top am whirl'd, which Boys, for Sport,
 Lash on the Pavement of a level Court! 6

What can atone, my Fair, for Crimes like these?
 I'll bear with Patience, use me as you please!
 Yet, by Love's Shafts, and by your braided Hair,
 By all the Joys we stole, your Suppliant spare. 10
 When

ployed him too much to think of Resemblances. Virgil has applied the Simile of the Top to Amata in the Seventh Æneid; as Valerius Flaccus does to Medea, in the Eighth Book of his Argonautics. Things of no Dignity in themselves, become important in the Hands of a real Poet.

9. *Yet, by Love's Shafts.*] When the Antients begged a Favour, they generally enforced their Entreaties by alluding to the Objects which were held in the highest Esteem by those whom they petitioned. In amorous Compositions, Allusions to a Person beloved are introduced with most Propriety. The three great elegiac Poets abound with many happy Instances of this Kind.

Ille ego, quum tristi morbo defessa jaceres,

Te dicor votis eripuisse meis.

10

Ipseque ter circum lustravi sulfure puro,

Carmine quum magico praecinisset anus.

Ipse procuravi, ne possent faeva nocere

Somnia, ter sancta deveneranda mola.

Ipse ego velatus lino, tunicisque solutis

15

Vota novem Triviae nocte filente dedi.

Omnia

12. *Thrice I with Sulphur.*] Not only the Poets, but the Physicians, supposed, that Sulphur possessed a purifying Virtue; whence probably it obtained the Epithet *το θειον*: Indeed, if the Infection proceeds from alkaline or putrid Miasmata, the Steams of Brimstone may be antidotal.

14. *And thrice the Rite.*] As many Diseases were thought by the Antients to spring from supernatural Causes, Incantation was early introduced into Medicine. This indeed was chiefly practised in Persia; but it soon spread, insomuch that in the Days of Pliny the Elder, it became so common a Practice in Britain, that the Persians themselves, according to that curious Author, might seem to have borrowed Incantation from our Ancestors. *Britannia hodie tam attonite celebrat tantis ceremoniis ut dedisse Persis videri possit.* Lib. 30. C. 1

But had Pliny maturely considered the Affair, he would have found, that as this, as well as every other Superstition, is the Offspring of Ignorance and Imposture, there was no Occasion for making Persia its Mother Country.

Pomponius Mela informs us, that at Sena, (which some call a maritime Town in Britain, and others a British Island opposite to France) there was a Gallic Deity, whose virgin Priestesses were called *Barrigenae*; and supposed to have the Power, by Incantation, (*Carminibus*) of raising and laying Storms; of curing Diseases which none else could cure; and of predicting Events. He adds, that they only exerted their magical Abilities in Compliance with the Request of those Seamen, who came on Purpose to consult them.

Lib. 3. C. 6.

The

When Sickness dimm'd, of late, your radiant Eyes;
 My restless, fond Petitions won the Skies.
 Thrice I with Sulphur purified you round,
 And thrice the Rite, with Songs, th' Enchantress
 bound :

The Cake, by me thrice sprinkled, put to flight 15
 The death-denouncing Phantoms of the Night :
 And I nine Times, in linnen Garbs array'd,
 In silent Night, nine Times to Trivia pray'd.

What

The Use of Magic, in the medical Art, continued long even among the Christians: and there was a Time, says Broekhusius, when the Inquisition regarded it as a trifling Treipass.

If the antient Music cured so many, and such inveterate, Diseases, as Pliny, Aulus Gellius, and others, pretend it did, it must have been very different from that of the Moderns.

15. *The Cake by me.*] This Cake, which (as Servius, ad Ecl. 8. v. 82. informs us) was made three Times a Year by the vestal Virgins, was a Composition of Flower and two Kinds of Salt.

17. *And I nine Times.*] Scaliger was mistaken when he supposed that these were infernal Sacrifices; for Diana, who was none of the Dii Inferi, was the Object of them.

BROEKHUS.

Nothing was bound in Sacrifices, says Broekhusius, neither the Victim nor the Hair, the Vestments nor Feet; it is certain too that Servius has asserted the same (*Æn.* 2. v. 133, &c.) And yet some Passages may be quoted from classic Authors, and even from Virgil, where the Hair appears to have been bound; as, for Instance, the following from the Twelfth *Æneid*.

Omnia perfolvi ; fruitur nunc alter amore,

Et precibus felix utitur ille meis.

At mihi felicem vitam, si salva fuiffes,

Fingebam demens, fed renuente Deo.

20

Rura colam, frugumque aderit mea Delia cultos,

Area dum melfes fole calente torret.

Aut mihi fervabit plenis in lintribus uvas,

Preffaque veloci pinguia mufca pede.

Confuefcet numerare pecus, confuefcet amantis

25

Garrulus in dominae ludere verna finu.

Illa

*Alii fontemque ignemque ferebant,
Velati lino, et verbena tempora vinciti.*

We alfo fee that Dido facrificed (*Æn.* 4.) with one Foot bare only ; and it is known, that Fillets were tied on the Victim.

DART.

18. *In filent Nighbt.*] Trivia or Diana was applied to in Difcafes on many Accounts, but efpecially becaufe infirm Bodies were fuppofed to be greatly under the Influence of that Planet. Gruterus has preferved many Addreffes to this Goddefs in his Infcriptions. Lovers in particular implored her Affiftance. See Seneca's Tragedy of Hippolitus, and the Second Idyllium of Theocritus.

BROEKHUS.

25. *I fondly thought.*] No Paffion makes more frequent Feaft on Expectation than Love ; and a wicked Wit has faid, that thefe are the moft pleafing Meals it enjoys. But, be that as it will, the whole of this Paffage exhibits a moft amiable Picture of country Retirement, wherein Religion, Love, and rural Affairs, equally confpire to make Life truly defirable. Philofophers contend, that we ought not to indulge too flattering Propects of Futurity, becaufe, in that

Cafe,

What did I not? Yet what Reward have I?
 You love another, your Preserver fly! 20
 He tastes the sweet Effects of all my Cares,
 My fond Lustrations, and my solemn Prayers.

Are these the Joys my madding Fancy drew,
 If young-ey'd Health restor'd your rosy Hue?
 I fondly thought, sweet Maid, oh thought in vain!
 With you to live a blythsome Village-swain. 26
 When yellow Ceres asks the Reaper's Hand,
 Delia (said I) will guard the Reaper's Band;
 Delia will keep, when Hinds unload the Vine,
 The choicest Grapes for me, the richest Wine: 30
 My Flocks she'll count, and oft will sweetly deign
 To clasp some Pratler of my sternal Train:

With

Cafe, Disappointments fall heavier. But although we may grant, that it is an Error to be too sanguine in our Hopes; yet, when we consider that Hope was implanted in us by the all-wise Creator, it will appear little less than a direct contradicting of Providence to suppress it entirely. Our Author was of this Opinion. There are few Passages in the elegiac Poets which surpass this of Tibullus in the Warmth, as well as Delicacy of its Colouring.

32. *To clasp some Pratler.*] If it be considered, with what Harshness, even the better Sort of the Romans treated their Slaves; the Good-nature, so conspicuous in this Sentiment of our Poet, must give us an amiable Idea of his Benevolence.

The Peasants, mentioned in the Text, were Slaves born on the Estate. The Romans called them *Vernae*.

Illa Deo sciet agricolae pro vitibus uvam,

Pro segete spicas, pro grege ferre dapem.

Illa regat cunctos, illi sint omnia curae,

Et juvet in tota me nihil esse domo. 30

Huc veniet Messala meus, cui dulcia poma

Delia selectis detrahet arboribus.

Et tantum venerata virum, hunc sedula curet :

Huic paret, atque epulas ipsa ministra gerat.

Hæc mihi fingebam ; quæ nunc Eurusque Notusque

Jactat odoratos vota per Armenios. 36

Num Veneris magnæ violavi numina verbo ?

Et mea nunc poenas in pia lingua luit ?

Num

33. *With pious Care.*] Tibullus's Mistress was not to be employed solely in Acts of OEconomy ; Devotion was also to accompany her Thrift. The several Offerings, enumerated in the Original, are preserved in the Version.

Daps, according to the antient Grammarian, signifies a sacred Banquet ; and in this Sense Tibullus uses it here. Passages, however, occur in classic Authors where that Word only means a common Entertainment. M. Cato, in his Treatise, *De Re Rustica*, L. 83. tells us, that the Offering for the Health and Fæcundity of the Herds, might be made either by a Slave or by a Freedman ; but that, if they chose to succeed in their Petitions, no Woman should be permitted to be present at the Ceremony. Tibullus therefore judiciously omits that Circumstance of rural Devotion.

37. *You, Delia, reign.*] Martial improperly applies this Line to Nemesis.

*Ussit Amatorem Nemesis lasciva Tibullum,
In tota juvit quem nihil esse domo.*

With pious Care will load each rural Shrine,
 For ripen'd Crops a golden Sheaf assign,
 Cates for my Fold, rich Clusters for my Vine:

} 35

No, no domestic Care shall touch my Soul;
 You, Delia, reign despotick o'er the Whole!

▲ And will Messala fly from Pomp of State,
 And deign to enter at my lowly Gate?

The choicest Fruitage, that my Trees afford, 40

Delia will cull herself, to deck the Board;

And wondering, such transcendent Worth to see,

The Fruit present, thy blushing Hand-maid see.

Such were the fond Chimeras of my Brain,
 Which now the Winds have wafted o'er the Main. 45

O Power of Love, whom still my Soul obey'd,

What has my Tongue against thy Mother said?

Guiltless

▼ 38. *And will Messala fly.*] Can any Thing be more delicate than this Compliment to his Patron, that even Delia could give him no compleat Satisfaction without his Company? His Love, indeed, was the more violent Passion; but Friendship for Messala, had also rooted itself deep in his Heart. Strokes of this exquisite Nature are only to be expected from those who have access to the Great, but whom the Great have not infected with Selfishness. Mr. Hammond has applied this Thought to Lord Chesterfield.

Stanhope shall come and grace his rural Friend,

Delia shall wonder at her noble Guest,

With blushing Awe the riper Fruit commend,

And for her Husband's Patron cull the best.

El. 13.

E 3

It

Handwritten notes and signatures at the bottom of the page, including the name 'Hammond' and other illegible scribbles.

Num feror incestus sedes adiisse Deorum,

Sertaque de sanctis deripuiffe focis?

40

Non ego, si merui, dubitem procumbere templis,

Et dare sacratis oscula liminibus :

Non ego tellurem genibus perrepere supplex,

Et miserum sancto tundere peste caput.

At tu, qui laetus rides mala nostra, caveto

45

Mox tibi : non unus faeviet usque Deus.

Vidi ego qui juvenem feros defisset amores,

Post Veneris vinclis subdere colla fenem.

Et sibi blanditias tremula componere voce,

Et manibus canas fingere velle comas.

50

Stare

It is astonishing that a late Critic did not make Milton indebted to our Author for the Manner in which that great Poet represented Eve attending on the Angel Gabriel. Many of his alleged Imitations are not half so well founded. But one, who dealt in the Rubbish of Staphorstius and Foxius, could have no Taste for the Elegancies of Tibullus.

48. *Guileless of Ill.*] This is such an Appeal to Heaven, as must appear very becoming in a Person conscious of his own Innocence. The Antients imagined, that Disasters were inflicted by the Gods on Mortals as a Punishment only for their failing in the Duties of Religion : But Experience shews us, that the best Men are often exposed to the greatest Calamities. Prior has put a fine Appeal of this kind into the Mouth of Emma, in that beautiful Poem of his intitled Henry and Emma.

Let envious Jealousy, and canker'd Spight,
Produce my Actions to severest Light,
And tax my open Day and secret Night :
Did ere my Eye an inward Thought reveal,
Which Angels might not hear, or Virgins tell ?
And hast thou in my Conduct, Henry, known,
That I, of all Mankind, have lov'd but you alone.

Guiltless of Ill, unmark'd with Incest's Stain,
 I stole no Garland from her holy Fane :
 For Crimes, like these, I'd abject crawl the Ground, 50
 Kiss her dread Threshold, and my Forehead wound.

But ye who, falsely wise, deride my Pains,
 Beware ; your Hour approaches—Love has Chains.
 I've known the Young, who ridicul'd his Rage ;
 Love's humblest Vassals, when oppress'd with Age : 55
 Each Art, I've known them try to win the Fair,
 Smooth their hoarse Voice, and dress their scanty Hair ;
 I've

50. *For Crimes like these.*] Who can read these antient superstitious Pennances, and not agree with Dr. Middleton, that the Romish Church is the Daughter of the Pagan ?

According to Broekhusius, the beating the Head against the sacred Threshold was an expiatory Ceremony brought from Ægypt along with the Goddess Isis. This is the only Passage of Antiquity where this extraordinary Rite is mentioned ; from whence that Commentator concludes, that it neither prevailed long, nor was generally received, at Rome.

54. *I've known the Young.*] The Original is variously read by Editors : that which the Translator has retained, was the Correction of Scaliger, and is approved of by Broekhusius.

Among the few natural Descriptions, to be found in the *Pastor Fido*, the following, which expresses the Miseries to which an old Man is subjected by the Passion of Love, is one of the chief.

*Non é pena maggiore
 Cb' en vecchie membra il pizzicor d' amore.*

*—S'e ti guinge in quella fredda etate
 Ove il proprio difetto
 Piu che la colpa altrui spesso si piagne*

Stare nec ante fores puduit, caraeve puellae

Ancillam medio detinuisse foro.

Hunc puer, hunc juvenis turba circumterit arta:

Despuit in molles et sibi quisque sinus.

At mihi parce, Venus: semper tibi dedita serviit 55

Mens mea: quid messes uris acerba tuas?

Al' bora insupportabili e mortali

Son le sue piagge, al' bor le pens acerbe e

Al' bor si pieta tu cercbi, male

Se non la trovi, e se la trovi peggio, &c.

ELEGIA

I've known them, in the Street, her Maid detain;
 And weeping, beg her to assist their Pain.
 At such preposterous Love, each School-boy sneers:
 Shuns, as an Omen; or pursues with Fleers. 61

Why do you crush your Slave, fair Queen of Joy?
 Destroying me, your Harvest you destroy!

61. *Shuns, as an Omen.*] Spitting, the Ceremony used in the Text, was supposed a Preservative against bad Omens, and is a gentler Method than those prescribed by the profound Authors of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries as Charms against Witchcraft, which was to give a Gash with a Knife on any Part of the Face above the Organs of Respiration.

ELEGIA SEXTA.

SAEPE ego tentavi curas depellere vino :
 At dolor in lacrimas verterat omne merum.
 Saepe aliam tenui ; sed jam quum gaudia adirem,
 Admonuit dominae, deseruitque Venus.
 Tunc me devotum descendens femina dixit.
 Et, pudet heu, narrat scire nefanda mea.
 Non facit hoc verbis ; facie tenerisque lacertis
 Devovet, et flavis nostra puella comis.

Talis

Tibullus's Mistress, had, it would seem, shewn too great a Regard to a richer Gallant. This gave our Poet uncommon Uneasiness ; to conquer which, he not only had recourse to the Bottle, tho' otherwise temperate, but even attempted to forget her ungenerous Behaviour in the Company of the Fair. Experience, however, soon convinced him, that nothing could make him either forget, or be happy without her ; and gave Occasion to this Poem.

Some Editors have most unjudiciously tacked this Elegy to the former.

Verse 6. *Swear I'm devoted.*] *Devovete*, the Word of the Original, properly signifies, *frigore ferire eam partem, qua viri sumus ; ut quantumvis cupiamus, tamen minime possumus.* The French call it *nouer l'equillette* ; and the Doctors of the Canon

T H E
S I X T H E L E G Y.

WITH Wine, I strove to sooth my Love-sick
Soul,

But vengeful Cupid dash'd with Tears the Bowl :

All mad with Rage, to kinder Nymphs I flew ;

But Vigour fled me, when I thought on you.

Balk'd of the Rapture, from my Arms they run, 5

Swear I'm devoted, and my Converse shun !

By

Canon Law say, that such People are *frigidi et malificiati*.
BROEK.

Ovid has informed us of the various Means by which such
an Imbecillity may be produced.

*Num mea thessalico languent devota veneno
Corpora ? Num misero carmen et herba nocent ?
Sagave punicea defixit nomina cera
Et medium tenues in jecur egit acus.*

Lib. 3. El. 7.

So similar is Superstition in all Ages.

Apuleius Celsus gravely prescribes a Remedy, by which
the *Vincula-venoris* may be untied. Lib. de Medic. Herb. C. 7.

E 6

See

Talis ad Haemonium Nereis Pelea quondam

Vesta est frenato caerulea pisce Thetis. 10

Hæc nocuere mihi. Quod adest huic dives amator,

Venit in exitium callida lena meum.

Sanguineas edat illa dapes, atque ore cruento

Tristia cum multo pocula felle bibat.

Hanc volitent animæ circum sua fata querentes 15

Semper, et e tectis strix violenta canat.

Ipsa

See a curious Story of this kind, which Herodotus relates of Amasis the Egyptian King, in his Euterpe.

8. *Your Face and Hair unnerve me.*] The Hair here mentioned by our Poet is that of a yellow Colour, *flava coma*; and indeed Yellowness may with Propriety be called the classical Colour of Hair, since some of the greatest Beauties of Antiquity, both Men and Women, are represented by the Poets with this sort of Hair. So variable are our Ideas of Beauty! The Italians, however, even to this Day, praise *Cbiome d'oro*. See a curious Dissertation on this Subject by Jo. Arntzenius, intitled, *De colore et tinctura comarum, &c.*

10. *Receiv'd by Peleus.*] The Heathen Poets, in comparing a Person to any of their Deities, had a sure Method of giving the Reader a Picture of that Person, as the Statues of their Gods were known to every one, and their Features ascertained; and this, says the ingenious Author of the *Polymetis*, is one Reason, why Similies of this kind are so frequent in antient Authors. It is to be regretted, that Tibullus has not left us more of these Resemblances. The few he has given us are exquisite; but his Heart was too engaged to wander abroad for foreign Ornaments. Propertius and Ovid abound with them. The modern Poets also seem fond of the same kind of Comparisons, though they have not the same Advantages, in this respect, as the Antients. Valerius Flaccus gives us a short but beautiful Picture of Thetis, when going to be married, in the First Book

By what dire Witchcraft am I thus betray'd?
 Your Face and Hair unnerve me, matchless Maid:
 Not more celestial look'd the Sea-born Fair,
 Receiv'd by Peleus from her pearly Chair. 10
 A rich Admirer his Addresses paid;
 And brib'd my Mistress by a Beldam's Aid.
 From you my ruin, curst Procurefs, rose;
 What Imprecations shall avenge my Woes?
 May Heaven, in pity to my Sufferings, shed 15
 Its keenest Mischiefs on your plotting Head!
 The Ghosts of those, you robb'd of Love's delight,
 In horrid Visions haunt your irksome Night!

And

Book of his Argonautics. The Reader may also see Catullus's fine Poem on the same Subject. Poem. 62.

16. *Its keenest Mischiefs.*] The Original, literally interpreted, runs thus: May she eat raw Flesh with a bloody Mouth, and drink melancholy Liquors mixed with much Gall. This was no small Curse, if the Procurefses of old liked good Cheer, as well as the modern Sisterhood. Ovid has concisely imitated this Imprecation.

*Di tibi dent nullos lares inopemque senectam,
 Et longas hyemes, perpetuamque sitim.*

Propertius carries his Malice still farther.

*Terra tuum spinis obducatur lena sepulcrum
 Et tua, quod non vis, sentiat umbra sitim.*

The Antients believed, that nothing could prevent the Curses of a Person, unjustly injured, from taking Effect. Of all the Moderns, no Poet surpasses Oldham in these sort of Imprecations. Vulpius is of Opinion, that the Poet wishes the Bawd to be affected with that species of Madness, which makes the diseas'd think themselves metamorphos'd into Wolves. This is far-fetched,

Ipsa fame stimulante furens herbasque sepulcris
 Quærat, et a faevis ossa relicta lupis.
 Currat et inguinibus nudis, ululetque per urbes,
 Post agat e triviis aspera turba canum. 20
 Evenient; dat signa Deus; sunt numina amanti.
 Saevit et injusta lege relicta Venus.
 At tu quamprimum fagæ præcepta rapacis
 Desere; nam donis vincitur omnis amor.
 Pauper erit præsto tibi, præsto pauper adibit 25
 Primus, et in tenero fixus erit latere.
 Pauper in angusto fidus comes agmine turbæ
 Subjicietque manus, efficietque viam.
 Pauper ad occultos furtim deducit amicos:
 Vinclaque de niveo detrahit ipse pede. 30
 Heu canimus frustra, nec verbis victa fatiscit
 Janua: sed plena est percutienda manu.

At

22. *There, feast.*] Commentators are greatly divided in their Interpretations of this Passage. The true Meaning seems to be this. The Romans had private Feasts upon the Death of their Friends, called Siliœrnia, from Silex and Cæna, or supping upon a Stone; Part of which they eat, and left the rest on the Tomb for the Ghosts to feed upon. And therefore it became proverbial on extreme Misery, to say, that one got his Victuals from the Tombs.

DART.

29. *Pauper ad occultos.*] This Thought is one of the least delicate in Tibullus; and therefore, the Translator has not only omitted it, but given a different Turn to the whole Passage from *Pauper erit, &c.*

35. — *the Gate still belted bands.*] The Word used in the Original,

And, on the Chimney, may the boding Owl
 Your Rest disturb, and terrify your Soul! 20
 By Famine stung, to Church-yards may you run;
 There, feast on Offals, hungry Wolves would shun!
 Or howling frantic, in a tatter'd Gown;
 May Mastiffs bate you thro' each crowded Town!

'Tis done! a Lover's Curse the Gods approve; 25
 But keenest Vengeance fires the Queen of Love.
 Leave then, my Fair, the crafty venal Jade;
 What Passion yields not, when such Foes invade?

Your Hearts, ye Fair, does modest Merit claim?
 Tho' small his Fortunes, feed his gentle Flame; 30
 For, genuin Love's soft Raptures would ye know?
 These Raptures Merit can alone bestow:
 The Sons of Opulence are Folly's Care,
 But Want's rough Child is Sense, and Honour's Heir.

In vain we sing—the Gate still bolted stands; 35
 Come, Vengeance, let us burst its fullen Bands.

Learn,

Original, Servius (Ad. Lib. I. Æn. v. 127.) derives from
fatim biscere.

36. *Come, Vengeance.*] The young People, both of Greece
 and Italy, when they went to visit their Mistresses at Night,
 often carried Torches along with them, to burn the Doors
 of those who should refuse to grant them Admittance. This
 boisterous piece of Gallantry, which the modern Spirits
 call

At tu qui potior nunc es, mea furta timeto.

Verfatur celeri Fors levis orbe rotæ.

call beating the Rounds, puts one in mind of the Answer made by one of the Family of Huntly, who was taken Prisoner at the Battle of Musselburgh, to the Duke of Somerset, in consequence of that Duke's having asked his Prisoner, how he stood affected to the Marriage between Edward VI. and the young Mary of Scotland; "I have no Objection, my Lord Duke, to the Match, but like not your Method of Courtship."

ELEGIA

Learn, happy Rival, by my Wrongs to know
Your Fate ; since Fortune governs all below.

37. *Learn happy Rival.*] The Original,

Mea furta timeto,

Broekhusius thus wisely interprets, Be assured that Fortune
and Woman are mutable, as you yourself will soon ex-
perience.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

SEMPER ut inducas, blandos offers mihi vultus;
Post tamen es misero tristis et asper, Amor.

Quid tibi, faeve puer, mecum est? an gloria magna,
Infidias homini composuisse Deum?

Jam mihi tenduntur casses: jam Delia furtim 5.

Nescio quem tacita callida nocte fovet.

Illa quidem tam multa negat: sed credere durum est.

Sic etiam de me pernegat usque viro.

Ipse miser docui, quo possset ludere pacto

Custodes; heu heu nunc premor arte mea. 10.

Fingere

The Poet had taken it into his Head, that he had a Rival in the Affections of Delia; and notwithstanding all her Asseverations to the contrary, was so hurried on, in this Elegy, as to let her Husband into the whole Secret of their Intimacy. Had not Tibullus been under the Influence of a maddened Jealousy, he must soon have recollected, that this Confession must for ever terminate all his Hopes from that Quarter; but so very far was our Poet from perceiving this, that after an Apology, which to every Husband could not but appear highly impertinent, he proposes to him to be received into his Family, and to become a Spy on Delia's Actions. Ovid justly observes on this Overture of Tibullus,

Denique ab incauto nimium petit ille marito.

T H E
SEVENTH ELEGY.

LOVE still invites me with a smiling Eye!
 Beneath his Smiles, what Pains and Anguish lye?
 Yet since the Gods, dread Power, must yield to thee!
 What Laurels canst thou gain from conquering me?
 Me Delia lov'd; but by thy subtle Wiles, 5
 The Fair, in secret, on another smiles:

That

1. *Love still invites me.*] This Censure of Love is highly passionate. Jealousy, like certain Diseases, converts the most wholesome Nourishment into bad Humours. The Description probably alludes to the Masks worn by Love on the Stage, viz. an Infant's Face, with the Head and Claws of a Lion behind.

4. *What Laurels.*] Virgil, in the following Lines, seems to have imitated this Passage of our Poet.

*Magnum et memorabile nomen
 Una, dolo divum, si fœmina victa duorum est!*

This Mr. Addison somewhere calls the wittiest Thought in the *Æneid*. But is not the

Attollens bumeris famamque et fata nepotum
 in the same Poem, even more epigrammatic?

Fingere nunc didicit cauffas, cur fola cubaret :

Cardine nunc tacito vertere poffe fores.

Tum succos, herbasque dedi, quîs livor abiret,

Quem facit impreflo mutua dente Venus.

At tu fallacis conjunx incaute puellae, 15

Me quoque fervato, peccet ut illâ minus.

Neu juvenes celebret multo fermone caveto ;

Neve cubet laxo pectus aperta finu.

Neu te decipiat nutu, digitoque liquorem

Ne trahat; et mensae ducat in orbe notas. 20

Exhibit quam faepe, time : feu vifere dicet

Sacra Bonae maribus non adeunda Deae.

At mihi fi credas, illam fequar unus ad aras.

Tunc mihi non oculis fit timuiffe meis.

Saepe

11. *For when your Lord.]* Ovid hints at this Incredulity of our Poet in his Trift.

Credere juranti durum putat effe Tibullus.

Lib. 2.

Thofe who have been jointly engaged in Actions, which it has been neceffary to conceal by Lies, or Perjury, can never afterwards have a thorough Confidence in each other. So void of Foundation is the Friendship of the Wicked.

14. *I, wretched I.]* Thefe Thoughts Ovid has copied in various Places of his amorous Writings. The laborious Broekhusius having collected from Pliny the Names of thofe Herbs, which were fupposed to produce the Effects mentioned in the Text, the Reader, if he is curious in thofe Matters, may confult him, p. 123.

The fame Critic is alfo very full on the *Mortiunculae* of the Original, calling them, no doubt, very fagacioufly, the certain Marks of folid Joy.

That my Suspicion's false, 'tis true, she swears ;
 And backs her Imprecations with her Tears !
 False Fair, your Oaths, and Syren Tears refrain ;
 Your Syren Tears, and Oaths no Credit gain ; 10
 For when your Lord suspected me of yore,
 As much you wept, as many Oaths you swore.

Yet wherefore blame I Love ? the blame is mine ;
 I, wretched I, first taught her to design !
 I first instructed her, her Spies to foil ! 15
 Back on myself my wanton Arts recoil :
 Herbs of rare Energy my Skill supplied,
 All Marks of too-fond Gallantry to hide !
 More artful now, alone the wanton Lies ;
 And new Pretexes her cozening Brains devise. 20

Uncautious Lord of a too cunning Spouse !
 Admittance grant me, she shall keep her Vows !
 Be warn'd, my Friend, observe her when her Tongue
 Commends in wanton Phrase the gay-dress'd young ;

○

22. *Admittance grant me.*] Some Editors change the *Minus* of the Original into *Nihil*, and thus explain the Passage. " If you keep your Wife from the Company of other Men, " I shall be the less displeas'd to be debarred her Presence ; " it depends therefore intirely upon yourself, to prevent " my approaching her." *Scrvaré*, understood in this manner, is the same with *inspicere*, *observare*, *oculis notare*. But this Interpretation, notwithstanding Virgil and Valerius Flaccus use *scrvaré* in that Sense, is more ingenious than just, being contradicted by the Sequel of the Elegy. One of the best Methods, of finding out the Sense of any obscure Passage, is to compare it with other Parts of the Original.

Saepe velut gemmas ejus, signumve probarem ; 25

Per causam memini me tetigisse manum.

Saepe mero somnum peperit tibi ; at ipse bibebam

Sobria supposita pocula victor aqua.

Non ego te laesi prudens : ignosce fatenti.

Iussit Amor. Contra quis ferat arma Deos ? 30

Ille ego sum, nec me jam dicere vera pudebit,

Instabat tota cui tua nocte canis.

Non frustra quidam jam nunc in limine perstat

Sedulus, ac crebro prospicit, ac refugit :

Et simulat transire domum : mox deinde recurrit 35

Solus, et ante ipsas excreat usque fores.

Nescio

31. *Nor let your Wife.*] It was not lawful for Men to inform themselves of the real Name of the *Bona Dea*. Her Sacrifices, called by Cicero the most antient and occult of any in Rome, were performed once a-year by the Vestal Virgins in that Consul's House, where the Fasces happened to be deposited, *quo mense sacrum fiebat pro populo universo*. During the Celebration of this Solemnity, not only the Master of the House, and all other Men, were excluded, but their very Pictures and Statues were carefully concealed. It was believed that a sudden Blindness would be inflicted upon any Man, who on that Occasion, however accidentally, should view those Mysteries : It is true indeed, that the Adventure of Clodius might have convinced even the Vulgar, of the Folly and Superstition of such an Apprehension ; yet was the Attempt itself regarded by all as the height of Profanation ; and if that turbulently frantic Nobleman committed, at that Time, in Cæsar's House, the Crimes with which Cicero charges him, Cæsar was in the right to divorce Pompeia : as the Reason he gave for it, viz. *That Cæsar's Wife was not to be suspected*, ought to be looked upon as the Result of that Delicacy and Superiority of

O let her not her heaving Bosom bare, 25
 Expos'd to every Fop's immodest Stare.
 When leaning on the Board, with flowing Wine,
 She seems to draw some inconsiderate Line ;
 Take heed, take heed, (I know the Warning true)
 These random Lines assign an Interview. 30
 Nor let your Wife to Fanes so frequent roam,
 A modest Wife's best Temple is at Home :
 But if your Prohibitions all are vain;
 Tip me the Wink, I'll dodge her to the Fane ;
 What tho' the Goddess snatch my curious Sight, 35
 I'll bring her wanton Privacies to light.

Some

of Genius, which raised him, even in domestic Matters, above the Level of other Men.

34. — *I'll dodge her to the Fane.*] Scaliger, from the Word *aram*, which is found in many of the old MSS. and Editions, conjectures, that the Worship mentioned in the Text, must have been at the Consul's House ; and infers, that, as none but Women of the first Rank had Admittance there, Delia must have been a Woman of Fashion. Broekhusius, on the other hand, supported by an almost equal Number of Editions and MSS. read *aras*, and contends, that Tibullus meant by that Expression, one of the two public Temples in Rome dedicated to the *Bona Dea*, alledging, that Delia was a *Muliercula imi ordinis*. But should not Broekhusius have considered, that the Poets often use the plural Number for the singular. Vid. El. 2. Lib. 2. Lin. prima.

According to P. Victor, the *Bona Dea* had two Temples, one in the 12th, and the other in the 13th Region of Rome. *Tbis* stood on that Part of the Aventine Hill, which was called *Remuria*; and *that*, at the Foot of the same Hill; whence, as Broekhusius remarks, it received the Appellation of *Subsaxana*.

Nescio quid furtivus amor parat; utere quæso

Dum licet; in liquida nat tibi linter aqua.

Quid tenera tibi conjuge opus? tua si bona nescis

Servare, ah frustra clavis inest foribus.

40

Te tenet, absentis alios suspirat amores,

Et simulat subito condoluisse caput.

At mihi servandam credas, non saeva recuso

Verbera, detracto non ego vincla pedum.

Tunc procul absitis, quisquis colis arte capillos, 45

Effluit effuso cui toga laxa sinu.

Quisquis

37. *Some Gem þee wore.*] In Helen's fine Epistle to Paris, there is a Thought of the same Kind.

*Tu modo me spectas oculis lascive protervis
Quos vix instantes lumina nostra ferunt,
Et modo suspiras, modo pocula proxima nobis
Sumis, quaque bibi, tu quoque parte bibis.
Ab quoties digitis, quoties ego tecta notavi
Signa supercilio pene loquenti dari,
Et sæpe extimui ne vir meus illa videret
Non satis occultis erubique notis.*

Which is thus Englished by Dryden.

Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual Ardour press my Hand,
Contrive just after me to drink the Glass,
Nor would you let the least Occasion pass,
Which oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And blushing fat for Things which you have done.

We are not, however, to suppose, that Ovid borrowed the Thought from Tibullus; for these are Stratagema which have been practis'd by Lovers in all Ages.

Some Gem she wore, I'd oft pretend to view,
 But squeez'd her Fingers unperceiv'd of you :
 Oft with full racy Bowls I seal'd your Eyes,
 Water my Bev'ridge, and obtain'd the Prize. 40
 Yet since I tell, forgive the Pranks I play'd,
 Love prompted all, and Love must be obey'd !

Nay, 'twas at me (be now the Truth avow'd)
 Your watchful Mastiff us'd to bark so loud ;
 But now some other, with insidious wait, 45
 Intent observes each creaking of your Gate,
 At which, whoever of the House appears,
 Passing, the Mein of quick Dispatch he wears ;
 But comes again, the Minute they remove,
 And coughs, sure Signal of impatient Love ! 50

What

40. *Water my Bev'ridge.*] Broekhusius, whom few Commentators have exceeded in the Knowledge of antient Customs of no moment, informs us, that the Practice of challenging to drink, was a Fashion derived to Rome from Greece. See the Verses which Stobæus (Serm. 16.) has preserved, said to be written by Panyasis the Poet, who was either Uncle or Cousin-german to Herodotus the Historian.

According to Theophrastus, (as Pliny remarks, L. 36. C. 21.) your boon Companions of Greece, in their Drinking-matches, used the Powder of Pumice, which had this recommendatory Property, that they ran a Risk of their Lives, unless they swallowed after it an immense Quantity of Wine ; for so cold is the Pumice, adds he, that a little of it being thrown into Must, will stop its fermenting.

41. ——— *Forgive the Pranks I play'd.*] *Excusatio quam frequens, tam frivola,* exclaims the good Broekhusius.

Quisquis et occurret, ne possit crimen habere,

Stet procul, atque alia stet procul ante via.

Sic fieri jubet ipse Deus; sic magna sacerdos

Est mihi divino vaticinata sono.

50

Haec ubi Bellonae motu est agitata, nec acrem

Flammam, non amens verbera torta timet.

Ipse bipenne suos caedit violenta lacertos,

Sanguineque effuso spargit inulta Deam,

Statque latus praefixa veru, stat faucibus pectus:

55

Et canit eventus, quos Dea magna monet.

Parcite, quam custodit Amor, violare puellam:

Ne pigeat magno post didicisse malo.

Attigeris, labentur opes: ut vulnere nostro

Sanguis, ut hic ventis diripiturque cinis.

60

Et

61. *Hence from my Ward.*] Our Poet's natural Heat of Disposition, transports him to think, that he is again admitted to the Guardianship of Delia; and the more to influence her Husband to intrust Delia to his Care, he makes Heaven and Bellona denounce Vengeance against any Gallant, who should make advances to her whilst abroad.

In the Description of Bellona's Priestess, (which resembles what we are told of Baal's Priests in the First Book of Kings, C. 18.) our Author's Language rises, and shews, that what Quintilian applied to Alcæus, may with equal Propriety be said of Tibullus. *Si in lusus et amores descendat, majoribus tamen aptior est.*

The Bellonarii were Fortune-tellers; and their High Priest, according to Juvenal, was an Eunuch. They strolled about the Streets, forboding Diseases, &c. These the Superstitious were fain to avert, by Donations of Eggs, and a particular coloured Raiment, called *Zerampelina*, which, when

What boots, tho' Marriage gave a Wife so fair,
 If careless you, or she eludes your Care?
 While Men are artful, and your Wife can feign,
 Vain are your Brazen-bolts, your Mastiffs vain.

Cold to the Raptures of the genial Bed, 55
 She lays the Fault upon an aching Head:
 'Tis false; the Wanton for some other Sighs;
 From this, her Coolness, this, her Aches arise.

Then then be warn'd, intrust her to my Care;
 Whips, Chains I laugh at, if you grant my Prayer. 60
 "Hence from my Ward, ye sparkish essenc'd Beaus;
 "Illegal Love oft springs from essenc'd Cloaths."
 Where'er she walks, not distant I'll attend;
 And guard your Honour from the casual Friend!
 "Off, Gallants, off: for so the Gods ordain, 65
 "So, the dread Priestests in unerring Strain!"
 (When holy Fury fires the frantic Dame,
 She mocks all Torture, and exults in Flame;

Her

when hung up in the Temple of their Goddess, had, it seems, the Power of averting those Calamities, with which the Donor had been menaced. Vid. Juv. Sat. 6. Lin. 526.

68. *She mocks all Torture.*] Literally, she dreads not the twisted Lash, which, according to Broekhusius, was the Flagellum with which Bellona used to flogg her Votaries into Madness, whence they received the Appellations of *Es-theati et fanatici*.

Et tibi nescio quas dixit, mea Delia, poenas.

Si tamen admittas, sit, precor illa levis.

Non ego te propter parco tibi, sed tua mater

Me movet, atque iras aurea vincit anus.

Haec me deducit tenebris, multoque timore

65

Conjungit nostras clam taciturna manus.

Haec foribusque manet noctu me adfixa, proculque

Cognoscit strepitus me veniente pedum.

Vive diu mihi, dulcis anus; proprios ego tecum,

Sit modo fas, annos conteruisse velim.

70

Te semper, natamque tuam te propter amabo.

Quidquid agat, sanguis est tamen illa tuus.

Sit modo casta doce, quamvis non vitta ligatos

Impediat crines, nec stola longa pedes.

Et mihi sint durae leges, laudare nec ullam

75

Possim ego, quin oculos adpetat illa meos.

Et

78. *E'en were you guilty.*] In the Original,

Si tamen admittas, sit tamen illa levis.

This Passage is difficult. We have followed the Interpretation of Broekhusius. Vulpus thus explains it. *Conniueat delicto, nec extemplo velit supplicium sumere.*

86. *My sweet Conductress.*] The social and benevolent Passions are every where resplendent in our Poet; and these in some Measure ought to compensate for his amorous Failings. Let it be considered, that Augustus himself wrote some obscene Poems: Example, however, is no Justification of Vice.

89. *Yet tho' no coy Cimarr.*] By the *stola* and *vitta* mentioned in the Original, the good Cyllenius *sacerdotum integritatem, et matronarum pudicitiam, intelligebat.* But Broekhusius peremptorily

Her Snow-white Arms and heaving Breast she tears ;
 And with the gushing Gore Bellona smears ; 70
 Deep in her Side she plants the glittering Sword ;
 And the dread Goddess prompts each fateful Word.)
 " Ye youths beware, nor touch whom Cupid guards,
 " Unpunish'd none Attempt his gentle Wards :
 " As my Blood flows, and as these Ashes fly ; 75
 " Their wealth shall perish, and their manhood die."

She menac'd then the Fair, with dreadful Pain ;
 E'en were you guilty, may her Threats be vain :
 Not on your own Account ; your Mother's Age,
 Your worthy Mother, deprecates my Rage : 80
 When Love and Fortune smil'd, her gentle Aid
 Oft me conducted to the blooming Maid ;
 My Foot-steps, wakeful, from a-far she knew,
 Unbarr'd the Gate, nor fear'd the nightly Dew :
 Half of my Life's long Thread I'd pleas'd resign, 85
 My sweet Conductress, could I lengthen thine !
 Still, still, tho' much abus'd, I Delia prize ;
 She's still thy Daughter, and enchants my Eyes.

Yet tho' no coy Cimarr invest the Fair ;
 Nor vestal Fillet bind her auburn Hair ; 90
 Teach

peremptorily insists upon it, that Delia was *libertinae conditionis*, because Virgins and Matrons (*matronæ*) wore the *stola* and *vitta*. And yet it is certain, that Dancers and *Citharedi* wore also that Garb.

Et si quid peccasse puter, duxerque capillis

Inmerito, pronas per rapiarque vias ;

Non ego te pulsare velim ; sed venerit iste

Si furor, optarim non habuisse manus.

80

Nec saevo sis casta metu, sed mente fideli

Mutuus absenti te mihi servet amor.

Nam quae fida fuit nulli, post victa senecta

Ducit inops tremula stamina torta manu :

Firmaque conductis adnectit licia telis,

85

Tractaque de niveo vellere ducta putat.

Hanc animo gaudente vident, juvenumque catervae

Commemorant merito tot mala ferre senem.

Hanc

99. *What Wrath may perpetrate.*] The literal Interpretation is as follows. And if I be thought to have committed any Fault, and in consequence of this, am, tho' innocent, either to be undeservedly dragged by the Hair, or pushed down a Declivity, I would not, even on such an Occasion, wish to beat you ; but should I become enraged, would sincerely wish to be deprived of Hands. This will sound very odd in a modern fine Lady's Ears, and no wonder ; for from this we have an undeniable Proof, that the present Age, in point of Gallantry, has many Advantages over the Augustan.

105. *Yet with each servile Drudgery.*] The Text says, May she in Poverty and in Age draw twisted Threads with a trembling Hand, or work on a borrowed Loom, or gain a wretched Subsistence by picking of Wool. Joannes Secundus has happily imitated this Imprecation.

Sera tibi veniet fastus vindicta protervi

Ætatis tenera crimina flebis anus.

Com

Teach her what decent Modesty requires ;
 To crown my Fire, alone, with equal Fires.
 Me too confine ; and if, in wanton Praise
 Of other Maids, my Tongue luxuriant strays ;
 Let thy Suspicion then no Limits know, 95
 Insult me, spurn me, as thy greatest Foe !
 But if your Jealousies are built in Air,
 And patient Love your Usage cannot bear ;
 What Wrath may perpetrate, my Soul alarms ;
 For Wrath, I warn you, heeds not Female-charms. 100
 Nor yet be chaste, from mean unamorous Fear ;
 Be still most modest, when I am not near.

For those, whom neither Wit, nor Worth secure,
 Grow old, unpitied ; pass'd, worthless, poor ;
 Yet with each servile Drudgery they strive, 105
 To keep their Being's Wretchedness alive !
 The gay regard their Woe, with laughing Eyes ;
 Swear they deserve it, and absolve the Skies !

Nor

*Cum tibi cœlatum læcis, pulcherrima, rugis
 Luridus inficiet pallor anile caput.
 Conductamque trabens tremebundo pollice lanam
 Involves fuso stamina longa brevi.
 Adspiciet lacrimas ridens Erycina Seniles
 Et levis excussa plaudet amor pharetra.
 Et juvenes omnes, et me, tua probra jurabunt.
 Lux, precor, & faso sit prior illa meo.*

Lib. 2. E. 3.

Hanc Venus ex alto flentem sublimis Olympo

Spectat, et, infidis quam fit acerba, monet. 90

Haec aliis maledicta cadant; nos, Delia, amoris

Exemplum cana fimus uterque coma.

112: *In Age a Pattern.*] This is a most extraordinary Conclusion. The Original in Brockhusius is,

Exemplum cana fimus uterque coma.

Other

ELEGIA

Nor Venus less exults! "May such a Fate,
(From Heaven she prays) upon th' Inconstant wait."

The same my Wish! but O may we two prove, III
In Age, a Pattern of unalter'd Love!

Other Editions read *simus*, which, for obvious Reasons, we have adopted.

Pedo Albinovanus, and Juvenal, use the Word *exemplum* in the same Sense.

ELEGIA OCTAVA.

HUNC eccinere diem Parcae fatalia nentes
 Stamina, non ulli diffolüenda Deo;
 Hunc fore, Aquitanas possset qui fundere gentes;
 Quem tremeret forti milite victus Atur.
 Evenero; novos pubes Romana triumphos 5
 Vidit, et evinctos brachia capta duces.

At

In the following Poem, for it deserves a nobler Appellation than that of Elegy, Tibullus celebrates the Birth-day of his Patron, the virtuous Messala; upon which Occasion he introduces the Sister Fates as preërdaining him to the Conquest of Aquitain. As our Poet attended Corvinus in that important Expedition, he takes an Opportunity of modestly mentioning his own Share of the Service. See the Life.

From celebrating the Reduction of Aquitain, and mentioning Messala's Triumph on that Account; our Poet hints at his Patron's Transactions some Years before, in Cilicia, Syria, and Ægypt. This gives him an Occasion of recounting whatever was most memorable in these Kingdoms; and as Osiris was the chief God of Ægypt, he enumerates the many Favours, which Osiris was supposed, by the Ægyptian Mythology, to have conferred on Man; and solemnly invokes his Attendance at the genial Banquet.

The Poem concludes with a Wish, that Messala's Posterity might resemble him in their Actions and Reputation; and promises him Immortality from the noble public Road which he had lately made at his own Expence.

T H E

E I G H T H E L E G Y.

“ **T**HIS Day, (the Fates foretold in sacred
 “ Song,
 And singing drew the vital Twine along)
 “ He comes, nor shall the Gods the Doom recal,
 “ He comes; whose Sword shall quell the Rebel Gaul.
 “ With all her Laurels, him shall Conquest crown, 5
 “ And Nations shudder at his awful Frown;
 “ Smooth

Verse 1. *This Day.*] The Destinies, at every one's Birth, were supposed irrevocably to determine their after Actions, having in their Possession the Thread of Life. Classic Writers abound in Intimations of this Sort. Catullus, in his beautiful Poem, intitled, *De Nuptiis Pelei et Tbetidos*, introduces the Fates singing the future Glories of Achilles. The *Parca* were three in Number; their Names were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos; Hesiod, in his Theogony, calls them the Daughters of Jupiter and Themis, Clotho held the Distaff, Lachesis spun, and Atropos cut the Thread.

4. *Whose Arm.*] Aquitain was the third Division of old Gaul, and reached from the Garonne to the Pyrenees, and comprehending Guiene, Gascony, &c.

Messala, upon his having reduced to Obedience that ex-

At te victrices lauros, Messala, gerentem

Portabat niveis currus eburnus equis.

Non sine me est tibi partus honos : Tarbella Pyrene

Testis, et Oceani litora Santoni. i. 10

Testis Arar, Rhodanusque celer, magnusque Garumna,

Carnuti et flavi çæricula lympha Liger.

An te Cydne canam, tacitis qui leniter undis

Caeruleis placidus per vada serpis aquis ?

Quantus et aethereo contingens vertice nubes, 15

Frigidus intonsos Taurus arat Cilicas ?

Quid

tensive and important Province, triumphed A. U. C. 721. in the Seventh Consulship of Augustus, and Third of Agrippa, on the 7th of the Calends of October, when Tibullus was thirty-six Years of Age.

7. *Smooth Atur now.*] This is a noble and poetical Figure. Atur, (now Ador, or L'Ador), is a River of Aquitain, that runs into the Ocean. Aufonius calls it Aturus, and Ptolomy Aturius.

11. *Long Triumphs.*] Although no Institution contributed more to the greatness of Rome, than the public Honours bestowed on its Conquerors ; yet does Humanity disapprove of their Triumphs. Cleopatra destroyed herself, to avoid attending in Chains the triumphal Car of Augustus.

13. *An Ivory Car.*] The triumphal Car was drawn by four white Horses. Propertius (L. 4. El. 1. v. 32.) attributes this Institution to Romulus ; but Broekhusius seems rather inclined to believe that Camillus, after having made himself Master of the famous City of Veii, which had held out a ten Years Siege, was the first who invented, and put in Practice this Ceremony. Could any stress be laid on the Authority of Statius, the Custom would appear to be of a much more antient Date. For that Poet describes

“ Smooth Atur, now that flows through peaceful

“ Lands,

“ Shall fly affrighted at his hostile Bands.”

’Tis done! this Prophecy, Rome joys to see,
Far-fam’d Meffala, now fulfill’d in thee: 10

Long Triumphs ravish the Spectators Eyes,

And fetter’d Chieftains of enormous Size :

An Ivory-car, with Steeds as white as Snow,

Sustains thy Grandeur through the pompous Show.

Some little Share, in those Exploits, I bore; 15

Witness Tarbella; and the Sautoigne Shore;

Witness

scribes (L. 12. v. 542.) Theseus triumphing over the Amazons, in a Chariot drawn by white Horses. But however this may be, we know that white Horses were held in the highest Estimation of old, since not only the Kings of Persia used Steeds of that Colour in their Chariots; but the Conquerors, at the sacred Games of Greece, were drawn by white Horses, when they made their public Entries into their several Cities; and Curtius informs us, that the Car, consecrated to Jove, had Horses of that Colour.

The triumphal Car was ornamented with Ivory and Gold; but if the Reader is curious to inform himself of all that can be now known concerning the Vehicles of Antiquity, he may consult Schefferus’s Book on that Subject.

BROEKHUS.

16. *Witness Tarbella.*] This is a Town in Gascony, at present called Tarbe. Charles Stevens says, that it is the *Aqua Tarbellæ* of Ausonius, and probably the *Aqua Augustæ* of Ptolomy.

16. ——— *And the Sautoigne Shore.*] A maritime Province of Aquitain.

Quid referam, ut volitet crebras intacta per urbes,

Alba Palaestino sancta columba Syro ?

Utque maris vastum prospectet turribus aequor,

Prima ratem ventis credere docta Tyros ? 20

Qualis et, arentes quum findit Sirius agros,

Fertilis aestiva Nilus abundet aqua ?

Nile pater, quam possum te dicere caussa,

Aut quibus in terris oculuisse caput ?

Te

17. *Witness the Land, where seals the silent Saone ;*

18. *Where rush the Garonne ; and th' impetuous Rhone ;*

These Rivers are finely contrasted. Every body knows them.

21. *Or shall his other Acts.]* Our Poet having particularised most of the Battles fought by Messala in Aquitain, in which he himself signalised his Courage, makes a Transition to the Exploits performed by the same illustrious General, three Years before in Cilicia, Syria, and Ægypt. This leads him to expatiate on that Wonder of Ægypt, the Nile ; and to invite Osiris, the great God of that Country, to come and celebrate the Birth-day of his Patron. Βροχκνυς

22. *Fair Cydnus.]* A noble River of Cilicia, which Cælius thus describes. *Non spatio aquarum, sed liquore memorabilis ; quippe leni tractu e fontibus labens, puro solo excipitur ; nec torrentes incurrunt, qui placide manantis abœcum turbent ; itaque incorruptus, idemque frigidissimus, quippe multa riparum amantate inumbratus, ubique fontibus suis similis, in mare evadit.*

Lib. 3. C. 4. So excellent a Geographer is Tibullus ; but he probably was an Eye-witness of what he describes. Vid. his Life.

25. *Taurus, from which.]* So Broekhusius interprets the Word *Arat* in the Original ; *Ducta tralatione*, says he, *a porca, quæ grandioribus glebis latior eminent inter sulcos.*

This is a vast range of Mountains, which reaching semi-circularly

Witness the Land, where steals the silent Soane ;
 Where rush the Garonne ; and th' impetuous Rhone ;
 Where Loire, enamour'd of Carnatian Bounds,
 Leads his blue Water through the yellow Grounds. 20

Or shall His other Acts adorn my Theme ;—
 Fair Cydnus, stealing with a silent Stream ?
 Taurus, that in the Clouds his Fore-head hides,
 And rich Cilicia from the World divides ;
 Taurus, from which unnumber'd Rivers spring, 25
 The savage Seat of Tempests, shall I sing ?

Why

circularly from Sea to Sea, divides Cilicia from Pamphilia, Pifidia, and the other surrounding Kingdoms. Both Cilicia and Taurus are thus accurately described by Xenophon in his *Anabasis*. *Ενταυθεν δε κατεβασαν εις πεδιον μεγα, καλον η επιρριτον και δυδραν παντοδαπων εμβλιων και αμπελων δε και Συσταμιον και μελισην και κερχρον και πυρους και κριθας, φειρι. Ορος δε αυτε περιεχει οχυρον, και υψηλον παντη εις θαλαττης εις θαλαττων.* Then the Army descended into a spacious Plain, which was beautiful and well watered, producing not only Vines in great plenty, but every other kind of Fruit-trees, and Corn of all sorts. This plain was surrounded from Sea to Sea, by a range of lofty Mountains, of very difficult Access.

When the Persians were Masters of Asia, says the great Baron Montesquieu, they permitted those who conveyed a Spring to any Place, which had not been watered before, to enjoy the Benefit of it for five Generations ; and as a Number of Streams flowed from Mount Taurus, they spared no Expence in directing the Course of their Waters. And thus, at this Day, without knowing how they were brought thither, Streams are found in great Numbers in the Fields and Gardens of Cilicia. L'Esp. des Loix.

Te propter nullos tellus tua postulat imbres, 25
 Arida nec Pluvio supplicat herba Jovi.

Te canit, atque suam pubes miratur Ofirim
 Barbarâ, Memphitem plangere docta bovem.

Primus aratra manu solerti fecit Ofiris,

Et teneram ferro sollicitavit humum. 30

Primus

28. *Of Syrian Cities.*] Palæstine was a Province of Syria. The Syrians abstained from both Fish and Pidgeons on a religious Account. Hyginus has explained the Reason in his 197th Fable.

Broekhusius advises the Reader, who is studious of Roman Purity, particularly to observe, that in the Original, the Pidgeon has three Epithets bestowed on it, *Exemplo*, says he, *non facile alias reperiundo*.

29. *Why tell of Tyrian Towers.*] Although every Nation may be supposed to have contrived and used Vessels of one kind or another, to pass their great Rivers, &c. yet the Phœnicians were the first who greatly improved the Art of Ship-building, and who made distant Voyages for Commerce. Tyre, in particular, was for a long Time the Mart of the World; and even in the Time of Tibullus, notwithstanding it had been ravaged, and almost destroyed by Alexander, that City had few rivals in Trade. See a truly poetical Description of its Grandeur in one of Dr. Young's Odes.

The Houses in Tyre were built very high, whence Tibullus calls them Towers. This was a Circumstance which had more than once endangered the Destruction of this City by Earthquakes; as Strabo informs us, Lib. 16. The Reason assigned by Broekhusius, why the Tyrians made their Houses so lofty, is, that they might command a distant Prospect of the Sea. But might not also this be done for the sake of more accurately observing the Motions of the heavenly Bodies? especially if, with Mr. Glover, we look upon Astronomy as the Child of Commerce. See Mr. Glover's

Why should I tell, how sacred through the Skies
 Of Syrian Cities, the white Pidgeon flies ?
 Why sing of Tyrian Towers, which Neptune laves ;
 Whence the first Vessel, venturous, stemm'd the Waves ?
 How shall the Bard the secret Source explore, 31
 Whence, Father Nile, thou draw'st thy watery Store ?
Thy

ver's elegant Poem, intituled, London. The Truth, however, I believe, is, that Building on a Rock in a limited Compass, the Tyrians supplied, like us in London, the want of Room, by Multiplication of Stories.

31. *How shall the Bard.*] The annual overflowing of the Nile was a Phenomenon which long puzzled the Naturalists ; and a variety of Hypothesis were formed to explain the Causes of it ; all of which Diodorus Siculus has judiciously refuted in the End of the First Book of his Universal History, except that of Agathargines the Cnidian, which ascribes the rising of the Nile in Summer, to the Rains that fall in Æthiopia, the Country where the Nile hath its Source.

The Over-flowing and Course of the Nile, is thus explained by Mr. Thomson, in a manner no less poetical than just.

The Treasures * these, hid from the bounded Search
 Of Antient Knowledge ; whence, with annual Pomp,
 Rich King of Floods, o'erflows the swelling Nile !
 From his two Springs, in Gojam's sunny Realm,
 Pure welling out, he through the lucid Lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his Infant-stream.
 There by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful Youth, amid the fragrant Isles
 That with unfading Verdure smile around :
 Ambitious, thence the manly River breaks,
 And gathering many a Flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellowed Treasures of the Sky,

* Viz, The Vapours.

Winds

Primus inexpertae commisit femina terrae ;
 Pomaque non notis legit ab arboribus.
 Hic docuit teneram polis adjungere vitem :
 Hic viridem dura caedere falce comam ;

Ili

Winds in progressive Majesty along ;
 Through splendid Kingdoms now develves his Maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary Tracts
 Of life-deserted Sand ; till, glad to quit
 The joyless Desert, down the Nubian Rocks
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his Urn,
 And Ægypt joys beneath the spreading Wave.

SUMMER.

Norden in his Travels relates the Ceremony at present practised at Grand Cairo, at the opening the great Canal of that City for the Admission of the Waters of the Nile. If the People express their Gratitude by every Instance of licentious Joy, the Government, it would seem from that Traveller, is not profuse upon the Occasion ; though indeed Alpinus makes it a very splendid Affair.

De Medecia. Ægypt.

Norden also affirms, that notwithstanding the annual overflowing of the Nile, there is no Country which requires more Culture than the Land of Ægypt. No Rains fall there in Summer. Hence our Poet says,

Aride nec pluvio supplicat herba Jovi.

This Line, Seneca, through Mistake, attributes to Ovid : and indeed, as Broekhusus well observes, Ovid much better suited the false epigrammatic Turn of this Philosopher, than our Poet.

The Greeks honoured Jupiter Pluvius with a particular Devotion. The Friends of Polynices, who had united to restore that Prince to the Throne of Thebes, swore at the Altar of this Deity, that they would effectuate their Purpose,

Thy Fields ne'er importune for Rain the Sky ;

Thou dost benignly all their Wants supply :

As Egypt, Apis mourns in mystic Lays,

35

She joins thy Praises to Osiris' Praise.

Osiris

pose, or die in the Attempt: See Pausan. in Corinth; who also informs us, in his Bœotia, that the Worship of this Deity was performed in the open Air. According to Strabo, the Indians also worshiped Jupiter Pluvius, together with the River Ganges, and the *Genii Indigites*. He was also honoured at Rome in a singular manner. It is said too, that in a great Drought, the Romans dragged into their City a certain large Stone, which lay originally near the Temple of Mars, beyond the *Porta Capena*; and as Rain immediately fell, the Stone obtained the Name of the *Saxum manale*, and the Ceremony itself was called *Aquælitium*. See Festus. Was this Stone a natural Hygrometer? Even in our Days, and in Romish Countries, the Catholic Priests, in Times of Drought, seldom venture to lead forth their Saints in Procession, till they have observed the fall of the Mercury.

35. *As Egypt, Apis mourns.*] The best Comment on this and the Twenty-five following Lines, are two Passages, one from the First Book of Diodorus Siculus, and the other from the Thalia of Herodotus. That from Diodorus is as follows. *μετα δε ταυτα* (says that curious and faithful Historian) *τον Κροσι αρχει, και γημαντα των αδελφων Ρεαν, γενισαι καλα μεν τινας των μυθολογων Οσιριν και Ισιν, &c.* The other from Herodotus has thus been translated. Apis, whom the Greeks called *επαφος*, was the Calf of a Cow incapable of bearing another, and no otherwise to be impregnated than by Thunder, as the Ægyptians affirmed. The Marks that distinguished him from all others were these. His Body was large and black, except one square of White on the Fore-head: He had the Figure of an Eagle on his Back; a double List of Hair on his Tail; and a Scarabæus under his Tongue. *επι δε τη γλωσση κανθαρον.*

When this strange God manifested himself among the Ægyptians,

Illi jucundos primum matura saporēs:
 Expressa incultis uva dedit pedibus. 35
 Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu,
 Movit et ad certos nescia membra modos:
 Bacchus et agricolae magno confecta labore
 Pectora tristitiae dissoluenda dedit. 40
 Bacchus et afflictis requiem mortalibus adfert,
 Crura licet dura cuspidē inulta sonent.
 Non tibi sunt tristes curae, nec luctus Osiri:
 Sed chorus, et cantus, et levis aptus Amor:
 Sed varii flores, et frons redimita corymbis: 45
 Fusa sed ad teneros lutea palla pedes:
 Et Tyriae vestes, et dulcis tibia cantu:
 Et levis occultis conscia cista sacris:
 Huc ades, et centum ludis, Geniumque choreis
 Concelebra, et multo tempora funde mero. 50
 Illius e nitido stillent unguenta capillo;
 Et capite et collo mollia fersa gerat.
 Sic venias hodiernae; tibi dem turis honores,
 Libaque Mopsopio dulcia melle feram.

At

Ægyptians, they put on their richest Apparel, and feasted splendidly; and when he disappeared, their Mourning was as extreme.

37. *Osiris first contriv'd.*] Virgil and Ovid attribute the invention of the Plough to Ceres. Mythologists say, she is the same with Isis, the Sister and Wife of Osiris. Triptolemus,

Ofiris first contriv'd the crooked Plough,
 And pull'd ripe Apples from the novice Bough;
 He taught the Swains, the Savage-mould to wound,
 And scatter'd Seed-corn in th' unpraetis'd Ground. 40
 He first with Poles sustain'd the reptile Vine,
 And shew'd its Infant tendrils how to twine;
 Its wanton Shoots instructed Man to shear,
 Subdue their Wildness, and mature the Year :
 Then too, the ripen'd Cluster first was trod ; 45
 Then in gay Streams its cordial Soul bestow'd ;
 This as Swains quaff'd, spontaneous Numbers came,
 They prais'd the festal Cask, and hymn'd thy Name ;
 All Ecstasy ! to certain Time they bound,
 And beat in measur'd Awkwardness the Ground. 50
 Gay Bowls serene the wrinkled Front of Care ;
 Gay Bowls the toil-oppres'd Swain repair !
 And let the Slave the laughing Goblet drain ;
 He blythfome fings, though Manacles inchain.

Thee Sorrow flies, Ofiris, God of Wine ! 55
 But Songs, enchanting Love, and Dance are thine :
 But Flowers and Ivy thy fair Head surround,
 And a loose Saffron-mantle sweeps the Ground.

With

lemus, whom Ceres instructed, taught the Natives of
 Greece and Asia, the Art of Husbandry. Those of Antient
 Italy were instructed in it by Saturn ; and the Spaniards
 had for their Teacher in Agriculture one Hebaes. **ВРОЖИ.**

At tibi subcrefcats proles, quæ facta parentis 55

Augeat, et circa flet venerata fenem.

Nec taceant monumenta viae, quem Tufcula tellus,

Candida quem antiquo detinet alba lare.

Namque opibus congefata tuis hic glarea dura

Sternitur; hic apta jungitur arte filex. 60

Te canet agricola e magna quum venerit Urbe

Serus, inoffenfum retuleritque pedem.

At

65. *Rich Unguents drop.*] The God, mentioned in the Text, is Genius, or that Power, who, as the Romans imagined, was the Guardian of a Man, from the Hour of his Birth, to his Death; hence called by the Greeks, *Δαίμων μυσταγωγός βίου*. These Gods the Antients represent fometimes in the Form of a Serpent, fometimes in that of a Boy, and fometimes in that of an old Man, crowned with Leaves of Plane-tree. On feveral Coins of Trajan and Adrian, Genius holds in his Hand a *Patera*, over an Altar adorned with Flowers; and, from his Left, hangs down a Whip. The Offerings prefented to this Deity, as Dart juftly obferves, were, generally, the falted Cake (or *Mola*), Flowers, Wine, and Frankincenfe.

76. *Long as (thy bounteous Work)*] Nothing, fays Mr. Dart very truly, raifes a higher Idea, among the Moderns, of the antient Roman greatnefs, than their public Ways.

When Augustus Cæfar perceived, that the different Roads leading to Rome, were through Neglect become of difficult Passage, he took upon himfelf the Reparation of the *Via Flaminia*, as far as *Ariminium*, and enjoined the Senators to mend the other Roads. This happened A. U. C. 727. as Dio Caffius, in the Fifty-third Book of his Hiftory informs us. The Way which fell to the Share of Meffala, was a Branch of the Latin Road, which that excellent Roman either paved a-new, or repaired; for, from the Situation
of

With Purple-ropes invested, now you glow ;
 The shrine is shewn, and Flutes melodious blow : 60
 Come then, my God, but come bedew'd with Wine !
 Attend the Rites, and in the Dance combine ;
 The Rites and Dances are to Genius due !
 Benign Ofiris, stand confest'd to view !
 Rich Unguents drop already from his Hair, 65
 His Head and Neck soft flowery Garlands share !
 O come, so shall my grateful Incense rise,
 And Cates of Honey meet thy laughing Eyes !

On thee, Messala ('tis my fervent Prayer)
 May Heaven bestow a wife, a warlike Heir : 70
 In whom, increas'd, paternal Worth may shine,
 Whose Acts may add a Lustre to thy Line, }
 And Transports give thee in thy Life's decline.

But should the Gods my fervent Prayer deny,
 Thy Fame, my glorious Friend, shall never die. 75
 Long as (thy bounteous Work) the well-made Way
 Shall its broad Pavement to the Sun display.

The

of *Tusculum* and *Alba*, it could not be the *Via Valeria*, as Pighius conjectured. See Bergerius, L. 2. on the Roman Military-ways. BROEKHUS.

Messala's Road must have been esteemed a strong and durable,

At tu, natalis, multos celebrande per annos,
Candidior semper, candidiorque veni.

durable Work, since Martial, to represent that Perpetuity of Fame, to which as a Poet he thought himself intitled, alludes to it in these Words.

Et cum rupta situ Messalæ saxa jacebunt.

B. 8. E. 3.

ELEGIA

The Bards of Alba shall in lofty Rhyme,
Transmit thy Glory down the Tide of Time:
They sing from Gratitude : nor less the Clown 80
Whom Love or Business have detain'd in Town
Till late, as home he safely plods along,
Thee chants, Messala, in his Village-song.

Blest Morn, which still my grateful Muse shall sing,
Oft rise, and with you greater Blessings bring. 85

ELEGIA NONA.

NON ego celari possim, quid nutus amantis,
 Quidve ferant mihi lenia verba sono.

Nec mihi sunt sortes, nec conscia fibra Deorum :

Praecinit eventus nec mihi cantus avis.

Ipsa Venus magico religatum brachia nodo

5

Perdocuit multis non sine verberibus.

Define

Marathus, one of the Poet's Friends, had lately become enamoured of Pholoe; but as that Youth had formerly affected an Aversion to Love, he now wanted to conceal his Passion. This, Tibullus tells him, was to no Purpose; as he knew from his own Experience, all the Symptoms of an Infant-desire: among which he chiefly particularises a sudden Attention to Dress. Tibullus informs his Friend, that so extraordinary an Application to Finery was neither required in him, who was a fine Figure, nor agreeable to Pholoe, who appears to have been a Woman of Sense; and asks him, How he expected that Foppishness should make any Impression on the Heart of one who despised every thing else but an elegant Simplicity in Apparel? The Poet next enquires, By what Spells he insisted himself under the Banner of Love? But immediately resolves the Question himself, by emphatically calling Beauty the most powerful of Enchantments.

From some Parts of the Poem, it would seem that Pholoe had not always been so insensible to the Merits of Marathus. This Change of Behaviour makes the Poet warmly expostulate

T H E
N I N T H E L E G Y.

IN vain would Lovers hide their Infant-smart,
 From me a Master in the amorous Art;
 I read their Passion in their Mein and Eyes,
 O'er-hear their Whispers, and explain their Sighs.
 This Skill no Delphian Oracles bestow'd, 5
 No Augurs taught me, and no Victims shew'd;
But

late with her for his young Friend, whom he introduces pathetically, lamenting the Rigour of his Destiny. The Poem concludes with a Prediction, that unless Pholoe altered her Conduct, Heaven would undoubtedly punish her.

The Commentators suppose that this is the Pholoe mentioned by Horace, in his beautiful Ode addressed to Tibullus; and indeed it must be confessed, that these Gentlemen have not always so good a Foundation for their Conjectures. They also take it for granted, that the Cyrus spoken of in the same Poem, was our Marathus, whom they represent as a Foreigner, and formerly a Slave. Their Arguments, however, in Defence of this last Supposition, are too trifling for Confutation.

Verse 6. *No Augurs taught me.*] The Poet here mentions three sorts of Divination; the Oracular, that of inspecting the

G 2

Desine diffimulare; Deus crudelius urit,

Quos videt invitos succubuisse sibi.

Quid tibi nunc molles prodest coluisse capillos?

Saepeque mutatas disposuisse comas? 10

Quid succo splendente genas onerasse? quid ungues

Artificis docta subsecuisse manu?

Frustra

the Bowels of Animals, and that called Augury. This last, which consisted in deducing Events from the Manner in which Birds fed, and from their Flight or Screaming, was so particularly regarded by the Romans, that few Enterprizes of Consequence were begun, without the previous Sanction of the holy Chickens; and as these were under the Management of the Officers of State, and Leaders of the Army, they were employed generally to the Purposes of Folly. This Kind of Divination was not peculiar to the Romans; for we find from the Iliad, that their supposed Ancestors, the Trojans, believed also in Augury. Hector indeed seems to place no Confidence in the Flight, &c. of Birds; and as Homer every where represents him as a Man of an excellent Head and Heart, we may readily suppose, that the old Pard himself was of the same way of thinking.

7. *Eut Lovi my Wrists.*] None but those who have felt Love, can be proper Judges of that Passion. Reading indeed may give some imperfect Ideas of it; but Experience is the only certain Teacher. This is what Tibullus means by the Magic Fillets. Salmastius therefore is mistaken in making the *magicus nodus*, of the Text, signify Knots, such as are mentioned in the Notes upon the Fifth Elegy.

10. *Else vergetful Venus.*] There is a Sentiment, as Vulpius justly observes, similar to this in Euripides.

Κυπρις γὰρ ἐν φρονιῶσι καὶ πολλῇ ῥυτῇ
ἢ τὸν μὲν αἰκίῃ ἢ ῥυτῇ μετρηχεται
Ὅν δὲν περισσὰ καὶ φρονιῶν ἔνι μὲν; α
Τούτων λαοῦσα πῶς δοκεῖς καλῶς ἔμεν.

In. Hippolit.

But Love my Wrists with Magic Fillets bound,
 Lash'd me, and lashing, mutter'd many a Sound.
 No more then, Marathus, Indifference feign,
 Else vengeful Venus will inhance your Pain! 10

What now, sweet Youth, avails your anxious Care,
 So oft to essence, oft to change your Hair?
 What tho' Cosmetics all their Aid supply?
 And every Artifice of Dress you try?
 She's not oblig'd to Bredes, to Gems, to Cloaths, 15
 Her Charms to Nature Pholoe only owes.

What

13. *What tho' Cosmetics.*] The Original may be thus literally interpreted. Oh! what avails it now that you surcharged your Cheeks with Juices to make them smooth and ruddy? and what, that you have your Nails paired by the learned Hand of an expert Artist? In vain you vary the Parts of your Dress, and in vain you confine your compressed Foot within so neat a Sandal.

The *succus splendens* of the Text, if Broekhusius justly interprets it, was not an over-delicate Preparation; for, according to him, it was *crassius sputum ex madido pane, quo illinebantur genae*. Some Editions of Merit read, *fuco splendenti*.

Well-paired Nails were regarded by the Romans as so essential to a genteel Appearance, that Horace, to shock us at the Witch Canidia, introduces her with unpaired Nails; and yet we find that Mecænas was sometimes out of Humour with this Bard himself, for the same Neglect.

Prave sectum stomachicis ob unguem.

From the Text, the Learned conjecture, that none but the poorer sort of People paired their own Nails, the rich having theirs cut by the Barber; yet Mr. Dacier, upon the following Lines of Horace,

Frustra jam vestes, frustra mutantur amictus,

Ansaque compressos colligit arta pedes.

Ip̄sa placet, quamvis inculto venerit ore, 15

Nec nitidum tarda comserit arte caput.

Num

*Conspectit, ut aiunt,
Adrasum quemdam, vacua tonsoris in umbra,
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.—*

remarks, that the Roman Ladies had their Nails paired by their Waiting-maids; in proof which he cites this Passage of our Poet,

Quid succo &c.

Which he thus interprets.

Pourquoy peindre vos cheveux ? Pourquoy vous faire couper les ongles par une femme adroite ? and confirms this Interpretation by adding, *Porcia s'estant cousté un jour, en se faisant les Ongles, Brutus la gronda d'avoir fait l'office de sa femme de Chambre.* But all that is here advanced, (as Broekhusius remarks) is a Blunder. For, in the first place, the French Critic unaccountably metamorphoset Marathus into a Lady; again, Porcia used a Barber's pairing Knife, as Plutarch assures us; and, lastly, Valerius Maximus thus relates the Story of Porcia's wounding herself. *Quæ cum Bruti viri sui consilium, quod de interficiendo Casare, ceperit ea nocte, qua dies terrimi facti secuta est, cognovisset, &c.* When Porcia was let into the Secret by Brutus her Husband, of his Intention to assassinate Cæsar the next Day, she, as soon as Brutus left the Room, called for a Barber's Knife, as if she meant to pair her Nails; which being brought her, she let it fall as though by chance, and wounded her Thigh. Brutus being brought back into her Chamber, by the Screams of her Maids, mildly rebuked her for endeavouring to perform the Barber's Office. But she whispered him, I wounded myself on Purpose, as a Trial of my Love for you; for should your
Enterprize

What Spells devote you? say, what Philtres bind?
 What Mid-night Sorcerers fascinates your Mind?
 Spells can seduce the Corn from neighbouring Plains!
 The head-long Serpent halts at Magic Strains! 20
 And did not Cymbals stop thy prone Career,
 A Spell thee Luna from thy Orb would tear!

Why

Enterprize fail, I wanted to know with what *Æquanimity*
 I could kill myself. Lib. 3.

The last Line,

Ansaque compressos, &c.

Signifies the extreme Care Marathus took in making the Sandal fit neat on his Foot, by tightening the Straps tied to the Ansa or Thongs, which came up on every Side of the Foot, and were fastened over the Instep.

18. *What Midnight Sorcerers.*] Many Editions read *pal-lentibus*, and it is certain, that that Epithet is classical. But we shall not enter into the Merits of the two Claimants, O and A; but refer those who are fond of such Altercation, to the Dutch Commentator.

Although almost every Poet of Antiquity has left us his Testimony, as to the Efficacy of Spells in producing Love, it must not, however, be imagined, that they believed it in reality. For how should Spells excite that Harmony,

Attuning all their Passions into Love:
 Where Friendship full exerts her softest Power,
 Perfect Esteem enliven'd by Desire
 Ineffable, and Sympathy of Soul,
 Thought meeting Thought, and Will preventing Will
 With boundless Confidence.

Which Thomson makes the Essence of Love to consist in. But though Spells cannot excite Love, yet Philtres, by stimulating, may raise Desire.

21. *And did not Cymbals.*] When the Moon was eclipsed,

Num te carminibus, num te pollentibus herbis

Devovit tacito tempore noctis anus ?

Cantus vicinis fruges traducit ab agris :

Cantus et iratae detinet anguis iter.

20

Cantus et e curru Lunam deducere tentat ;

Et faceret, si non aera repulsa fonent.

Quid queror heu misero carmen nocuisse ? quid herbas ?

Forma nihil magicis utitur auxiliis.

Sed corpus tetigisse nocet, sed longa dedisse

25

Oscula, sed femori conferuisse femur.

Nec tu difficilis puero tamen esse memento :

Persequitur poenis tristitia facta Venus.

Munera ne poscas : det munera canus amator,

Ut foveas molli frigida membra sinu.

30

Carior

the Antients imagined that she struggled with Witchcraft ; and therefore to relieve her, struck upon Instruments of Brass and other sonorous Bodies, thinking that Sounds would accomplish her Deliverance. In Allusion to this Custom, Ovid thus speaks of the Blushes of Hermaphroditus.

Hic color aprica pendentibus arbore pomis,

Aut ebori tincto est ; aut sub candore rubenti,

Cum frustra resonant æra auxiliariæ, lunæ.

Met. Lib. 6.

A red like this, the ripening Apple shews ;

So with Vermilion died, fair Ivory glows :

Blushes, like these, do struggling Cynthia stain ;

When aiding Brass, and Cymbals, ring in vain.

ADDISON.

And

Why do I Magic for your Passion blame,
 Magic is uselefs to a perfect Frame ! 24
 You fquees'd her Hands, your Arms around her threw,
 Join'd Lip to Lip, and hence your Passion grew.

Ceafe then, fair Maid, to give your Lover Pain ;
 Love hates the Haughty, will avenge the Swain.
 See Youth vermilion's o'er his modest Face !
 Can Riches equal fuch a Boy's Embrace ? 30
 Then ask no Bribe—when Age affects the Gay,
 Your every Smile let hoary Dotage pay ;
 But you your Arms around the Stripling throw,
 And scorn the Treasure Monarchs can beftow.
 But ſhe who gives to Age, her Charms, for pay, 35
 May her wealth perifh, and her Bloom decay.
 Then when Impatience thrills in every Vein,
 May Manhood fhun her, and the Young difdain.

Alas !

And Juvenal, fatyrically defcribing a Scold, fays, that there was now no need of a shrill Noife of Instruments, to relieve the Labours of the Moon ; the Tongue of this Woman being fufficiently qualified to produce fuch an Effect.

DART.

Travellers inform us, that this Superftition is ftill practifed in feveral Parts of the Eaft, &c.

31. — *When Age affects the Gay.*] Thefe Lines are not only extremely indelicate, but give us a difpleafing Picture of Pholoe's Venality.

Carior est auro juvenis, cūi levia fulgent
 Ora, nec amplexus aspera barba terit.
 Huic tu candentes humero suppone lacertos;
 Et regum magnæ despiciantur opes.
 At Venus inveniet puero succumbere furtim, 35
 Dum tumet, et teneros conferit usque finus:
 Et dare anhelanti pugnantibus uvida linguis
 Oscula, et in collo figere dente notas.
 Non lapis hanc, gemmaeque juvent, quæ frigore sola
 Dormiat, et nulli fit cupienda viro. 40
 Heu sero revocatur Amor, seroque juventas,
 Quum vetus infecit cana senecta caput.
 Tum studium formæ: coma tum mutatur, ut annos
 Dissimulet viridi cortice tincta nucis.
 Tollere tunc albos cura est a stirpe capillos, 45
 Et faciem demta pelle referre novam.
 Et

39. *Alas! when Age.]* When the Fair Sex found their Estimation upon Beauty only, without aiming at any mental Accomplishment, it is no Wonder, in that Case, that they dread old Age, and endeavour, by Artifices, to repair the Decays of Nature. Every Stage of Life has its proper Bents and Passions. A rational Attachment to Love and Pleasure, is ornamental in Youth, allowable in more advanced Life, but preposterous in Age. What Character is more-ridiculous than that of a Coquette of Sixty? But, say the Fair, can Life be agreeable, when the Power to raise Love is gone? Are then the matronly Virtues of no Consideration? Are Friendship and Esteem, which can be enjoyed in full Vigour even in the latest Period of Life, of no Avail? Mental Perfection is the Root from whence must spring

Alas! when Age has silver'd o'er the Head,
 And Youth that feeds the Lamp of Love is fled, 40
 In vain the Toilette charms; 'tis vain to try,
 Grey scanty Locks with yellow Nuts to die;
 You strip the Tell-tales vainly from their Place;
 And vainly strive to mend an aged Face.

Then in thine Eyes while Youth triumphant glows,
 And with his Flowers thy Cheeks my Fair-one sows, 46
 Incline thine Heart to Love, and gentle Play,
 Youth, Youth has rapid Wings, and flies away!
 The fond old Lover vilify, disdain;
 What Praise can crown you from a Stripling's Pain?
 Spare then the lovely Boy; his Beauties die; 51
 By no dire Sickness sent him from the Sky:
 The Gods are just; you, Pholoe, are to blame;
 His fallow Colour from your Coynefs came.

Oh,

spring all the Doceurs of old Age; and mental Perfection
 must be planted in Youth early, if it is ever meant to shoot
 up to Maturity.

41. ——— 'Tis vain to try,
 Grey scanty Locks with yellow Nuts to die.

Meursius and Duport are of Opinion, that black is the
 Die which Tibullus mentions in the Text; but Broekhusius,
 and especially Arntzenius, prove, that Walnut died the
 Hair yellow; which, as has been observed before, is the
 classical Colour. Vid. Dissert. de Col. Com. p. 114.

52. By no dire Sickness.] *Sontica causa* here, is the same
 as *morbus fonticus*; which signifies any great Disorder, such

At tu dum primi floret tibi temporis aetas,

Utere ; non tardo labitur illa pede.

Neu Marathum torque ; puero quae gloria victo ?

In veteres esto dura, puella, senes.

50

Parce precor tenero ; non illi fontica caussa est ;

Sed nimius luto corpora tangit amor,

Vel miser absenti moestas quam saepe querelas

Conjicit, et lacrimis omnia plena madent.

Quid me spernit ? ait ; poterat custodia vinci :

55

Ipse dedit cupidis fallere posse Deus.

Nota Venus furtiva mihi est ; ut lenis agatur

Spiritus, ut nec dent oscula rapta sonum.

Et possim media quamvis obrepere nocte,

Et strepitu nullo clam referare fores.

60

Quid.

as the Gods were supposed to inflict on the Wicked : and hence the Greeks called it *ισπος* ; and because it prevented the unhappy Sufferer from attending on Business, they also gave it the Epithet of *αληθης*.

Vulpinus justly observes, that our Author is not the only one, who uses *causa* for a Disease ; for it is applied by Gratian, no contemptible Poet of the Augustan Age, to signify the same thing in the following Line.

Causasque affectusque canum tua cura tueri est.

Hence those Soldiers, who by Infirmity were disabled from campaigning, were called *causarii milites*, and their Dismission *causaria missio*.

When the Superstitious, among the Athenians, saw a mad or epileptic Person, they shuddering, spit into their Bosom to avert the Mischiefs. And indeed, while those Disorders were reputed Judgments of Heaven upon the Persons

Oh, wretched Youth! how oft, when absent you, 55
 Groans rend his Breast, and Tears his Cheeks bedew?
 " Why dost thou rack me with Contempt? he cries,
 " The willing ever can elude their Spies.
 " Had you, O had you felt what now I feel,
 " Venus would teach you from your Spies to steal. 60
 " I can breathe low; can snatch the melting Kifs,
 " And noiseless ravish Loves enchanting Blifs;
 " At Mid-night can securely grope my Way;
 " The Floor tread noiseless, noiseless turn the Key.
 " Poor fruitless Skill! my Skill if she despise, 65
 " And cruel from the Bed of Rapture flies.
 " Or if a Promise haply I obtain,
 " That she will recompence at Night my Pain;
 " How am I dup'd? I wakeful listen round,
 " And think I hear her in each casual Sound. 70
 " Perish

sons affected, no wonder the poor Sufferers were hated and shunned; but a sounder Philosopher has taught us that such Objects always deserve our Pity, and have a Right to all the Relief human Skill can procure them.

70. *And think I bear her.*] J. Secundus has finely imitated this Thought.

*Dumque ego blanditiasque tuas, et roscida menti
 Oscula praecepit multiplicisque viceis,
 Dum vacuum falsis complexibus aera capto,
 Dum mea in absenteis porrigo colla manus,
 Et quem cumque movet strepitum levis aura per aedes
 Dilectos dominae suspicor esse pedes.*

El. 2, B. 21

But

Quid profunt artes, miserum si spernit amantem,
 Et fugit ex ipso saeva puella toro?
 Dum mihi venturam fingo, quodcumque movetur, 65
 Illius credo tunc fonuisse pedem.
 Ah! pereant artes, et mollia jura colendi!
 Horrida villosa corpora veste tegam.
 Nunc, si clausa mea est, si copia nulla videndi;
 Heu miserum, in laxa quid juvat esse toga? 70
 Desistas lacrimare, puer; non frangitur illa:
 Et tua jam fletu lumina fessa tument,
 Oderunt, Pholoe, moneo, fastidia Divi:
 Nec prodest sanctis tura dedisse focus.
 Hic Marathus quondam miseros ludebat amantes, 75
 Nescius ultorem post caput esse Deum.
 Saepe etiam lacrimas fertur risisse dolentis,
 Et cupidum ficta detinuisse mora.

Nunc

But Broekhusius very justly prefers a Description of the same kind in the Seventh Canto of the Orlando Furioso, (Stanz. 24. and 25.).

72. *In russet Weeds.*] Mattaire and others have injudiciously inserted the Original of this Line, and the two following ones, at the End of the Third Elegy of the Second Book.

When that Part of the Roman Gown, which was commonly tucked under the right Arm, and secured by the Umbo on the left Shoulder, was allowed to flow about the Wearer; the Toga was then said to be Laxa. This the Romans reputed a Sign of Effeminacy. Hence it is not surprising that Mecænas dressed in this manner; but that Julius Cæsar should do so, is more unaccountable. And altho' many Instances occur in a neighbouring Kingdom, sufficient

“ Perish the Wiles of Love, and Arts of Dress!
 “ In ruffet Weeds I’ll throwd my Wretchedness.
 “ I he Wiles of Love, and Arts of Dress are vain,
 “ My Fair to soften, and Admittance gain.”

Youth, weep no more; your Eyes are swoln with
 Tears; 75

No more complain; for O! she stops her Ears.
 The Gods, I warn you, hate the haughty Fair,
 Reject their Incense, and deny their Prayer.
 This Youth, this Marathus, who wears your Chains,
 Late laugh’d at Love, and ridicul’d its Pains! 80
 Th’ impatient Lover in the Street would stay!
 Nor dreamt that Vengeance would his Crimes repay.
 Now, now he moans his past Misdeeds with Tears,
 A Prey to Love, and all its frantic Fears:
 Now he exclaims at Female-scorn and Hate; 85
 And from his Soul abhors a bolted Gate!

Like Vengeance waits you; trust th’ unerring Muse,
 If still you’re coy, and still Access refuse!

8

Then

ent to convince us, that the Fop and the brave Soldier, are
 not wholly incompatible; *Vae tamen istis!*

88. *If still you’re coy.*] All the antient Editions read,

Ni desinis esse superba.

Although

Nunc omnes odit fastus, nunc displicet illi

Quaecumque adposita est janua dura sera. 80

At te poena manet, ni-definis esse superba.

Quam cupies votis hunc revocare diem!

Although this may appear odd, says Broekhusius, to those who have Ears like King Midas, it is, nevertheless, the genuine Reading.

The following Quotation from Ariosto is remarkable.

*Pensò Rinaldo alquanto, e poi rispose :
Una donze'la dunque de morire
Perche lascios fogar ne l'amorose
Sue Braccia al suo amator tanto desfre !
Sia maledetta cbi tal legge pose
E maledetto cbi la puo patire.
Debitamente muore una crudele
Non cbi da vita al suo amator fedele.*

Cant. 4. St. 63.

After

ELEGIA

Then how you'll wish, when old, contemn'd of all,
 But vainly wish, these Moments to recall ! 90

After all, if Pholoe could find no love-worthy Qualities in Marathus, it was ungenerous in our Poet to insult her with such a Prognostic. Love is the Child of Obsequiousness, and not the Offspring of Menace; accordingly the fair Ægyptian (in Prior) says, if not poetically, at least truly,

Soft Love, spontaneous Tree, its parted Root
 Must from two Hearts with equal Vigour shoot;
 Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives
 The pleasing Ecstasy, which each receives.
 Cherish'd with Hope, and fed with Joy, it grows;
 Its chearful Buds their opening Bloom disclose;
 And round the happy Soil diffusive Odour flows,
 If angry Fate that mutual Care denies,
 The fading Plant bewails its due Supplies;
 Wild with Despair, or sick with Grief, it dies.

} }
 Solomon, Book 2.

ELEGIA DECIMA.

QUID mihi, si fueras miseros laesurus amores,
Foedera per Divos clam violanda dabas?

Ah miser, etsi quis primo perjuria ccelat,

Sera tamen tacitis Poena venit pedibus.

Parcite, Coelestes: aequum est inpune licere, 5

Numina formosis laedere vestra semel.

Lucra

The Translator has been obliged to use, pretty much the same freedom with this Elegy, as he used with the Fourth. Had the other Elegies of Tibullus been like these two, he had never taken the Trouble of translating them. But, as both, in this Version, are new-modelled, it is hoped that neither of them can shock the most delicate Chastity.

Verse 3. *Wretch tbo' at first.*] Although the Justness of these moral Reflections is not always discoverable on this Side the Grave, we have all Reason to think that the Perjured will meet with a deserved Punishment in another State: Horace makes a Remark, no less just than moral.

*Raro antecedentem sce' estum
Deferuit poena pede claudo.*

When Jove in anger strikes the Blow,
Oft with the Bad, the Righteous bleed,
Yet with sure Steps, though lame and slow,
Vengeance o'ertakes the trembling Villain's Speed.

Ariosto,

T H E
T E N T H E L E G Y.

WH Y did you swear by all the Powers above?
 Yet never meant to crown my longing Love.
 Wretch, tho' at first the perjurd Deed you hide,
 Wrath comes with certain, tho' with tardy Stride;
 Yet, yet, offended Gods, my Charmer spare! 5
 Yet pardon the first Fault of one so fair!

For Gold the careful Farmer ploughs the Plain,
 And joins his Oxen to the cumbrous Wane;

For

Ariosto, according to Broekhuftus, had this Passage of
 Tibullus in his Eye, in the Beginning of the Sixth Canto.

*Miser cbi mal oprando sè confida
 Cb' ogn' hor star debbia il maleficio occulto.*

Sentences of this Sort are to be met with in every Author;
 but are we thence to conclude, that they imitated one ano-
 ther? Such Observations shoot up in the Common of Na-
 ture, and are to be plucked by every Passenger.

Lucra petens habili tauros adjungit aratro,

Et durum terrae rusticus urget opus :

Lucra petituras freta per parentia ventis

Ducunt instabiles sidera certa rates.

10

Muneribus meus est captus puer ; at Deus illa

In cinerem et liquidas munera vertat aquas.

Jam mihi persolvat poenas, pulvisque decorem

Detrahet, et ventis horrida facta coma.

Uretur facies, urentur sole capilli :

15

Deteret invalidos et via longa pedes.

Admonui quoties, auro ne pollue formam.

Saepe solent auro multa subesse mala.

Divitiis captus si quis violavit Amorem ;

Asperaque est illi, difficilisque Venus.

20

Ure meum potius flamma caput, et pete ferro

Corpus, et intorto verberare terga seca.

Nec tibi celandi spes sit peccare paranti.

Est Deus, occultos qui vetat esse dolos.

Ipse Deus tacito permisit vela ministro,

25

Ederet ut multo libera verba mero.

Ipse

13. *Soon [ball you suffer greatly.]* The Original, *Persolve*, is a very emphatical Verb, it importing a Discharge of the whole Debt, without the smallest Diminution.

BROEKHUS.

15. *Your Hair [ball change.]* The delicate among the Antients, who had fine Hair, were at great Pains to prevent it from becoming red (*rufus*) ; an Effect which they imagined the Heat of the Sun might occasion. Vid. Dissert. de Color. Com. C. 3. P. 57.

For Gold, thro' Seas that stormy Winds obey,
 By Stars, the Sailor steers his watery Way. 10
 Yet, gracious Gods, this Gold from Man remove,
 That wicked Metal brib'd the Fair I love.

Soon shall you suffer greatly for your Crime,
 A weary Wanderer in a foreign Clime;
 Your Hair shall change, and boasted Bloom decay, 15
 By wintery Tempests, and the solar Ray.

“ Beware of Gold, how oft did I advise?
 “ From tempting Gold what mighty Mischiefs rise?
 “ Love's generous Power, I said, with ten-fold Pain
 “ The Wretch will rack, who sells her Charms for
 “ Gain. 20
 “ Let Torture all her Cruelties exert,
 “ 'Torture is Pastime to a venal Heart.
 “ Nor idly dream your Gallantries to hide,
 “ The Gods are ever on the Sufferer's Side.

With

23., *Nor idly Dream.*] Almost all the old Editions read,

Nec tibi celanti fas sit peccare paranti.

To find out the Meaning of which, long exercised the Ingenuity of the Learned; and no wonder, for if it is not Nonsense, it is something very like it. At last, however, Scaliger restored the Text; which, though supported by MSS. Authority, has been censured by some malevolent Critics, as an Intrusion of his own. BROEKHUS.

Ipsè Deus fomno domitos emittere vocem

Jussit, et invitos facta tegenda loqui.

Haec ego dicebam : nunc me flevisse loquentem,

Nunc pudet ad teneros procubuisse pedes. 30

Tunc mihi jurabas, nullo te divitis auri

Pondere, non gemmis vendere velle fidem :

Non tibi si precium Campania terra daretur,

Non tibi si Bacchi cura Falernus ager.

Illis eriperes verbis mihi, sidera coelo 35

Lucere, et puras fluminis ire vias.

Quin etiam flebas : at non ego fallere doctus,

Tergebam humentes credulus usque genas.

Quid

26. *You'll blab the Secret.*] In the Original,

*Ipsè Deus tacito permisit vela ministro
Ederet ut multa libera verba mero.*

For this Reading we are also indebted to Scaliger ; yet the Passage is far from being void of Obscurity. Accordingly, the Commentators, since his Time, have all of them differed in their Explanations of it. And although none of their Expositions are satisfactory, yet that of Brockhusius is the least liable to Objections. He says, that the *Tacitus Dei minister*, is the deceitful Wine, by the Vapours of which, Drunkenness creeping on, obscures the Mind, as with a Veil ; *tanquam velo quodam, aciem mentis obnubit subrepens sensum ebrietas*. This, it must be owned, conveys some Meaning ; yet the Idea conveyed by it, appears to be farther fetched than those of Tibullus commonly are. Something like this is retained in the Version.

31. *Not all Campania shall.*] Campania was so called from its being a champaigne (*campestris*) Country. It belongs

“ With Sleep or Wine o’ercome, so Fate ordains, 25
 “ You’ll blab the Secret of your impious Gains.”

Thus oft I warn’d you ; this augments my Shame ;
 My Sighs, Tears, Homage, henceforth I disclaim.

“ No Wealth shall bribe my Constancy, you swore,
 “ Be mine the Bard, you sigh’d, I crave no more : 30
 “ Not all Campania shall my Heart intice,
 “ For thee Campania’s Autumns I despise.
 “ Let Bacchus in Falernian Vineyards stray,
 “ Not Bacchus’ Vineyards shall my Faith betray.”

Such strong Professions, in so soft a Strain, 35
 Might well deceive a captivated Swain ;
 Such strong Professions might Aversion charm,
 Slow Doubt determine, and Indifference warm.

Nay

longs to the Kingdom of Naples, and lies South of Abru-
 zo. It was formerly so fertile, that Pliny and Florus ele-
 gantly call it, *Liberi Cererisque certamen*. Its present Name
 is *Terra de Lavoro*. It is still beautiful, though it has lost
 much of its classic Amenity.

34. *Not Bacchus’ Vineyards.*] Falernus was one of the
 most fruitful Districts in Campania. Its Wines were the
 most celebrated of any in Italy ; Dart alleges, that it re-
 ceived its Name from one Falernus, a Husband-man, who,
 it seems, first cultivated the Vine there. It was antiently
 called *Amineum* ; and hence the Epithet *Aminea* was ap-
 plied to Wines of that Country ; and not as Servius ima-
 gines, because there was no Minium in them.

35. *Such strong Professions.*] Tho’ the Images in the Original,
 nal,

Quid faceres, nisi et ipse fores in amore puellae?

Sit precor exemplo sit levis illa tuo. 40

O quoties, verbis ne quisquam conscius esset,

Ipse comes multa lumina nocte tuli.

Saepe insperanti venit tibi munere nostro,

Et latuit clausas post adopena fores.

Tum miser interii stulte confusus amari. 45

Non poteram ad laqueos cautior esse tuos.

Quin etiam attonita laudes tibi mente canebam :

At me nunc nostri, Pieridumque pudet.

Illa velim rapida volcanus carmina flamma

Torreat, et liquida deleat amnis aqua. 50

Sit

nal, are natural and obvious, yet as they are not appropriated to amorous Compositions, the Translator has ventured to insert others, which to him appeared, to have a better Title to the Place.

Donec erunt ignes arcusque, cupidinis arma,

of Ovid, would have been more adapted to the Subject, from whence the Images ought ever to spring; and indeed no Poet of Antiquity has more exactly observed this Rule than Ovid hath done, in the Elegy from which the above Line is taken, and in this View cannot be too carefully perused. Pastoral Poets frequently err, and even Virgil himself is not entirely blameless in this Particular. Mr. Pope in this, and in most other Cases, where Correctness of Judgment is requisite, has been surpassed by none. How excellent, for Instance, are these Lines in his Rape of the Lock!

This Day black Omens threat the brightest Fair,
That ere deserv'd a watchful Spirit's Care;
Some dire Disaster, or by force or flight:
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in Night.
Whether

Nay more, you wept, unprais'd to betray,
I kiss'd your Cheeks, and wip'd the Tears away. 40

But if I tempting Gold unjustly blame,
And you have left me for another Flame;
May he, like you, seem kind, like you deceive,
And O may you, like cheated me, believe.

Oft I by Night the Torch myself would bear, 45
That none our tender Converse might o'er-hear;
When least expected, oft some Youth I led,
A Youth all Beauty, to the genial Bed,
And tutor'd him your Conquest to complete,
By soft Enticements, and a fond Deceit. 50

By these I foolish hop'd to gain your Love!
Who than Tibullus could more cautious prove?
Fir'd with uncommon Powers I swept the Lyre,
And sent you melting Strains of soft Desire:

The

Whether the Nymph shall break Diana's Law,
Or some frail China Jar receive a Flaw;
Or stain her Honour, or her new Brocade,
Forget her Progress, or miss a Masquerade;
Or lose her Heart, or Necklace at a Ball,
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall.

Cant. 2.

49. *And tutor'd him your Conquest.*] This Elegy abounds
in different Passages; nor is the Original of this Passage the
VOL. I. H least

Sit procul a nobis, formam cui vendere cura est,

Et precium plena grande referre manu.

At te, qui puerum donis corrumpere es ausus,

Rideat assiduis uxor inulta dolis.

Et quum furtivo juvenem lassaverit usu,

55

Tecum interposita languida veste cubet.

Semper sint externa tuo vestigia lecto,

Et pateat cupidis semper aperta domus.

Nec lasciva soror dicatur plura bibisse

Pocula, nec plures emeruisse viros.

60

Illam saepe ferunt convivia ducere Baccho,

Dum rota Luciferi provocet orta diem.

Illa nulla queat melius consumere noctem,

Aut operum varias disposuisse vices.

At

least obscure: should therefore the Translator err here, the critical Reader will the more easily pardon him. He had, however, in his Eye, the following elegant Lines of Horace.

*Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,
Pignus vos dereptum lacertis,
Aut digito male pertinâci.*

The Laugh which from the Corner flies,
To tell you where the Fair one lies;
A Ring or Bracelet snatch'd away,
The sportive Pledge of future Joy;
When she with amorous dear Delay,
Shall struggling yield the willing Toy.

After all, the Sentiment, as it appears in Tibullus, can boast of no Delicacy.

The Thought o'er spreads my Face with conscious
Shame, 55

Doom, doom them Victims to the Seas or Flame.

No Verse be their's, who Love's soft Fires profane,
And sell inestimable Joys for Gain.

But you who first the lovely Maid decoy'd,
By each Adulterer be your Wife enjoy'd. 60

And when each Youth has rifled all her Charms,
May Bed-gowns guard her from your loathed Arms!

May she, O may she like your Sister prove,
As fam'd for drinking, far more fam'd for Love!
'Tis true, the Bottle is her chief Delight, 65

She knows no better Way to pass the Night;
Your Wife more knowing can the Night improve,
To Joys of Bacchus joins the Joys of Love.

Think'ft thou for thee, the Toilette is her Care?
For thee, that Fillets bind her well-dress'd Hair? 70

For

62. *May Bed-gowns guard her.*] From this Wish, and some others in Tibullus, many Critics have conjectured, that our Poet's Talent was no less suited to the Satyric, than to the Elegiac Muse. The Translator, however, would have been better pleas'd, had his Author given no Proofs of Genius, in that disagreeable Species of Writing. He has therefore been less sollicitous in rendering the full Force of the Original.

63. *May she, O may she like your Sister prove,
As fam'd for drinking, &c.*

The Romans entertained so great an Abhorrence of Drunkenness in a Woman, that the Laws of the Twelve Tables permitted the Husband to punish his Wife with Death, if found guilty of that Crime.

At tua perdidicit; nec tu fructissime sentis, 65

Quum tibi non solita corpus ab arte movet.

Tunc putas illam pro te disponere crines,

Et tenuis dense pectere dentes comes?

Ista haec persuadet facies? aureque lacertos

Vinciat, et Tyrio prodeat apta sinu? 70

Non tibi, sed juveni cuidam vult bella videri:

Deoveat pro quo remque, domumque tuam.

Nec facit hoc vitio, sed corpora foeda pedagra,

Et senis amplatus calta puella fugit.

Huic tamen accubuit noster puer; huic ego credam 75

Cum trucibus venarem jungere posse feris.

Blanditiasne meas aliis tu vendere es ausus?

Tunc alia demens oscula ferre mea?

Tunc flebis, quum me vinctam puer alter habebit,

Et geret in gremio regna superba tuo. 80

At tua tum me poena jacet, Venerique merenti

Fixa notet casus aurea palma meos:

Hanc tibi fallaci resolutus amare Tibullus.

“Dedicat: et grata sis, Dea, mente, rogat.

85. *To Venus. I'll suspend,*] *Racine*: *les horions*, says the moral Cicero, *quæ, in summa nequitia, non solum libida et voluptas, verum etiam ipsius nequitiae semina delictat; ut multis in locis, notas ac vestigia scelerum suorum relinqui voluit.* But Vulpius thinks, that the Poet did not mean a Shield, but a Hand (*palma*); which he proves the Antients used sometimes to hang up in their Temples, to denote, that it was

A
POETICAL TRANSLATION

OF THE *65-864*
E L E G I E S

OF
T I B U L L U S ;
AND OF THE
P O E M S of S U L P I C I A .

WITH
The ORIGINAL TEXT, and NOTES
Critical and Explanatory.

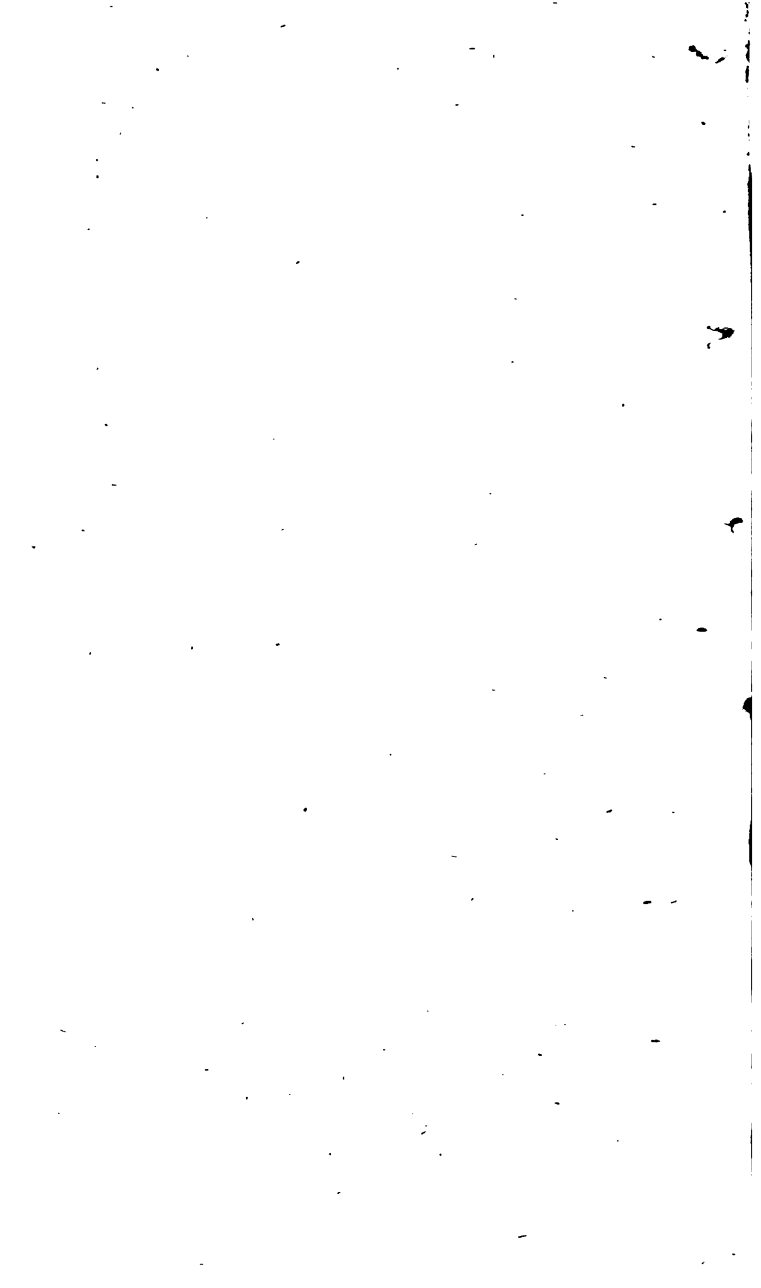
BY
JAMES GRAINGER, M.D.

V O L . II.

Μοισας Ερωσ καλαιο, Μοισαι τον Ερωτα Φιροισ,
Μολπαν ται Μοισαι μει αει ποθεοι διδοισ
Ται γλυκερα μολπαν, ται Φαρμακον αιδιοι υδαι.

BION.

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Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.
M D C C L I X .



ALBII TIBULLI
ELEGIÆ.

T H E

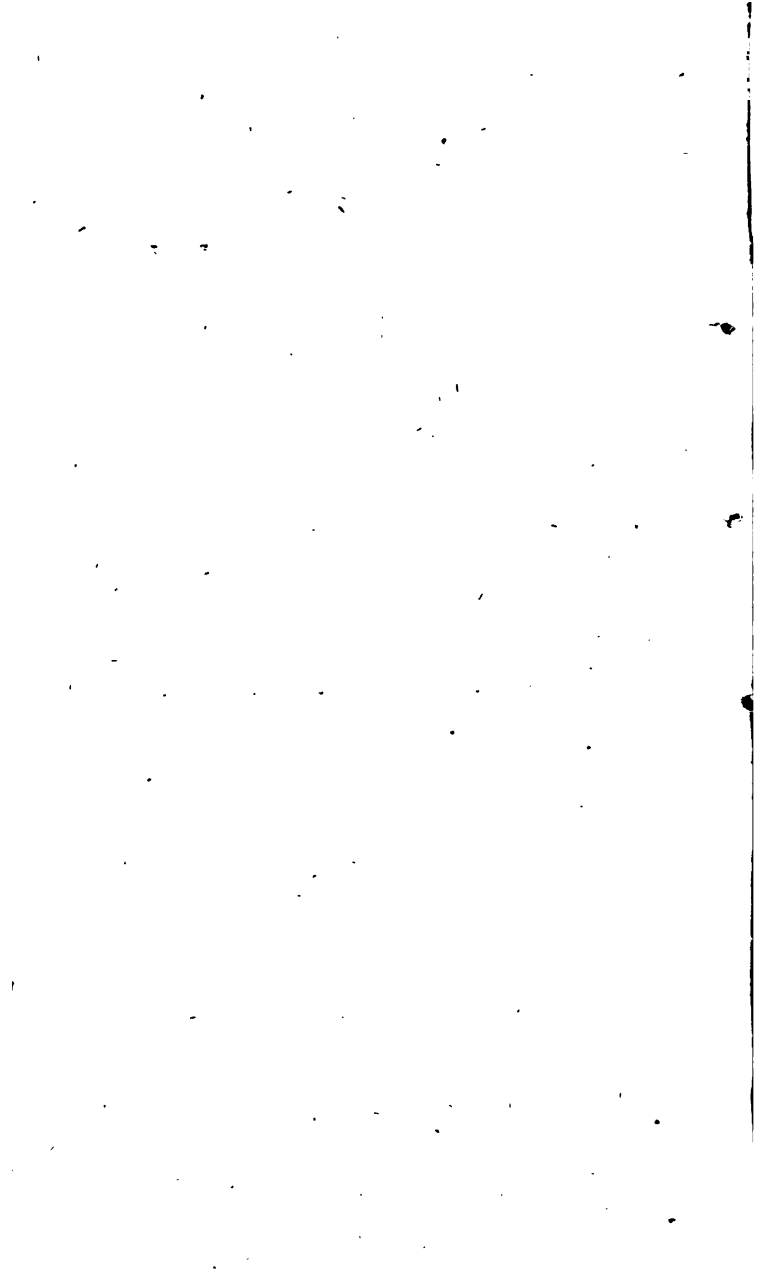
ELEGIES

O F

TIBULLUS.

VOL. II.

B



ADVERTISEMENT

To the Second Book.

THIS Book, though shorter than the former, is not inferior to it in point of poetical Fancy and amorous Tenderness; the numbers flow with the same easy Correctness, and perhaps the Sentiments are more delicate; for, being wholly dedicated to rural Devotion, Friendship, and Love, the Reader will meet with nothing in it, offensive to the strictest Chastity.

If the version of the following Books of **TIBULLUS** should be found less liable to Censure, than that of the former Volume, it is chiefly to be imputed to the kind observations of a Friend, who also obliged the Translator with the elegant notes marked *B*.

ALBII TIBULLI

LIBER SECUNDUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

QUISQUIS ades, faveas; fruges lustramus, et
agros,

Ritus ut a prisco traditus exstat avo.

Bacche veni, dulcisque tuis e cornibus uva

Pendeat : et spicis tempora cinge Ceres.

Luce

We may, without Hestitation, embrace the Opinion of Muræus, That this Elegy is a Description of the Ambarvalia, a Festival instituted by Acca Laurentia, and honoured with a solemn Sacrifice, for procuring a Blessing on the Fields. We may even, with great Probability, suppose this Poem to make a very interesting Part of the festal Entertainments. But it appears from it, that the Romans, in Tibullus's time, had added many a refined Improvement from the Grecian Ritual, to the plain Institution of the good old Nurse of Romulus ; since we find our Poet alluding to all the remarkable Customs of the festal Sacrifices of Greece. First the sacred Silence is proclaimed, the *Euphrosyne* of the Greeks, which restrains the Worshipers from the Use of Words of un-lucky

TIBULLUS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ELEGY THE FIRST.

ATTEND! and favour! as our Sires ordain;
 The Fields we lustrate, and the rising Grain:
 Come, Bacchus, and thy Horns with Grapes sur-
 round;

Come, Ceres, with thy wheaten Garland crown'd;

This

lucky Import. Next follows an Address to the Deities, to whose Honour the Festival is dedicated. The Holiday being then proclaimed, and a strict Rest enjoined, there follows the Exclusion of all those, who had contracted any Pollution, and an Invitation of the Pure to come with clean Hands and Vestments to join in the Sacrifice. The Victim is then introduced, going without any Force to the Altar, attended by a Crowd of Worshippers crowned with Garlands, from the Tree sacred to the rural Deities. After this, is the Prayer for Blessings on the Countryman and his Fields, and Prosperity to the growing Crop. The offering up the Victim succeeds, and lucky Omens appearing, the

Luce sacra requiescat humus, requiescat arator ; 5

Et grave suspensio vomere cesset opus.

Solvite

Worshippers are encouraged to indulge themselves in Joy and Festivity. The sacred Hymn closes the Whole, celebrating the Honours of the rural Deities recounting their various Gifts, and the Blessings which they have poured out upon the Country.---Whoever will look into the Collectors of Antiquities will find that these are the very Particulars of the Ritual of refined Greece. We may observe, that the Processions, Lustrations, as well as the Business of the *fratres Aruales*, whose Office it was, upon this Occasion, to settle Boundaries, have found their way into a Religion which in its original Institution, was little concerned with Pomp and Ceremony, but has been forced to receive many a scenical Foolery from Pagan Rome. B

[Attend! and favour!] The Roman Poets also express this by

Dicamus bona verba.

Both these Forms of Speech intimate a Desire, on the Part of those who prayed at the Festival, that all who were present would sincerely join with them in putting up the same Petitions.

The Mythology of the Antients has been assigned as one of the Causes which have contributed to render their poetical Compositions superior to those of the modera.

And no Doubt, that Enthusiasm, which is so natural to every true Artist in the poetical way, was considerably inflamed by the whole Turn of their religious Doctrines. When all Nature was supposed to swarm with Genii, and every Oak and Fountain was regarded as the Haunt of some presiding Deity ; what wonder if the Poet was animated by the imagined Influence of such exalted Society ; and found himself, as a late Writer elegantly expresses it, hurried beyond the ordinary Limits of sober Humanity. Hence arose the *Prosopopeia*, which, as it is one of the boldest, so is it one of the most pleasing Figures in Poetry. But may not the Omnipresence of the one true God afford the Christian Poet

This hallow'd Day suspend each Swain his Toil, 5
 Rest let the Plough, and rest th' uncultur'd Soil :

Unyoke

Poet a more exalted Assistance? When true Genius is fired
 with Devotion, Poesy then shines out in all her Splendor.

2. *The Fields we lustrate*] Macrobius informs us, That the
 Verb *lustrare* signifies to go round ; especially on a religious
 or mystical Account. The Ceremony here alluded to, as has
 been said, was the *Sacrum Ambarvale*, which in some old MSS.
 is plac'd as a Title to this Elegy. This most solemn of the
 rural Ceremonies had the Morning and Forenoon allotted for
 its Celebration. Cato de R. R. cap. 141. and Virgil, have
 particularly described it. And as it may not be displeasing to
 most of our Readers, to compare the different Manners of
 Maro and Tibullus, in representing the same Objects, we shall
 here place before them the Picture of this rural Ceremony
 as drawn by the great Mantuan.

*Inprimis venerare Deos, atque annua magna
 Sacra refer Cereri, latis operatus in herbis,
 Extremas sub casum biemis, jam vere sereno,
 Tum agni pingues, et tum mollissima vina :
 Tum somni dulces, densaque in montibus umbra.
 Cuncta tibi Cererem pabes agrestis adoret,
 Cui tu lacte favos, et miti dilue Baccho ;
 Terque novas circum felix eat hostia fruges ;
 Omnes, quam chorus et socii conitentur ovantes,
 Et Cererem clamore vocent in tella.*

Geor. I. Ver. 338:

Some Criticks contend, that Tibullus, in this Elegy, does
 not describe the Ambarval Ceremony, because he mentions
 some Circumstances relating to it, which Virgil omits, and
 relates others differently from that Poet. This Argument
 needs no Confutation.

3. *Come Bacchus.*] This God is frequently called *Tauricornis*
 by the Poets ; but why Horns were planted on his Head
 Mythologists are greatly divided. Some of them look upon
 Horns as a Mark of Divinity ; but why then do the other

Solvite vincla jugis : nunc ad præsepia debent

Plena coronato stare boves capite.

Omnia

Deities appear without this Badge? Others of them assign Horns to Bacchus, because Drinking Cups were anciently formed of Horn; and there are, who contend, that he is thus distinguished, because he was the first who ploughed with Oxen. Those who recollect the old Sentence,

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus,

may haply be able to afford as satisfactory a Reason for the cornuted Appearance of this Deity, as any suggested above. River Gods are frequently represented with Horns; but on a very different Account. Pindar makes Bacchus the $\pi\alpha\tau\epsilon\rho\varsigma$, or Assessor of Ceres: and in the Orphic Hymn, addressed to that Goddess, she is called $\text{Ἐπιμαχοῦς ἑσπερίῃσσι}$. They were commonly worshipped together. See Callimachus's sixth Hymn.

Some Critics, superstitiously bent to deduce from Scripture the Origin of every mythological Practice, have, from the *Cornuta facies*, common to Moses and Bacchus, supposed, that the Lawgiver of the Jews, and that Heathen God, were one and the same Person. But these perspicacious Critics should have considered, that as Adoration is natural to Man, and Ignorance and Conjecture were prior to Wisdom and Philosophy, Idolatry, which is the Offspring of Devotion and blind Fancy, never was, nor could be, confined to those few Regions bordering on Judea; nor consequently derived from the Jews, or any of their Heroes. Were we permitted, because of some faint Resemblances between them, to form one Person out of two, we should rather chuse, from the similar Circumstances of their Births, Deaths, &c. to make a Romulus, than a Bacchus, of Moses. Chronology indeed forbids this odd Incorporation; but Writers would do better to interdict their Pen, as Lord Bacon expresses it, all Liberties of this Kind, and not offer strange Fires at the Altar of the Lord.

G

The Grecians had most probably an Hero-God of their own, named Bacchus, to whom they were indebted for some of the Improvements of Life. But it is very certain, that many of the Actions, Inventions, and Symbols of the Ægyptian

Unyoke the Steer, his Racks heap high with Hay,
And deck with Wreaths his honest Front To-day.

Be

gyptian Osiris, were, in after times, attributed to him. We have here one Instance of it. The Bull was the established Hieroglyphic of, Osiris, as the Inventor of Agriculture. Greece adopted the Invention for their own Bacchus; but not having the Use of the hieroglyphic Characters, they contented themselves with borrowing an Attribute for their Deity, and assigned him the Horns of the Animal, by whose Labours he was supposed to cultivate and introduce Agriculture into the Country. I might add, that whenever Bacchus and Ceres are spoken of together, as rural Deities, almost every thing applied to them, more properly belongs to Osiris and Isis. See a remarkable Instance of this, Virg. Georgics, B. 1. Lin. 5. *et seq.* to the 9th.

Vos, ob Clarissima Mundi, &c.

Here Bacchus and Ceres, the humble Inventors of Wine and Agriculture, are exalted into the Heavens, and become Sun and Moon, the great Leaders of the Year through its Seasons. We know there is nothing in the Grecian Mythology to support this; and that those heavenly Luminaries are attributed to other Deities. But it is certain, that the Sun and Moon were worshipped by the Ægyptians under the Denomination of their Hero-Gods Osiris and Isis. Vid Div. Legation, B. 4. Sect. 5. *et alibi passim.* B

7. *Unyoke the Steer.*] It was usual at the Time of these Sacrifices to dress the Cattle with Garlands, and to give them a Respite from Labour. Vid. Fast. Lib. 1. Ver. 663. Lib. VI. Ver. 311.

The ploughing Ox was held in great Estimation among the Antients; respecting this, Varro, de R. R. Lib II. l. 53. Columella in the Preface to his 6th Book, and Pliny, Lib. VIII. c. 45. may be consulted. But though we refer to these Passages, the Translator cannot deny himself the Pleasure of transcribing from Ovid the following good-natured Apostrophe, in favour of those useful Animals.

Omnia sint operata Deo : non audeat ulla

Lanificam pensis imposuisse manum.

20

Vos

*Quid meruere boves animal sine fraude dolisque
Inocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores ?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum manere dignus,
Qui potuit curvi demum modo pondere aratri
Ruricolam macerare suum ; qui trita labore
Illa, quibus toties durum renovaverat annum
Tot dederat Messes, percussit colla securi.*

Met. Lib. XV. v. 120.

How did the toiling Ox his Death deserve ?
A down-right simple Drudge, and born to serve ?
O Tyrant ! with what Justice canst thou hope
The Promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop ;
When thou destroy'st the labouring Steer who till'd,
And plough'd with Pains, thy else ungrateful Field ?
From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
That Neck with which the surly Clod he broke ;
And to thy Hatchet yield thy Husbandman,
Who finish'd Autumn, and the Year began.

DRYDEN.

Accordingly we find, that in the antient Times of the Roman Republick, a Person was publickly condemned, for having felled a labouring Ox (*Bos domitus*) in order to gratify the Longings of one he was fond of. Valer. Maxim. Lib. VIII. l. 1. And, in the Declension of that Empire, Constantine ordained, that no ploughing Ox should be either distrained for Debt, or taken from the Traveller, to supply the Place of such, as were wanting to compleat the Number required at the publick Sports and Races.

Scaliger, on the Authority of some old MSS. reads the Original of the last Line, as follows :

Plena coronato vertice stare boves :

Yet most MSS. and the best Editions read it,

Plena coronato stare boves capite.

But without their Concurrence Broekhusius justly observes, that Tibullus must have thus wrote it, as his Ear taught him

Be all your Thoughts to this grand Work apply'd !
 And lay, ye thrifty Fair, your Wool aside! 10
 Hence

him sollicitously to avoid every Combination of harsh hissing Consonants, such as SC. SP. SQ. ST.

Ex Tibullo probanda est Tibullianæ scriptiois consuetudo.

10. *And lay, ye thrifty Fair, your Wool aside.*] There are some Things, says Servius, which, if done on a Holiday, pollute it. Hence it was, that the Pontiffs, when they were to perform a Sacrifice, sent out their Beadles to prevent Artificers from working, lest the sacred Ceremony should be contaminated. Serv. ad G. Lib I. Ver. 268. And Macrobius tells us, that a Herald also was employed on these Occasions to prohibit the People from all secular Business. Those, who unknowingly transgressed, were obliged to purchase their Expiation by sacrificing a Hog; but the wilful Guilt could not be expiated, in the Opinion of Scævola the High-priest. Sat. Lib c. 16.

These Heralds, from their Office, had the Names of *Præclamitatores* & *præciæ* bestowed upon them.

Yet was not all Work forbidden to the Husbandman; for as Cato de R. R. informs us, they might, even on the most sacred Holiday, clean their Ditches, mend the Highways, cut down Briars, dig their Garden, burn Thorns, weed their Meadows, cleanse their Fish-ponds, bind Withies, and do every Office of Cleanliness in their House. C. 2. ΒΡΟΕΚΗΥΣ.

Pictures of Life and Manners, when truly copied from Nature, however low the Subject, never fail to delight us. And we have here a very faithful one exhibited to us. When the Poet had dismissed Man and Beast to rest, proclaimed a general Holiday, and a Vacation from all Business, he collects that his last most difficult Task was, to snatch the Distaff out of the Hands of the Country Housewife. Whoever has peep'd into a Farm-house, must have observed the notable Mistress, whatever the rest of the Family were doing, always in an Hurry, and acting as eagerly upon the leading Principle of the Country, Frugality, as a Court Lady in Pur-

Vos quoque abesse procul jubeo, (discedite ab aris)

Quis tu'it besterna gaudia nocte Venus.

Castâ placent Superis ; pura cum veste venite,

Et manibus puris fumite fontis aquam.

Cernite, fulgentes ut eat sacer agnus ad aras, 15

Vinctaque post olea candida turba comas.

Dii

suit of Pleasure. Perhaps one general Reason might be assigned for the Impetuosity of both. And the fine Lady Harriet, with the Help of a little Change of Education, might have made a very notable Amaryllis in the Country. B

12. *Who spent in amorous Blandishments.*] All matrimonial Converse with Women was strictly prohibited, during a certain Number of Days preceding the ambarval Sacrifices.

*Annua venerunt cerealis tempora sacri.
Secubat in vacuo sola puella toro.*

Complains the amorous Ovid, El. Lib. III. El. 9. but not only the Unchaste, but Persons defiled with recent Blood, or polluted with the Touch of a dead Body, were forbidden to approach the Altar.

14. *But come, ye Pure, in spotless Garbs array'd.*] The pure Vestment mentioned in the Original, was white, as Ovid, in that wonderful Work of his, the FASTI, informs us.

*Alba decet Cererem, vestes Cerealibus albae
Sancite ; minus pulli vel eris usus abest.*

Lib. IV. Ver. 619.

16. *Come ! follow thrice the Victim.*] Altho' the ambarval Sacrifice was, generally, either a Sow with Pigs, or a Lamb, yet the Goat and Bullock were sometimes also used. But whatever was the Animal, it was conducted thrice with great Solemnity round the Field! (*ter ambiens agros*) and thence obtained the Name Ambarval.

If either in the Procession, or at the Altar, it spurned, or shewed the least Reluctance, they removed it, as displeasing

Hence I command you Mortals from the Rite,
Who spent in amorous Blandishment the Night,
The vernal Powers in Chastity delight.

}
}

But come, ye Pure, in spotless Garbs array'd!

For you the solemn Festival is made!

15

Come! follow thrice the Victim round the Lands!

In running Water purify your Hands!

See! to the Flames the willing Victim come!

Ye Swains with Olive crown'd, be dumb! be dumb!

From

to the Deity; and substituted another Victim in its stead. Hence the Verb *Eat*, in the Original, and the Epithet *Willing*, in the Translation. At the Altar the Victim was unbound; for, as Servius observes,

Piaculum est, in sacrificio aliquid esse religatum.

There is a sensible Epigram in the Anthology, which informs us, that not only Ceres and Bacchus, but Hercules and Mercury had Offerings made to them by the Husbandman. Hermes indeed was contented with Milk and Fruits; but, to the former, Sheep and Oxen were sacrificed. This, it seems, disgusted the penurious Farmer; who being told, Hercules deserved Victims of that Value, he made this spirited Reply, What Difference is there to me, whether my Flock is destroyed by Wolves, or by the Keeper?

Τι τὸ πλὴν εἰ τὸ φυλάκτην
ὀλλυγται ὑπο λύκου εἴθ' ὑπο τοῦ φυλάκτου.

17. In running Water purify your Hands!] Clean Hands were necessary in all Sacrifices. Thus Hesiod,

μηδὲ ποτ' εἴη κού: Διὶ λείβεσθαι αἶθρα οἶνον
Χερσὶν ἀνιπτοῖσιν, μηδὲ ἀλλοῦς ἀθανάτοισιν.
Ὅν γὰρ τοῦτο κλυοῦσιν ἀπεπτιούσι δὲ τ' ἀρας.

Ἐργ. ἢ Ἡμερ. Ver. 724.

Accord

Dii patrii, purgamus agros, purgamus agrestes,
 Vos mala de nostris pellite limitibus.

Neu seges eludat messem fallacibus herbis,
 Neu timeat celeres segnior agna lupos. 20

Tunc nitidus plenis confisus rusticus agris
 Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco.

Tur-

According to Macrobius, when the Romans sacrificed to the *Di superi*, they washed the whole Body with River Water; but, in Sacrifices to the infernal Gods, a bare Sprinkling was sufficient. Sea Water was also sometimes used for the same Purposes.

19. *From Ills, O Sylvan Gods.*] The following is the Form of Prayer used by a Farmer, upon a like Occasion :

“ O Father, I conjure and entreat you, that you will be
 “ propitious to me, to my House and Family; that you
 “ will disperse all Maladies, known and unknown; Cala-
 “ mities, Barrenness, Mortalities, and Pestilence; that you
 “ will give Encrease to my Fruits, Corn, Trees, and Vines;
 “ that you will preserve my Shepherds and my Flocks; and
 “ give Health and Safety to us all.” Vid. Cat. de R. R.
 C. 141.

24. *So shall the Hind.*] I should not have hazarded an Explanation of this Passage, if I had not observed that the meaning of it had escaped the Notice of all the Commentators. One of them has produced from Horace, by way of Explanation,

Ædificare casas, plastro adjungere mures.

And again,

Ædificante casas qui sanior.

Lib. II. Sat. 3.

This is Learning! this is that happy Talent of Criticism which explains a Passage by Authorities from his splendid Fellows. But could this solemn Trifler think, that an Action which Horace represents as the Play of Childhood, which he stigmatizes as a glaring Mark of an unsound Head in any
 one

- “ From Ills, O sylvan Gods, our Limits shield, 20
 “ To-day we purge the Farmer and the Field ;
 “ O let no Weeds destroy the rising Grain ;
 “ By no fell Prowler be the Lambkin slain ;
 “ So shall the Hind dread Penury no more ;
 “ But gaily smiling o’er his plenteous Store, 25
 “ With liberal Hand shall larger Pilets bring,
 “ Heap the broad Hearth, and hail the genial Spring.
 “ His

one that had attained to Manhood, could be considered by so exact a Writer as Tibullus, as a proper Expression of Gratitude from a Country Village to its divine Protectors ? The Words, we see, are Part of an Address to the *Dii patrii*, upon a solemn Lustration of the Villagers and their Fields. First, their Protection is invoked for their Harvest and Flocks, upon the Grant of which an Assurance is given, that the happy Farmer and his Family would shew their Sense of the Blessing by heaping high the Hearth, and running up hasty Huts of Twigs ; both of which must be supposed to be done in Honour of those very Deities to whom the Promise is made. Consider then, that the Lares, the Guardians, and Protectors of Families, must be especially designed by, or at least included amongst the *Dii patrii*. Now comfortable Houses, and warm Fires, were considered as their proper Gifts, as peculiarly under their Tutelage : And nothing could be more in the Spirit of Antiquity than for the Farmer and his sportive Family, in the midst of their festal Joy, and in Gratitude to the bounteous Givers, to exhibit the Representation of the very Gifts which they were supposed to have received from them. The warm Hut and the blazing Fire were as proper Expressions of Gratitude to the Lares, as Arms which had been used successfully to Hercules, the First-fruits to Ceres, and the Image of a restored Limb to Æsculapius, or the *Hermæ* to Mercury the Guide and Protector of Travellers. B

Turbaque vernarum, faturi bona signa coloni,

Ludet, et ex virgis exstruet ante casas.

Eventura precor. Viden' ut felicibus extis 25

Significet placidos nuntia fibra Deos ?

Nunc mihi fumosos veteris proferte Falernos

Consulis : et Chio solvite vincla cado.

Vina diem celebrent ; non festa luce madere

Est rubor, errantes et male ferre pedes. 30

Rura

27. *His numerous Bond-slaves all in goodly Rows.*] These certain Indications of a wealthy Farmer, Horace, with his usual Courtliness of Expression, calls *Ditis exanimæ Domus* ; but as that would have appeared flat in English, Mr. Francis has judiciously passed it over in his Version. So peculiar are Languages !

The *Verna* were Slaves born of Slaves.

35. *Pour'd from the Cask.*] The Original of this cannot be rendered into intelligible English. The Romans marked their Wine Casks with the Name of him who was Consul at the Time when they were filled. They then fastened them down with Chains. The older the Falernian and Chian Wines were, they became the more esteemed. They were often mixed together ; and this heightened the Flavour of both.

Might not these Lines have convinced Dacier, and the other Commentators, who represent Tibullus as an indigent Person, of their Mistake ? A poor Man could not have afforded to treat a whole Village with old Falernian and Chian Wines. G

Though the Romans, by a very unlucky proverbial Expression, used *Græcari* for playing the good Fellow, yet I think that Debauchery and Intemperance were the characteristic Manners, neither of the Greeks nor Romans. At their Festivals, they indeed thought them an indispensable Part of their religious Rejoicings ; and if they were not wholly con-

“ His numerous Bond-slaves all in goodly Rows,
 “ With wicker Hutts your Altars shall inclose.
 “ That done, they’ll cheerly laugh, and dance, and
 play,
 “ And praise your Goodness in their uncouth Lay.”

The Gods assent! see! see! those Entrails show,
 That Heaven approves of what is done below!
 Now quaff Falernian, let my Chian Wine,
 Pour’d from the Cask in massy Goblets shine! 35
 Drink deep, my Friends; all, all, be madly gay,
 Twere Irreligion not to reel To-day!

Health

confined to these, it is certain that by their means they first got footing amongst them. Athenæus Deipn. L. III. ch. 3. tells us, that the Antients never indulged themselves with Dainties, nor drank any Quantity of Wine, but at such times. As a convincing Proof of which he observes, that the very Names for luxurious Eating and Drinking have some Relation to their religious Sacrifices. Thus *ἑσπιν*, a Banquet, is so called, because they thought themselves obliged *δια ἑσπεῖς πρὸς θεοῖς*, to be drunk in Honour of the Gods; and to be drunk they called *μεθύειν*, because they were accustomed to do it, *μετὰ τὸ θυεῖν*, after Sacrifice. The Romans had adopted the same Principles and Practice, as appears from this very sober Exhortation of the Poet. B

38. *And not a Letter of his Name be lost.*] Upon certain Occasions the Romans drank a Bumper for every Letter of their Friend or Mistress’s Name. They received this Custom from the Grecians.

40. *Thou noblest Splendor of an ancient Race.*] The first Romans wore Beards, and were represented accordingly in their Statues and Pictures. The *Intenſis Avis* of the Original, there-

Sed, Bene Messalam, sua quisque ad pocula dicat,

Nomen et absentis singula verba sonent.

Gentis Aquitanae celebr Messala triumphis,

Et magna intonsis gloria victor avis,

Huc ades, adspiraque mihi, dum carmine nostro 35

Redditur Agricolis gratia Coelitibus.

Rura cano, rurisque Deos ; his vita magistris

Desuevit querna pellere glande famem.

Illi compositis primum docuere tigillis

Exiguam viridi fronde operire casam. 40

Rure

therefore shews the Antiquity of Messala's Family. Varro de R. R. informs us, that Fianius Mena was the first who introduced Barbers into Rome ; and he brought them from Sicily, A. U. C. 454. Such Circumstances, though seemingly inconsiderable, are yet necessary for a thorough Understanding of the Classics.

48 *And thatch it o'er with Turf, or leafy Sprays.*] Such were the rude Beginnings of Architecture ! and such wretched Hovels are still to be seen in the barren and mountainous Parts of this great and civilized Island ! See Vitruv. Archit. L. II. c. 1.

Houses at first being only a Defence from the Weather, and built of whatever rude Materials the Country afforded, Rome was originally composed of mud-walled, straw-thatched Cottages. Even Romulus's Palace was a Hut, and as ill furnished as those of his Subjects.

Parva fuit, si prima velis elementa referre,

Roma : sed in parva spes tamen hujus erat.

Magna jam stabant populis angusta futuris ;

Credita sed turba nunc nimis ampla sua ;

Health to Messala, every Peasant toast,
And not a Letter of his Name be lost !

O come, my Friend, whom Gallic Triumphs grace,
Thou noblest Splendor of an antient Race ;
Thou whom the Arts all emulously crown,
Sword of the State, and Honour of the Gown ;
My Theme is Gratitude, inspire my Lays !
O be my Gemus ! while I strive to praise 45
The rural Deities, the rural Plain,
The Use of foodful Corn they taught the Swain.
They taught Man first the social Hut to raise,
And snatch it o'er with Turf, or leafy Sprays :

They

*Quæ fuerit nostræ si quaris regia nati,
Adspice de canna straminibusque domum :
In stipula placidi carpebas munera somni.*

OV. FAST. L. III.

We are certain, that Rome at first was only a Huddle of Cottages, without any regular Openings and Streets ; nay some Philologists have conjectured, that that City never had regular Streets like ours, as there is no Latin Word which properly signifies a Street : Neither were Rome's first Places of Worship much more superb than its Houses, since we know, from Pliny, that, till after the Conquest of Asia, the Romans had only wooden, or at best earthen Gods in their Temples.

The Translator must finish this Note with correcting an Error into which he has fallen, in his Notes upon the first Elegy of the first Book. There, p. 16, it is asserted, that no Purchaser was intitled to the Spoils with which any
House

Illi etiam tauros primum docuisse feruntur

Servitium, et plastro supposuisse rotam.

Tunc victus abiere feri; tunc insita pomus;

Tunc bibit irriguas fertilis hortus aquas.

Rure levis verno flores apis ingerit alveo,

45

Compleat ut dulci sedula melle favos.

Agri-

House he might buy, was adorned. But the Fact is quite otherwise; for Pliny expressly says, it was unlawful to take down these Trophies; *Affixis boſium ſpoliis, nec emptori refrigere liceret.*

NAT. HIST. L. 35. c. 2.

Thus it was that the Romans endeavoured to perpetuate the martial Glory of their Ancestors.

55. *And to their Cells.*] Broekhusius, contrary to the Opinion of most of the Commentators, joins *Verno* to *Alveo*; and, in a far-fetch'd manner, justifies this Construction by a Passage from Columella. The Translator cannot however help joining *Verno* with *Rure*. It is certain that Martial couples *apium* to *rus*, Lib. 8. Ep. 61. Fruterius reads it,

Rure levis vernus flores, &c.

But the Ear may easily convince any one, that Tibullus never wrote it so.

59. *Pip'd to his Household Gods.*] A noble Origin this of Poetry! After the Hymns and Sacrifice were over, the Villagers devoted the rest of the Day to Feasting and Merriment. Their Merriments, as Horace informs us, chiefly consisted in alternate, gay, extempore, innocent, and awkward Jokes.

Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica ſudit.

This Holiday Wit, and rude Species of Poetry, was called *Fescanina* & *Saturaine*, from the Places in Tuscany and Latium, where it chiefly prevailed.

From

They first to tame the furious Bull essay'd,
 And on rude Wheels the rolling Carriage laid. 50
 Man left his savage Ways ; the Garden glow'd,
 Fruits not their own admiring Trees bestow'd,
 While thro' the thirsty Ground meandring Runnels
 flow'd.

There Bees of Sweets dispoil the breathing Spring,
 And to their Cells the dulcet Plunder bring. 55
 The Ploughman first to sooth the toilsome Day,
 Chanted in measur'd Feet his sylvan Lay :
 And, Seed-time o'er, he first in blythsome Vein,
 Pip'd to his Household Gods the hymning Strain.

Then

From being practis'd by Rusticks, and only on these Occasions, this Species of witty Raillery soon became the Entertainment of Towns, at their public Diversions. Then it was, probably, that Musick and Dancing, with Gestures suited to the Subject, were added, and the Raillery levell'd not only at the Actors, but Spectators. The Success of this motley Entertainment suggested in time the Idea of another Poem, as various and sarcastic as the former.

From the Country Custom of making Presents of Baskets filled with Fruits, Flowers, &c. (*Satura Lances*) upon particular Occasions, this new Entertainment assumed the Name of *Satura Poemata*, or Satyr. By Degrees, both these kinds of Raillery became so petulant, that Worth and Virtue were often treated by them, with the same Severity, as Vice and Folly. This obliged the Magistrate to interpose his Authority ; in consequence of which, a Law was made, A. U. C. 302, subjecting not only the Authors of these *Mala Carmina*, but those also who recited and acted them, to a Drubbing ; and hence the Punishment was called, *Fustilegium*. Thus

Agricola affiduo primum fatiatus aratro,

: Cantavit certo ruffica verba pede.

Et fatur arenti primum est modulatus avena

Carmen, ut ornatos diceret ante Deos.

50

Aurea tunc preffos pedibus dedit uva liquores :

Miftaque fecuro sobria lympha mero est.

Rura ferunt melfes, calidi quum fideris aestu

Deponit flavas annua terra comas.

Agricola et minio fuffufus, Bacche, rubenti

55

Primus inexperta duxit ab arte choros.

Huic

was illiberal and dangerous Wit refrained; and chaste Satyr, by the fucceffive Endeavours of Lucilius and others, advanced to an eminent Degree of Perfektion. But as Policy foon difcovered that theatrical Entertainments, of one kind or another, were neceffary; a Company of Tufcan Hiftors, or Players, (for the Tufcans were then the beft Actors) were invited to Rome about forty Years after the Law above-mentioned had paffed. The Language of thefe Tufcans not being underftood at Rome, they endeavoured to fupply this Deficiency by a dumb Sort of Declamation, or eloquent Action, wherein the Motions and Geftures of the Body were regulated by the Flute, in fuch a manner as to represent every Sentiment and Paffion to the Eye of the Spectator. This pantomimical Entertainment foon, however, fell into Difufe, either through the Death of the Tufcan Performers, or becaufe it poffeffed not the poignant Raillery of the former Pieces. Accordingly we find, that in A. U. C. 390, when a Peftilence (for fo Hiftorians call it) raged at Rome, the Magiftrates were admonifhed to avert the Anger of the Gods, by exhibiting Plays. In confequence of this, a fecond Company was fent for from Tufcany; and now they began to act (as Mr. Dr. den expreffes it) a kind of civil cleanly Farce, the Mufic, Dancing, and Geftures being

EL. I. THE ELEGIES OF TIBULLUS. 23
 Then first the Prefs with purple Wine o'er-ran, 60
 And cooling Water made it fit for Man.
 The Village-Lad first made a Wreath of Flowers
 To deck in Spring the tutelary Powers :
 Blest be the Country, yearly there the Plain 65
 Yields, when the Dog-star burns, the golden Grain :
 Thence too thy Chorus, Bacchus, first began,
 The painted Clown first laid the tragic Plan.

A

ing retained. These Exhibitions, which had something in them to entertain the Senses, and were not withal devoid of Wit and Ridicule, continued in quiet Possession of the Roman Theatre for 124 Years. Livius Andronicus was the first who brought a regular Play upon the Roman Stage. His Plays were divided into Acts, and modelled after the old Comedy. Andronicus was a Grecian by Birth, and had been taken Captive by the Romans. Having acquired a competent Knowledge of the Language of that People, he was presented with his Freedom, by his Master Salinator, whose Children he had educated. This grand scenical Revolution, as Tully informs us, happened a Year after the first Punic War, and a Year before Ennius was born. Now it was that, among the Romans, the Learned began to study the Greek Authors : and as the tragic Poets of Greece had carried the Buskin to so great Perfection, those among the Romans, who wrote for the Stage, thought they could not better employ their Talents than in translating those great Originals, for the Entertainment of their Countrymen : And it was not till the Age of Augustus, that any Piece, intirely Roman, was introduced upon the Stage.

Although Horace, as well as our Poet, attribute the Invention of Poetry to the Husbandman, yet many Critics, and especially Scaliger, bestow that Honour on the Shepherd : And indeed, when we consider that Flocks were tended before the Earth was ploughed, their Opinion is not improbable. But

Huic datus à pleno memorabile munus ovili

Dux pecoris ; hirtas duxerat hircus oves.

Rure puer verno primam de flore coronam

Fecit, et antiquis imposuit Laribus.

60

Rure etiam teneris curam exhibitura puellis

Molle gerit tergo lucida vellus ovis.

Hinc et femineus labor est, hinc pensa, colusque,

Fusus et apposito pollice versat opus.

Hic

as Poetry is natural to Man, and peculiar to no Nation, who can ascertain its Inventor ?

64. *Blest be the Country.*] Broekhusius says, the Poet means the Sun by the *Calidum sidus*. It seems rather that he meant the Dog Star. Tibullus calls the growing Corn the Earth's annual Hair. This Metaphor will not do in English.

66. *Thence too thy Chorus.*] Tragedy was at first nothing but an annual Hymn, sung by Peasants, in Honour of Bacchus ; and he who acquitted himself best upon this Topic, was rewarded with a Goat. Hence the Greek Name *τραγῳδία*. But as the Sameness of the Subject must at last have proved irksome, not only to the Poet, but to the Audience ; it was no Wonder that this Entertainment was afterwards diversified. Thespis, a Native of Icaria, a mountainous Part of Attica, where this Ceremony first obtained, interrupted the Bacchic Chorus, A. Mund. 3130, by Recitation, on Pretence of easing the Chorus, and varying the Amusement. He happily succeeded ; and what, at first, was only a subsidiary Interlude, soon became the principal Entertainment. Rude, doubtless, it was ; for Thespis, as Aristotle hints, employed but one Interlocutor. The Entertainment yet scarce merited the Name of Tragedy, which cannot subsist without Dialogue. Succeeding Poets saw this ; and, by improving on one another, carried Tragedy to Perfection.

The

A Goat, the Leader of the shaggy Throng,
 The Village sent it, recompenc'd the Song.
 There too the Sheep his woolly Treasure wears ; 70
 There too the Swain his woolly Treasure shears ;
 This to the thrifty Dame long Work supplies ;
 The Distaff hence, and Basket took their Rife.

Hence

The Chorus was retained ; but then, it was no longer a Hymn in Honour of Bacchus. The Subject of the Song arose from the Subject of the Play ; and those who performed it in the Chorus, became essential Persons in the Drama.

Although the Greeks fix upon Attica, as the Place where Tragedy made its first Appearance, yet as Man is an imitative Animal, the Source of this Species of Poetry, as well as of the other imitative Arts, is to be sought for in human Nature. The Chinese, from the earliest Antiquity, have had dramatic Entertainments ; and that excellent Historian Garcilaffo de la Vega, informs us, in the first Part of his *Commentarios Reales*, that the Peruvians composed and acted several Tragedies and Comedies.

The Reason for sacrificing a Goat to the God of Wine, the Antiquarians tell us, was this : Bacchus, having found out the Secret of cultivating the Vine, and of making Wine from the Grape, taught his Discovery to one Icarus (Vid. Bulinger. de Theat. L. 1. c. 1.) a Native of Icaria, who successfully continued the Practice. One Day, as Icarus was visiting his Vineyard, he caught a Goat, which had made great Havock among his Vines. Interest, and Gratitude to his Instructor, equally conspiring, he sacrificed the Creature to Bacchus. His Peasants, who doubtless had been invited to see the Foe immolated, danced around the Sacrifice, and joyfully sung the Praises of the God. Institutions of this kind, need but be begun, to make them continual. Hence what at first was merely accidental, became a Part of annual Devotion.

71. *There too the Swain his woolly Treasure shears.*] See a fine Description of Wool-shearing in Mr. Thomson's Summer,
 VOL. II. C 74 Hence

Atque aliqua assiduæ textis operata Minervae 65

Cantat, et adplauso tela sonat latere.

Ipse interque greges, interque armenta Cupido

Natus, et indomitas dicitur inter equas.

Illic indocto primum se exercuit arcu.

Hei mihi, quam doctas nunc habet ille manus! 70

Nec pecudes velut ante petit: fixisse puellas

Gessit, et audaces perdomuisse viros.

His

74. Hence too the various Labours of the Loom.] Weaving was held in such Estimation by the Antients, that the Goddess of Wisdom patronized that Art. Hence not only the greatest Queens of old, but Circe, the Daughter of the Sun, and a Goddess, practised it. The Reader, who chuses to see this Subject treated of, with all the Importance it deserves, must peruse that most elegant of didactic Poems, the Fleece.

76. Mid Mountain.] The Author of that delicate Poem, the *Pervigilium Veneris*, also makes the God of Love to have been born in the Country.

Ipse amor, puer Dionæ, rure natus dicitur.

Hunc ager, cum parturiret ipsa, suscepit sinu;

Ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis.

Which are thus elegantly translated by Parnell,

E'en Love (if Fame the Truth of Love declare)

Drew first the Breathings of a rural Air.

Some pleasing Meadow, pregnant Beauty prest,

She laid her Infant on its flow'ry Breast,

From Nature's Sweets he sipp'd the fragrant Dew,

He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew. G

This Birth of Love is very prettily imagined; and the epifodical Address to him, in a precatory Hymn to the rural Deities, is not without its Propriety. We know, that to gratify the Farmer's Hopes, his Cattle must increase as well as his Grain flourish, and that Beasts as well as Men were supposed to feel the Influence of Almighty Love. Poetry animates

Hence too the various Labours of the Loom,
 Thy Praise, Minerva, and Arachne's Doem ! 75

Mid Mountain Herds Love first drew vital Air,
 Unknown to Man, and Man had nought to fear ;
 'Gainst Herds, his Bow th' unskilful Archer drew ;
 Ah my pierc'd Heart, an Archer now too true !

Now Herds may roam untouch'd, 'tis Cupid's Joy, 80
 The Brave to vanquish, and to fix the Coy.

The

mates every thing. In an Heathen Poet's Creed, not only Hills, Trees, Fountains, are inhabited by superior Intelligences, but the very Passions themselves must be exalted into Deities. If we strip the Description of Tibullus of its poetical Ornaments, it will be found to agree very well with Truth and Nature. The Workings of the Passions in Minds rude and uncultivated, such as an Heathen Poet must suppose the first Men to have been, must needs be tumultuous and undistinguishing. Love in this Case would be meer Lust, without either Choice or Discernment, raised and gratified by the first Object that offered ; and when exalted into a Person, may justly be supposed to have his Birth amongst Beasts, or Men little superior to them, and to throw his Arrows about at random. But when the Mind begins to admit of Refinement, becomes curious about its Objects, and delicate in its Pursuits, then Love will only be excited in it by Excellence, either real or imagined ; and, despising promiscuous Concubinage, and the Possession of easier Gratifications, it will, with much Pain and Anxiety, and severe Distress upon Miscarriage, confine itself to the Pursuit of some favourite Object. Then it is, that the deified Passion must be supposed, to become skilful in its Business, to take exact Aim, and neglecting the bestial Throng, to wound those Hearts deepest that are capable of the most exquisite Feeling. Thus does our Poet keep close to Nature, even when

Hic juveni detraxit opes : hic dicere jussit

Limen ad iratae verba pudenda senem.

Hoc duce custodes furtim transgressa jacentes

75

Ad juvenem tenebris sola puella venit :

Et pedibus praetentat iter suspenfa timore,

Explorat caecas cui manus ante vias.

Ah

his Language is most figurative, and speaks of the Passions, almost with as much Precision, as the most curious Theorist. B
88. *With out-stretch'd Arms.*] Ariosto, as Broekhusius remarks, has happily imitated our Poet, in his Fable of Jovondo and Astolphus.

*Il Greco, si come ella li disegna
Quando sente dormir tulla la torma,
Viene a l'uscio, e lo spinge, e quel li cede.
Entra pian piano, e va à tenton col piede.*

*Fa lungbi i passi, e sempre in quel di dietro
Tutta si ferma, e l'altro par che moia
A Guisa, che di dar tema nel vostro
Non che'l terreno babbia calcar, ma l'uova ;
E tien la mano inanzi simil metro
Va brancolando in fin che'l letto trova, &c.*

CANT. 28. St. 62, 63.

Which is thus rendered by a late Translator,

The Greek, just as she had design'd at Night,
When all the Crowd he sleeping did perceive,
Came to the Door, and push'd it, and it op'd ;
He enter'd softly, and on Tiptoe grop'd.

He makes long Strides, still on his Foot behind ;
Rests firm, and seem'd as if he cautious led
His t'other Foot, as fearing Glass to find,
And that an Egg, not ground, he had to tread :

And

The Youth whose Heart the soft Emotion feels,
 Nor sighs for Wealth, nor waits at Grandeur's Heels ;
 Age fir'd by Love is touch'd by Shame no more,
 But blabs its Follies at the Fair One's Door ! 85
 Led by soft Love, the tender trembling Fair
 Steals to her Swain, and cheats Suspicion's Care,
 With out-stretch'd Arms she wins her darkling Way,
 And Tiptoe listens that no Noise betray !

Ah

And forward, keeping Time, his Hand inclin'd,
 Still tottering on, until he found the Bed, &c.

This Sweetness, however, the Author of the *Perovigilium Veneris* has attained to.

*Ipsa Nymphas Diva luco jussit ire Myrteo,
 It puer comes puellis, nec tamen credi potest
 Esse amorem feriatum, si sagittas voverit.
 Ite Nymphæ, posuit arma, feriatu est Amor.
 Jussus est inermis ire, nudus ire jussus est ;
 Neu quid arcu, neu sagitta, neu quid igne læderet.
 Sed tamen Nymphæ cavete, quod Cupido pulcer est.
 Est in armis totus idem, quando nudus est Amor.*

Now fair Dione to the myrtle Grove
 Sends the gay Nymphs, and sends her tender Love.
 And shall they venture ? Is it safe to go ?
 While Nymphs have Hearts, and Cupid wears a Bow ?
 Yes, safely venture, 'tis his Mother's Will,
 He walks unarm'd, and undesigning Ill,
 His Torch extinct, his Quiver uselefs hung;
 His Arrows idle, and his Bow unstrung.
 And yet, ye Nymphs, beware, his Eyes have Charms,
 And Love that's naked, still is Love in Arms.

Ah miseri, quos hic graviter Deus urget : at ille

Felix, cui placidus leniter afflat Amor. 80

Sancte veni dapibus festis ; sed pone sagittas ;

Et procul ardentem hinc procul abde faces.

Vos celebrem cantate Deum, pecorique vocate

Voce, palam pecori, clam sibi quisque vocet.

Aut etiam sibi quisque palam ; nam turba jocosa 85

Obstrepat, et Phrygio tibia curva sono.

Ludite, jam Nox jungit equos, currumque sequuntur

Matris lascivo sidera fulva choro.

Postque venit tacitus fuscis circumdatus alis

Somnus, et incerto somnia vana pede. 90

And again,

Ruris hic erant puella, &c.

To fill the Presence of the gentle Court,
From every Quarter, rural Nymphs resort.
From Woods, from Mountains, from their humble
Vales,

From Waters curling with the wanton Gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful Train, the laughing Queen
In Circles seats them round the Banks of Green,
And " lovely Girls, she whispers, guard your Hearts,
" My Boy, the' stript of Arms, abounds in Arts."

93. *O come—but throw.]*

Come Cupid then, but throw thy Shafts away,
Thy burning Shafts, &c.

Hæc sunt bellissima, as Broekhusius justly remarks, et amene simplicitatis lenocinio amabilissima. Frustra ad hanc suavitatem adspirant illi, qui perspicere non possunt, quid sit pulchritudo naturalis.

Ah wretched those, on whom dread Cupid frowns !
 How happy they, whose mutual Choice he crowns !
 Will Love partake the Banquet of the Day ?
 O come—but throw thy burning Shafts away.

Ye Swains, begin to mighty Love the Song,
 Your Songs, ye Swains, to mighty Love belong ! 95
 Breathe out aloud your Wishes for my Fold,
 Your own soft Vows in Whispers may be told.
 But hark ! loud Mirth and Musick fire the Crowd —
 Ye now may venture to request aloud !

Pursue your Sports ; Night mounts her curtain'd
 Wane ; 100
 The dancing Stars compose her filial Train ;
 Black muffled Sleep steals on with silent Pace,
 And Dreams flit fast, Imaginations Race !

THE

97. *Your own soft Vows.*] When the Superstitious, among the Antients, were solicitous to obtain what Morality forbade them to desire, they put up private Petitions to the Gods, and imagined that the Gods were, in that Case, obliged to grant their Requests ; more especially when the Offerings they presented were sufficiently costly. See this abominable Superstition, forcibly redargued by that great moral Satyrick Persius, whom now the English Reader may with Pleasure peruse, in a no less faithful than elegant poetical Version. When the Antients were particularly anxious about the Attainment of any thing, they used to bribe the Keepers of the Temple of their favourite God, to let them come nearest his Statue, in order that their Petition might be the best heard. Senec. Ep. 41.

100. *Night mounts her curtain'd Want.*] Evening and Night are variously represented by both Poets and Painters: In one of the Hymns usually ascribed by Critics to Orpheus, the Stars, as in our Poet, are called the Daughters of Night, And Theocritus names them

Εὐμῆλα κατ' ἀστὺα νυκτὸς ὄραδοι.

Id. 2.

Mr. Thomson's Description of a Summer's Eve and Night is exquisitely fine, containing many appropriated and original Images: Neither is the following Picture, by Mr. Smart, destitute of real Poetry.

Night, with all her Negro Train,
Took Possession of the Plain,
In a Herse she rode, reclin'd,
Drawn by Scritch-Owls, slow and blind.
Close to her, with printless Feet,
Crept Stillness, in a winding Sheet.

See his orig. Poems, p. 13.

Mr. Spence, in the Notes on his Dialogue of the Planets, Times, and Seasons, converts the *Matris* of the Original into *Martis*, and so applies it to the Planet *Mars*. But as this Reading is unauthoriz'd by any MSS. or good Edition, and in Truth has no Sort of Connexion with the Context, Night being there represented as the Mother of the Stars, we have been obliged to reject it.

104. *Black muffled Sleep.*] Statius and Claudian make Sleep the Charioteer of Night. But the Poet assigned Somnus by our Poet, is both more poetical, and more consonant to Truth.

This Night-piece is worthy the Pencil of a Claude Lorraine or a Guido Rhoni.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

DICAMUS bona verba, venit Natalis, ad aras.
 Quisquis ades, lingua vir, mulierque fave.
 Urantur pia tura focus, urantur odores,
 Quos tener e terra divite mittit Arabs.
 Ipse suos Genius adfit visurus honores,
 Cui decorent sanctas mollia farta comas.
 Illius puro destillent tempora nardo :
 Atque satur libo fit, madeatque mero.

Adnuat

This Elegy celebrates the Birth-day of Cornutus ; and is addressed to Genius, a Sort of Divinity, who was supposed constantly to attend every Man through the whole Course of his Life. It exhibits a Description of the Rites usually performed on that Occasion.

In some less perfect Editions, the Person, on whose Birth-day this Elegy was written, is called, Cerinthus ; but as the laborious Broekhusius has proved, that Cerinthus is the foreign Name of a Slave, and Slaves according to him were not permitted to marry, *servis enim non uxores, sed concubinales erant* ; a Wife being mentioned by the Poet as the chief Boon his Friend had to demand of his natal God : and as the oldest MSS. and least corrupted Editions read *Cornutus*, we also have retained that Name.

After

T H E

S E C O N D E L E G Y .

RISE, happy Morn, without a Cloud arise !
 This Morn, Cornutus blest his Mother's Eyes !
 Hence each unholy Wish, each adverse Sound,
 As we his Altar's hallowed Verge surround !
 Let rich Arabian Odors scent the Skies,
 And sacred Incense from his Altar rise ;
 Implor'd, thou tutelary God, descend !
 And deck'd with flowery Wreaths the Rites attend !
 Then as his Brows with precious Unguents flow,
 Sweet sacred Cakes, and liberal Wine bestow.

O Genius

After all, as we know nothing certain of either Cerinthus, or Cornutus, the Reader may adopt what Name he shall think proper.

1. *Rise, happy Morn, &c.*] The God meant in the Text is Genius. Plutarch (in Lib. de Oracul.) and Plato inform us, that being of a middle Nature between Gods and Men, the Genii were supposed to be the secret Monitors, by whose

Adnuat et, Cornute, tibi quodcumque rogabis.

En age, quid cessas? adnuet ille; roga. 10

Auguror, uxoris fidos optabis amores.

Jam reor hoc ipfos edidicisse Deos.

Nec tibi malueris totum quaecumque per orbem

Fortis arat valido rusticus arva bove.

Nec tibi gemmarum quidquid felicibus Indis

Nascitur, Eoi qua maris unda rubet.

Vota

Insinuations Mankind were inclined to the Practice of Goodness. According to Varro, in his Book intituled *Atticus*, the Antients abstained from all bloody Sacrifices at the Festival of Genius: and the Reason given for this Conduct is, that they might not deprive other Beings of Life, on that Day, wherein they themselves joyfully commemorated the Reception of it. They offered Wine indeed, because that promotes Hilarity; as also Pulse, which they called *Tritilla*, that being in antient Times a Child's first Spoon Meat. Vid. *Censor. de Die natal. & Bonborn. Quæst. Rom.* p. 94.

Genius is derived from *Gigno*; and therefore Horace styles him

*Natale Comes qui temperat astrum,
Humanae Deus Naturæ.*

Vid. Notes on El. 8. B. 1. and El. 5: B. 4.

2. *This Morn, &c*] This Cornutus, if Broekhusius is not mistaken in his Conjecture, is he who was Prætor of Rome A. U. C. 710. in the Consulate of Hirtius and Pansa; who, in their Absence, enjoyed the consular Authority; and was appointed by the Senate *Supplicationes per 50 dies ad omnia pulvinaria constituere*, for the Victory obtained at Modena. Vid. Cicer. lib. 10. Ep. fam. 12 & 16. See also the Notes on El. 6. B. 3.

However as this Supposition is founded upon the Sameness of Name only, so the Person, whose Birth our Poet celebrates, may have been some young Nobleman of the Sulpician

O Genius, grant what'er my Friend desires :
 The Cake is scatter'd, and the Flame aspires ! 10
 Ask then, my noble Friend, what'er you want :
 What silent still ? your Prayer the God will grant :
 Uncovetous of rural wide Domains,
 You beg no woody Hills, no cultur'd Plains :
 Not venal, you request no Eastern Stores, 15
 Where ruddy Waters lave the gemmy Shores :
 Your

pician or Cœcilian Families, Cornutus being a Surname in both these Houses.

It was the Custom, says Dart, to injoin Silence at all religious Invocations ; the Priest began with the known Expression *Favete linguis*, lest any Words of ill Omen should injure the Sacrifice. Vid. Hor. Ep. Lib. 3. Ode 1. and Virg. Æn. Lib. 5. but as Tibullus enjoins *bona verba*, which Ovid calls *bona preces*; it would seem, that Silence was not so much expected, as that the Words and Prayers of the Spectators should have a Tendency to further the Happiness of him, for whom the Offering was made.

The different Manners in which these two Lines are printed in the Original, have occasioned a Variety of Interpretations.

See a more particular Account of the Festival of Genius in Ovid, Lib. 3. Trist. El. 13. Lib. 5. Trist. El. 5. also Lib. 1. Fast. V. 72. and Lib. 3. Pont. Epist. 4.

[9. O Genius, grant, &c.] Altho' among the Romans each Person was supposed to have his own distinct Genius, who was born and died with him, and consequently, tho' Genius was but a Plebeian Divinity, yet it appears from this, and some other Passages in the Classics, that the Genii were thought to have a Power of bestowing important Favours on those they attended. They seem, however, to be nothing else, but the particular Bent of each Person, made into a Deity ;

Vota cadunt, viden' ut trepidantibus advolet alis.

Flavaque conjugio vincula portet Amor ?

Vincula quae maneat semper, dum tarda senectus

Inducat rugas, inficiatque comas.

20

Hac venias Natalis avi, prolemque ministros,

Ludat et ante tuos turba novella pedes.

ELEGIA

a Deity ; and as every Body's own Temper is, in a great measure, the Cause of his Happiness or Misery, they were supposed to share in all the Enjoyments and Sufferings of the Persons they attended. Hence, probably, come those Expressions among the Antients, of indulging or defrauding your Genius. The *Comes*, or presiding Genius of the Sex, was a Female, and called *Juno*. The Women, as well as their Admirers, used to swear by this Deity. Of the latter we have an Instance in the last Elegy of the last Book of Tibullus ; and Petronius gives us a pleasant Instance of the former, *Junonem meam iratam habeam*, says the debauched Quartilla, *si me unquam virginem fuisse memini* ! On Medals these Deities are sometimes dressed, like the Persons, over whom they presided. Thus the Juno of a Vestal was habited like a Nun of that Order. There was no Harm in this ; but when the Medallists represent the Genius of that Monster Nero, with the *Insignia* of Piety, Plenty, and Prosperity, we cannot help lamenting at least the Depravity of these Artists.

16. *Where ruddy Waters lave, &c.* A Quotation from that accurate and curious Roman Traveller Pietro dellaValle, will shew the Propriety of this Expression.

Mi maravigliai ben' assai del nome di Rosso, che si dà a questo mare : perche non è come il mar Nero, che per la sicurezza sua, che nasce dal fondo cupo e sporco, merita degnamente quel nome : in questo l'acqua è chiarissima, che si vede il fondo più, che non si fa a Posilipo la state ; ed a vederla di lontano piglia, come gli altri mari, color di turchino. L'arena poi, dalla quale vogliono alcuni che il nome derivi, (son tutte bugie) è come le altre ; anzi bianca assai più delle nostre : di maniera, che il nome non può venir da altro, che dal nome proprio di quel rè Eytbra, sepulto in un'

Your Wish I guess; you with a beauteous Spouse,
 Joy of your Joy, and faithful to your Vows.
 'Tis done! my Friend! see nuptial Love appears!
 See! in his Hand a yellow Zone he bears! 20
 A yellow Zone, that spite of Years shall last,
 And heighten Fondness, even when Beauty's past.

With happy Signs, great Power, confirm our Prayer,
 With endless Concord bless the married Pair.
 O grant, dread Genius, that a numerous Race 25
 Of beauteous Infants crown their fond Embrace;
 Their beauteous Infants round thy Feet shall play,
 And keep with custom'd Rites this happy Day.

T H E

un' isola del oceano meridionale come dice Strabone, che significava Rosso; dal quale, come si vede in uso appresso i Latini, tutto quel mare, e non il solo seno Arabico, che è una particella di esso, prese di Rosso il nome; che da' moderni poi, forse perche così lo chiamava la Sacra Scrittura nel passaggio deg' i Ebrei, al seno Arabico, di cui parliamo, più specialmente è stato appropriato.

BROEKHUS. p. 232.

19. 'Tis done, &c.] The Original of this Passage Mr. Dart, in conformity to Achilles Statius, interprets,

Alas, your Prayers are slighted, &c.

But the subsequent Part of the Elegy shews the Mistake.

Besides, we know the Antients supposed, that Genius was very complaisant upon those Occasions, never refusing any Petition. The nuptial Bed was consecrated to this God.

Not only Men, but Cities and Nations had their Genii. The Concealment of the Names of the latter was looked upon as of the highest Consequence; it being believed, that

when a Town was invested, or a Country harrafs'd by Wars if the Enemy implor'd them by their right Appellations they would abandon that City or Nation.

Cicero twice uses the Word *cadere* in the same Sense that our Poet uses it.

20. *And in his Hand a yellow Zone he bears.*] Yellow was consecrated, by the Antients, to the God of Marriage.

23. *With happy Signs, great Power, confirm, &c.*] The Original of this Passage is variously read. According to Heinsius's Correction it is,

Huc venias natalis avi, prolemque ministras.

But Scaliger, and other Editors, print it thus,

Huc veniat Natalis avis prolemque ministras.

The natal Bird, which this Reading supposes, was, according to them, the Crow. It is true, Ælian (de Anim. Lib. 3. c. 9.) tells us, he was informed, that the Antients, in their Marriages, were wont to invoke that Bird, after
their

their Addresses to Hymenæus, it being regarded as a Symbol of Concord by those who married on account of Children. The Passage, however, upon which they build this their Interpretation, plainly shews, that the Crow was not looked upon, in the Days of Hadrian, as propitious to Marriage; and we have the Authority of Virgil and Horace, not to mention Pliny the Elder, for asserting, that the Crow was a Bird of bad Omen. The *bac Avi* then, of the Original signifies *bec Augurio*; as is expressed in the Version, where something of Scaliger's Interpretation is also retained.

According to Vulpius they used to observe at the Birth of a Child, what Birds either flew past, or made a Noise, and from these Circumstances predicted good or bad Fortune to their Progeny. But as Cupid some few Lines before is represented with *Strepitantibus alis*, that Critic is of Opinion that the *Natalis Avis* mentioned in the Text, is the God of Love, who, at the Birth of Cornutus and his Wife, gave happy Omens. But though it is true, that Bion has represented Love as a large Bird, the Interpretation seems too far-fetched for Tibullus.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

RURA meam, Corante, tenent villaeque puellam.
 Ferreus est chœu quisquis in urbe manet.
 Ipsa Venus laetos jam nunc migravit in agros,
 Verbaque aratoris rustica discit Amor.
 O ego, quum dominam adspicerem, quam fortiter illic
 Versarem valido pingue bidente solum.
 Agricolaeque modo curvum sectarer aratrum,
 Dum subigunt steriles arva ferenda boves.
 Nec quererer, quod Sol graciles exureret artus,
 Laederet aut teneras pustula rupta manus. 10

Nec

Nemesis, to whom the remaining Elegies in this Book are addressed, had gone from Rome, to her Estate in the Country, to be present, as is supposed, at the Festival of the God Terminus, which was annually celebrated about the 21st of Feb. As the Poet was deeply enamoured of Nemesis, her Departure gave him great Uneasiness; but being informed, that she meant to continue at her Seat till the Vintage and Harvest were past, he determined to follow her in the Dress of a Peasant, and by getting himself employed in her Fields, thus to enjoy the Satisfaction of beholding her undiscover'd. Cornutus probably objected to the Disgrace of this Metamorphosis; but to this Tibullus gave an appropriated Answer; the God of Poets, Apollo himself, in Circumstances analogous.

T H E
T H I R D E L E G Y.

MY fair, Cornutus, to the Country's flown,
 Oh how insipid is the City grown !
 No Taste have they for Elegance refin'd ;
 No tender Bosoms, who remain behind :
 Now Cytherea glads the laughing Plain, 5
 And Smiles and Sports compose her sylvan Train.
 Now Cupid joys to learn the Ploughman's Phrase,
 And clad a Peasant o'er the Fallow strays.
 O how the weighty Prong I'll busy weild !
 Should the Fair wander to the labour'd Field ; 10
 A Farmer then the crooked Plough-share hold,
 Whilst the dull Ox prepares the vigorous Mold :
 I'd not complain tho' Phoebus burnt the Lands,
 And painful Blisters swell'd my tender Hands.

Adme-

gous to mine, said he, abandoned Heaven, and became the
 Herdsman of Admetus : Nay so thoroughly was that Deity
 mastered by Love, that he withdrew his Attention from the
 Del-

Pavit et Admeti tauros formosus Apollo :

Nec cithara, intonæ profueruntve comæ.

Nec potuit curas sanare salubribus herbis ;

Quidquid erat medicæ vicerat artis Amor.

Ipse Deus solitus stabulis expellere vaccas,

Et potum fessas ducere fluminibus ;

Et miscere novo docuisse coagula lacte,

Lacteus, et mistis obriguisse liquor.

Tunc fiscella levi detexta est vimine junci,

15

Raraque per nexus est via facta ferro.

O quoties illo vitulum gestante per agros

Dicitur occurrens erubuisse foror.

O quo-

Delphian Shrine, &c. and submitted to perform the meanest rural Drudgeries.

As Tibullus deemed his Friend's Approbation of Consequence, he enumerates these Servilities, and therefore the Translator cannot help thinking that the Line

Ipse Deus, &c.

and the three following, being descriptive of these, are genuine. What farther confirms the Translator in his Opinion of their Authenticity, is, that Ovid makes use of the same Argument in his Art of Love.

But probably, the Example of Apollo had not all the Influence on the uninspired and laughing Cornutus, that our Poet could have wished. Tibullus therefore curses the Occasion of his amorous Travesty, exclaims against Agriculture, and wishes for a Return of the golden Age ; but suddenly changing his Tone, he offers himself to the meanest and most laborious Employments of the Country, to enjoy the Felicity of obeying his Mistress.

Propertius's 19 El. Lib. 2. and Ovid's beautiful Invitation to Corinna, from his Country Seat, may be compared with this.

5. New

Admetus' Herds the fair Apollo drove, 15
 In spite of Med'cine's Power, a Prey to Love ;
 Nor aught avail'd to sooth his amorous Care,
 His Lyre of silver Sound, or waving Hair.
 To quench their Thirst, the Kine to Streams he led,
 And drove them from their Pasture to the Shed : 20
 The Milk to curdle, then, the Fair he taught,
 And from the Cheefe to strain the dulcet Draught.
 Oft, oft his Virgin-sister blush'd for Shame,
 As bearing Lambkins o'er the Field he came !

Oft

5. *Now Cytherea glads, &c.*] Hercules Strozza, no mean Poet of Ferrara, has happily imitated this Passage of Tibullus ;

*Rura peto ; valeatque forum, valeantque sodales.
 Et Venus et Veneris cessit in arva puer.
 Pascit Amor pecus ; at numerum Cytherea recenset :
 Vomere dura gravi jugera findit Hymen.
 Et dominam mirantur Oves, dominumque volucrum :
 Vicinasque rudis combibit agna faces,
 Plus solito petulans aries salit ; icetaque tellus
 Sentit aratori numen inesse suo.*

Lib. 1. Am. El. 2.

Strozza inherited the poetical Talent of his Father Titus.

7. *Now Cupid joys to learn, &c.*] It is not improbable, as Broekhusius remarks, that Tibullus was indebted to Moschus's Epigram *Εἰς ἑρτα ἀγορῆματα*, for this Thought.

9. *O bow, &c.*] Hammond's 7th Elegy is almost a Translation of this.

15. *Admetus' Herds, &c.*] Mythologists assign different Reasons for Apollo's Absence from Heaven ; but whatever the Cause was, Love (according to these Gentlemen) soon made
 made

O quoties aufae, caneret dum valle sub alta,

Rumpere mugitu carmina' docta boves. 20

Saepe daces trepidis petiere oracula rebus :

Venit et e templis irrita turba domum.

Saepe horrere sacros doluit Latona capillos,

Quos admirata est ipsa noverca prius.

Quisquis inornatumque caput, crinesque solutos

Adspiceret, Phoebi quaereret ille comam.

Delos ubi nunc, Phoebæ, tua est ? ubi Delphica Py-
tho ?

Nempe Amor in parva te jubet esse casa.

Felices

made him less solicitous to regain his native Skies. Alcestis, the Wife of Admetus was his Favourite ; but it is probable, that all his Endeavours to gain that Lady proved ineffectual ; for when Admetus, in a dangerous Fit of Illness, consulted the Oracle for a Remedy, and was answered, that he must perish unless another would die in his room, she, with a Disinterestedness and Love peculiar to conjugal Fidelity, became the willing Sacrifice, and by her Death recovered her Husband. It happened fortunately, that Hercules arrived at Admetus's Palace the very Day that Alcestis was sacrificed ; and having been well entertained by that Prince, expressed his Gratitude to him by descending into Hell, foiling Death, and bringing back again Alcestis to her beloved Husband. Upon this Fable Euripides has founded one of his most pathetic Tragedies.

The Ladies are not greatly indebted to the Mythologists, who have unanimously represented Apollo, tho' *αἰ καλὸς ὃ αἰ νεός*, always beautiful, and always young, as unsuccessful in his Amours: but whatever Reason they have to complain, those who are fond of Poetry have none ; as the Repulse, that God met with from Daphne, hath given rise to a Piece in Waller, which for Ease of Numbers, and Happiness

Oft would he sing the listning Vales among, 30
 Till lowing Oxen broke the plaintive Song:
 To Delphi, trembling anxious Chiefs repair,
 But got no Answer, Phœbus was not there.
 Thy curling Locks that charm'd a Step-dame's Eye,
 A jealous Step-dame, now neglected fly ! 30
 To see thee, Phœbus, thus disfigur'd stray !
 Who could discover the fair God of Day ?
 Constrain'd by Cupid in a Cott to pine,
 Where was thy Delos, where thy Pythian Shrine ?

Thrice

Happiness of fabulous Allusion, is surpassed by few modern Poems. Vid. his Story of Daphne and Phœbus applied.

19. *To quench their Thirst, &c.*] If Love had so much Power over Apollo, as to make him undergo, not only the most servile Drudgeries, but also to neglect the Fate of Nations; surely, I may be excused, argues our Poet, when the same Passion obliges me to become a Ploughman. But should not Tibullus have added, that as his Nemesis every way excelled Apollo's Flame; so he himself, in acting the Part he did, was more excusable than the Deity? This gallant Addition, Mr. Prior, had he produced Phœbus's Conduct as an Apology for his own, would not have omitted, though Mr. Hammond has

21. *The Milk to curdle, &c.*] Homer, Il. 5. mentions the Juice of the Fig, as applied to this Purpose. All Acids coagulate Milk.

Nor was Apollo only bountiful to the Swains in those respects; Callimachus records many other Instances of Blessings, which, in this his Absence from Heaven, he bestowed on the Country.

Felices olim, Veneri quum fertur aperte

Servire aeternos non puduisse Deos.

30

Fabula nunc ille est ; sed cui sua cura puella est,

Fabula fit, mavult, quam sine amore Deus.

At tibi dura Ceres, Nemesin quae abducis ab urbe,

Perfolvat nulla femina terra fide.

Et tu, Bacche tener, jucundae confitor uvae,

35

Tu quoque devotos, Bacche, relinque lacus.

Haud inpune licet formosas tristibus agris

Abdere : non tanti sunt tua musta, pater.

O valeant fruges ; ne sint modo rure puellae,

Glans alat, et prisco more bibantur aquae.

40

Glans

φοῖβον ἢ νόμιον κικλήσκωμεν ἐξ ἴτι κένυ
 ἔξου' ἐπ' ἀμφρόσω ζευγυσιδας ἔτραφεν Ἴαπυος
 Ηἰβενυ ὑπ' ἱρώτι κικαύσμενος ἀδμήτους, &c.

Vid. his Hymn Εἰς Ἀπολλωνα, V. 46, &c.

Which Prior has thus translated,

Thee, Nomian, we adore, for that from Heaven
 Descending, thou on fair Amphryfus' Banks
 Didst guard Admetus' Herds ; thence the Cow
 Produc'd an ampler Store of Milk, and the She-Goat
 Not without Pain dragg'd her distended Udder,
 And Ews that erst brought forth but single Lambs,
 Now dropp'd their two-fold Burdens ; blest the Cattle
 On which Apollo cast his favouring Eye.

23. *Of, of his virgin-sister, &c.*] Valerius Flaccus has imitated this Thought in the first Book of his *Argonauts* ; a Poem, which, however little read, is by no means destitute of many striking poetical Beauties.

Thrice happy Days, when Love almighty sway'd ! 35

And openly the Gods his Will obey'd.

Now Love's soft Power's become a common Jest—

Yet those, who feel his Influence in their Breast,

The Prudes Contempt, the Wifeman's Sneer despise,

Nor would his Chains forego, to rule the Skies. 40

Curst Farm ! that forc'd my Nemesis from Town,
Blasts taint thy Vines, and Rains thy Harvests drown.

Tho' Hymns implore your Aid, great God of Wine !

Affist the Lover, and neglect the Vine ;

To Shades, unpunish'd, ne'er let Beauty stray ; 45

Not all your Vintage can its Absence pay !

Rather, than Harvest should the Fair detain,

May Rills and Acorns feed th' unactive Swain!

The

*Te quoque dant campi tanto pastore pberai
Felices Admeti. Tuis nam pendet in arvis
Delius, irato Steropen quod fuderat arcu.
Ab quoties famulo notis soror obvia sylvis
Flevit, ubi Ossa captaret frigora quercus,
Peeteret et pingui mersos Barbeide crines !*

V. 444.

31. To see thee, Phœbus, &c.] As the Antients supposed, that Apollo shewed a particular Fondness for fine long curling Hair, they never failed in their Addresses to that God, to praise him, as possessing that Ornament. Hence in the Hymns ascribed to Orpheus, Apollo is stiled *χρυσολομος*, and by other Greek Poets, *αλετριχομος*, and *αλετροκομος*; and by the Latins *Crintus*. In Imitation of their Patron-God, the Bards of old also affected to wear long Hair. Thus Virgil represents Jopas.

Glans aluit veteres, et passim semper amarunt.

Quid nocuit, sulcos non habuisse satos ?

Tum quibus adspirabat amor, praebebat aperte

Mitis in umbrosa gaudia valle Venus.

Nullus erat custos, nulla exclusura volentes

45

Janua ; si fas est, mos, precor, ille redi.

Ducite ; ad imperium dominae fulcabitur agros.

Non ego me vinclis verberibusque nego.

ELEGIA

Phavorinus, in a Quotation which Stobaeus has preserved of his, uses Ζητυσι in the same Sense, as Tibullus uses *quere* in this Passage. Serm. 64.

34. *Where was thy Delos, &c.*] Delos is an Island in the Ægean Sea, the most famous of the Cyclades, the Birth-place of Apollo and his Sister Diana ; upon which Account it was held in such Reverence by the Antients, that when the Persians, in one of their Expeditions against Greece, anchored there with a thousand Ships, nought belonging to the Island was violated by the Army.

Etymologists say, it obtained the Name of *Delos*, αὐτὸ τοῦ δῆλον, from its suddenly emerging from the Waves at the Command of Neptune. Latoña, not daring to remain long during her Pregnancy, in a known Place, the jealous Juno having dispatched the Serpent Python in pursuit of her, was here safely delivered. Apollo afterwards slew this Serpent. Vid. Ovid's Met. The Athenians, in performance of a Vow, made by Theseus, sent, every Year, a sacred Vessel to Delos, with Offerings to that God. Till this Vessel returned to Athens, the Punishment of Criminals, however guilty they were, was respited. As soon as Apollo's Priest crowned the Poop of the Vessel, which was the Signal for sailing, the City was purified.

Delphi was a City of Phocis, in the Neighbourhood of Parnassus, built by Delphus the Son of Apollo, or Neptune. It was of difficult Access, being situated among Rocks and frightful Precipices. Here Apollo had a famous Temple,

to

The Swains of old, no golden Ceres knew,
 And yet how fervent was their Love and true ? 50

Their melting Vows the Paphian Queen approv'd,
 And every Valley witness'd how they lov'd.

Then lurk'd no Spies to catch the willing Maid ;
 Doorless each House ; in vain no Shepherd pray'd.

Once more ye simple Usages obtain ! 55

No — lead me, drive me to the cultur'd Plain !

Enchain me, whip me, if the Fair command ;

Whipp'd, and enchain'd, I'll plough the stubborn Land !

T H E

to which other Nations, as well as the Greeks, repaired in Times of public Distress, to learn, how an end might be put to their Calamities, as also to be informed of the Manner in which any Enterprize ought to be conducted, or what would be the Issue of any Event. The Pythoness, or Priestess of this Temple, was famed for the Ambiguity of her Answers. As nothing is more profuse than superstitious Credulity, the Riches brought to this Temple were immense ; inasmuch, that the Retainers to the Temple, could well afford to maintain Spies every where, to inform them of what passed, or was likely to happen, as well as Poets, to verify their Responses. The Name by which Delphi now goes, is *Salona*. Vid. Steph. Dict. See also the Abbe Banier for the immense Wealth of this Temple.

41. *Curs'd Farm. &c.*] Editions in general read,

At tibi dura seges, &c.

And the Commentators make *seges* here to signify Nemesis's Estate ; but as there is no Authority for this Application of that Term in any other Classic, Broekhusius adopts Henfius's Correction,

At tibi dura Ceres &c.

And this the Dutchman thinks warranted by the immediate Introduction of Bacchus in the Original. The Translator,

however, has preferred the first Reading, that being supported by most MSS.

48. *May Hills and Acorns, &c.*] This Thought shews the Intenseness of our Author's Passion for Nemesis. The Romans highly esteemed Agriculture. Cicero speaks of it as *proxima sapientiæ* ; and Tibullus seems to have been of the same Opinion.

The wise and good Boethius has drawn no contemptible Picture of this primæval Simplicity, Lib. 2. Carm. 5. although we cannot agree with him, when he wishes for a Return of that State.

55. *Once were ye simple Usages obtain!*

No — lead me, drive me to the cultur'd Plain !] This abrupt

rupt Refusal of a State, from which he expected so much Happiness, is so strongly expressive of Love, that it may be put in Competition with any of the most boasted Passages in the heroic Poets, where a sudden Change of impetuous Desire is expressed.

Slaves were employed in performing the more servile Offices of Husbandry; and their most faithful Labours seldom exempted them from the Chain. It is indeed shocking to Humanity to think, with what Cruelty these unfortunate Wretches were treated by their Roman Masters. See Mr. Hume's entertaining Discourse on the Populoufness of antient Nations.

ELEGIA QUARTA.

HIC mihi servitium video, dominamque paratam.

Jam mihi libertas illa paterna vale.

Servitium sed triste datur, teneorque catenis,

Et numquam misero vincla remittet Amor.

Et, seu quid merui, seu quid peccavimus, urit.

Uror; iô remove, saeve puella, faces.

O ego

Tibullus, finding all his Endeavours to gain the Heart of Nemeſis unavailing, determined to conquer his Affection for her; he accordingly put his Reſolution in Practice; but finding his every Effort ineffectual, he gave over the Struggle, yielded to his Deſtiny, and ſent her the following beautiful Elegy, in which he acknowledges the Sovereignty which her Charms had gained over him, and entreats her to mitigate her Cruelty.

The whole Poem is a Tempeſt (if the Expreſſion may be allowed) of amorous and contrary Affections. By theſe, our Author is particularly diſtinguiſhed from Ovid and Propertius. Theſe Poets, generally begin, and end their Elegies with the ſame Paſſion; whereas the Reader will often find in one of Tibullus's, all thoſe Contrarieties and Transitions, which peculiarly characterize the Paſſion of Love, and are ſo beautiful in Poetry. This juſtifies the elegant Encomium, which Joannes Baptiſta Pius beſtows on our Author; *Princeps elegorum poetarum eſt dubio procul M. Tibullus, quia*

T H E
FOURTH ELEGY.

CHAINS, and a haughty Fair I fearless view !
Hopes of paternal Freedom all adieu.

Ah when will Love compassionate my Woes ?

In one sad Tenour my Existence flows :

Whether I kiss or bite the galling Chain,

5

Alike my Pleasure, and alike my Pain.

I burn, I burn ! oh banish my Despair !

Oh ease my Torture, too too cruel Fair :

Rather

quia vere amantem agit. Modo superbit, modo supplicat, annuit, renuit, minatur, intercedit, dedignatur, devovet, orat, inconstans est, quod vult, non vult, quod optavit, refugit, secum dissidens, ut in vera Cupidinis resa circumagi credas.

Major Pack's Version of this Elegy, would have been more in the Spirit of Tibullus, had he mingled less Wit with it.

1. *Chains, and a haughty Fair, &c.*] Chains, Imprisonment, Flames, Darts, have been huddled together, by many a gentle Writer, who imagined himself qualified for telling a curious Love-tale ; and probably they have drawn much Self-complacency from this Passage of Tibullus, who has expressed, and probably felt all the soft Distresses of the tender

O ego ne possim tales sentire dolores,

Quam mallet in gelidis montibus esse lapis !

Stare vel infans cautes obnoxia ventis,

Naufraga quam vasti tunderet ira maris ! 10

Nunc et amara dies, et noctis amarior umbra est :

Omnia jam tristi tempora felle madent.

Nec profunt Elegi, nec carminis auctor Apollo.

Illa cava precium flagitat usque manu.

Ite procul Musæ, si nil prodestis amanti, 15

Non ego vos, ut sint bella canenda, colo.

Nec refero Solisque vias, et qualis, ubi orbem

Complevit, versis Luna recurrit equis.

Ad dominam faciles aditus per carmina quaero.

Ite procul Musæ, si nihil ista valent. 20

At

Passion, superior to every other Writer. But whatever Tibullus feels, he never loses his Judgment and Correctness in Writing. A little Attention will convince us, that the Metaphor here is simple, intire, and uniformly pursued throughout. The Tyranny of the Passion of Love over Reason ; the Waywardness of a Love-stricken Mind ; and the Distresses which it feels from the Caprice and Frowns of an haughty Mistress ; suggested to Tibullus, that the most abject State of Slavery aptly represented the Condition of a drooping Lover. Let us not estimate the Severity of this Servitude by our own Customs and Manners. We must step into America to see cruel Instances of it : or if we look into antient Times we shall find, that those, who were Servants utterly lost their Liberty, lost all Power over their Actions, and almost over their Thoughts themselves : that those of them whose Condition was the worst, were employed in the heaviest Labours ; were constantly kept in Chains ; had severe

Rather than feel such vast, such matchless Woe,
 I'd rise some Rock o'erspread with endless Snow! 10
 Or frown a Cliff on some disastrous Shore,
 Where Ships are wreck'd, and Tempests ever roar!

In penfive Gloominess I pass the Night,
 Nor feel Contentment at the Dawn of Light.
 What though the God of Verse my Woes indite, 15
 What though I soothing Elegies can write,
 No Strains of Elegy her Pride controul ;
 Gold is the Passport to her venal Soul.
 I ask not of the Nine the epic Lay ;
 Ye Nine ! or aid my Passion, or away. 20
 I ask not to describe in lofty Strain,
 The Sun's Eclipses, or the lunar Wane ;
 To win Admission to the haughty Maid,
 Alone I crave your elegiac Aid ;
 But if she still contemns the tearful Lay, 25
 Ye, and your Elegies, away, away !

In

were Task-masters set over them ; and upon every slight Occasion, were exposed to some of those sharp Torments, which a Slave in Plautus thus humourously describes :

---- *Stimulos, laminas, cruceſque compedesque,
 Nervos, catenas, carceres numellas, pedicas, beias,
 Indoltoresque acerrimos, gnarosque noſtri tergi.*

Laminas here answers to *faces* in Tibullus. They were heated Bars of Iron used in the Punishment of Slaves. Thus-

At mihi per caedem, et facinus sunt dona paranda ;

Ne jaceam clausam flebilis ante domum.

Aut rapiam suspensa sacris insignia fanis.

Sed Venus ante alios est violanda mihi.

Illa malum facinus suadet, dominamque rapacem 25

Dat mihi : sacrilegas sentiat illa manus.

O pereat quicumque legit viridesque zmaragdos,

Et niveam Tyrio murice tinguit ovem.

Hic dat avaritiae stimulos : hinc Coa puellis

Vestis, et a Rubro lucida concha mari. 30

Haec fecere malas : hinc clavim janua sensit,

Et coepit custos liminis esse canis.

Sed

Cicero, in his Accusation of Verres, for treating a Roman Citizen as a Slave, charges him, *Quid, cum ignes et ardentis laminae, ceterique cruciatus admovebantur ?* So that, when Tibullus cries out, "*is remove, serva puella, facis,*" he is still describing the metaphorical Slavery he was fallen into. We shall now know, what to do with the following Line,

Et, seu quid merui, seu quid peccavimus, aror.

One of the Commentators thinking it hard, that a Man should be burnt for his good Deserts, has explained *quid merui* by *quid deliqui* ; he might as well have said *peccavi* ; but *peccavimus* followed, and the Critic was resolved to vary the Word, if he could not the Image : but Tibullus well knew how to do both. His Design was to represent the Hardness of his Slavery ; and to this Purpose he declares, that such was the capricious Cruelty of his Mistress, such the Severity of Love his Task master and Torturer, that he was not only closely kept in Chains, but had the Torture wantonly applied, whether he was faithful to the Offices Love enjoined, or was rebellious, mutinous, or negligent ; that is, that his Mistress was

In vain I ask, but Gold ne'er asks in vain ;
 Then will I desolate the World for Gain !
 For Gold, I'll impious plunder every Shrine ;
 But chief, O Venus, will I plunder thine ! 30
 By thee compell'd, I love a venal Maid,
 And quit for bloody Fields my peaceful Shade :
 By thee compell'd, I rob the hallowed Shrine,
 Then chiefly Venus will I plunder thine !

Perish the Man ! whose curst industrious Toil 35
 Or finds the Gem, or dies the wooly Spoil ;
 Hence, hence the Sex's Avarice arose,
 And Art with Nature not enough bestows :
 Hence, the fierce Dog was posted for a Guard,
 The Fair grew venal, and their Gates were barr'd. 40

But

was cruel, and Love a Torment to him, as well when he attempted to please her, as when he was impatient under her harsh Usage, and endeavoured to regain his Ease and Liberty. B

10. *I'd rise a Rock, &c.*] As the Antients had but imperfect Assurances of a future State, many of them regarded mere animal Life, as the greatest of Blessings, and dedicated every Hour to some sensual Gratification. This manner of Living, at least, was not unusual among the Epicureans ; a Sect, from which, we have reason to think, Tibullus was not averse. His Misery therefore must have been extreme, when it forced him, to wish for such a Metamorphosis, as not only would have deprived him, of every Satisfaction of Sense, but rendered him, an eternal Curse and Reproach to all Sea-faring People.

17. *No Strains of Elegy.*] Some Critics contend, that Tibullus here ascribes to Apollo the Invention of Elegy, and thereby determines the Dispute, which so warmly engaged the

Sed precium si grande feras, custodia victa est :

Nec prohibent claves, et canis ipse tacet.

Heu quicumque dedit formam coelestis avarae, 35

Quale bonum multis addidit ille malis!

Hinc fletus, rixaeque sonant; haec denique causa

Fecit, ut infamis hic Deus esset Amor.

At tibi, quae precio victos excludis amantes,

Diripiant partas ventus et ignis opes. 40

Quin tua tunc juvenes spectent incendia laeti,

Nec quisquam flammae sedulus addat aquam.

Seu tibi mors veniat, neque fit qui lugeat ullus,

Nec qui det moestas munus in exsequias.

At

Grammarians of the Augustan Age; but others with more Reason suppose that the Poet, in this Place, intended only in general to represent this God as the Author and Patron of Poetry. The Translator has given the Line a Sense different from both; with what Propriety the Reader will determine.

29. *Then will I fill the World, &c.*] The *Facinus* and *Cedes*, in the Original, allude to the many Massacres and Proscriptions, which were the dreadful Effects of those Civil Wars, which at last extinguished the Liberty of Rome. The Butcheries, by which Octavius acquired the Sovereignty of the World, fixed such Disgrace upon himself, and so deeply stained his Family with the Imputation of Cruelty, that even the Mercies of Cæsar are become suspected. Indeed, neither Augustus nor Julius, are to be accused of having been the first, who subverted the Constitution of their Country; for this was done in the Days of Marius and Sylla: And if we consider the Venality of the People, the Luxury of the Senate, the small Number of good Men, who survived the public Calamities; and add to this, the Rapaciousness of the Generals, and

But weighty Presents Vigilance o'ercome,
The Gate bursts open, and the Dog is dumb.

From venal Charms, ye Gods! what Mischiefs flow?
The Joy, how much o'er-ballanc'd by the Woe!
Hence, hence so few, sweet Love, frequent thy Fane,
Hence impious Slander loads thy guiltless Reign. 46

But ye! who sell your heavenly Charms for Hire,
Your ill-got Riches be consum'd with Fire!
May not one Lover strive to quench the Blaze,
But smile malicious, as o'er all it preys!
And when ye die, no gentle Friend be near,
To catch your Breath, or shed a genuine Tear!
Behind the Corpse, to march in solemn Show,
Or Syrian Odors on the Pile bestow.

Far

and Governors of Provinces; we shall be induced, perhaps, to allow, that Augustus had it not in his Power, to comply with Agrippa's Advice, of restoring Rome to its old Plan of Government.

30. *But chief, O Cupid, &c.*] Our Poet seems here unjustly to accuse the God of Love; for no Passion is less mercenary, than that, which he inspires. It must be admitted, however, that Tibullus acts a gallant Part at least, in endeavouring to remove an Aspersion from his Mistress; tho' his Regard for Cupid may be called in question, when he attempts to fix this Odium upon him. He seems to be aware of this, and therefore involves also in his Censure those who certainly better deserved it.

35. *Perisb*

At bona quae, nec avara fuit, centum licet annos 45

Vixerit, ardentem fiebitur ante rogum.

Atque aliquis senior, veteres veneratus amores,

Annua constructo ferta dabit tumulo.

Et, bene, discedens dicet, placideque quiescas,

Terraque securae fit super ossa levis. 50

Vera

35. *Perish the Man ! &c.*] Propertius derives female infidelity, and female Avarice, from the same Sources, see Lib. 3. El. 11. which is a keen and witty, if not a just Invective.

42. *The Gate bursts open, and the Dog is dumb.*] A Bawd, in Plautus, thus describes the Behaviour of a new Lover.

————— *Ubi de pleno promitur*
Neque ille scit quid des, quid damni faciat, illi voi studet.
Vult placere sese Amicae, vult mihi, vult pedissequae,
Vult famulis, vult etiam ancillis, et quoque catulo meo
Subblanditur novus amator, se ut cum videret, gaudet.

AGIN. AG. 1. l. 5.

Andreas Maranus, a Poet of Vicenza, seems to have had this Passage of Tibullus in his Eye in one of his Elegies.

Optamus sero, quae oblata remissimus ultro.
Utare felici dum licet esse tibi.
Malox subeunt casus, subeuntque pericula mille,
Advigilat custos advigilatque Coma.
Intertia obrepunt morbi vel decolor aetas,
Blanditias nec fas dicere, nec facere.

VULT.

But more correspondent to our Poet's Sentiments is the following Greek Epigram :

ἄνθρωπος τὸ χαρῆς, ἡ φιλία οὐτὴ θυγατρὸς
 ἢ κόρης, οὐτὴ κύνων ἐν προέβου, ὡς δεδύται.

Will the Reader pardon me one Quotation more? It is a humorous Epitaph, on a Dog which belonged to a married Lady of Intrigue.

Latrata

Far other Fates attend the generous Maid, 55
 Tho' Age and Sickness bid her Beauties fade,
 Still she's rever'd; and when Death's easy Call
 Has freed her Spirit from Life's anxious Thrall,
 The pitying Neighbours all her Loss deplore,
 And many a weeping Friend besets the Door; 60
 While some old Lover touch'd with grateful Woe,
 Shall yearly Garlands on her Tomb bestow;
 And home returning, thus the Fair address,
 'Light may the Turf thy gentle Bosom press.'

'Tis

*Lacrata furis amphi, mites amantis.
 Sic placet Domino, sic placet Domino.*

[*But ye who sell, &c.*] By the Pronoun *Tibi* in the Text, The Poet seems to have had some particular Person in his Eye.

The Antients looked upon it, as one of the most dreadful Misfortunes, which could befall any Person, to be deprived of funeral Honours.

The inculcating of this, was one of the wisest Contrivances of antient Legislation, and was transmitted originally from Egypt to Greece. By it, not only private Murders, but Vices of all kinds, were, in a great measure, checked or prevented. For, as an ingenious Writer observes, it was a Custom among the Egyptians, before they interred their Dead, to canvass over their Actions, and to bring their whole past Life to a Tryal, before Judges appointed for that Purpose. Those who, upon a fair and impartial Examination, were found to have lived a virtuous and good Life, were dismissed from the Tribunal, with Praises proportionable to their Merit, recommended as worthy Examples to Posterity, and assigned over to the Society of the Blessed in the Shades below; but others, in whose Characters, Vice and Mischiefs were predominant, were publickly branded with
 Infamy,

Vera quidem moneo : sed profunt quid mihi vera ?

Illius est nobis lege colendus amor.

Quin etiam sedes jubeat si vendere avitas :

Ite sub imperium, sub titulumque lares.

Quidquid habet Circe, quidquid Medea veneni, 55

Quidquid et herbarum Theffala terra gerit :

Et quod, ubi indomitis gregibus Venus afflat amores,

Hippomanes cupidae stillat ab inguine equae :

(Si modo me placido videat Nemefis mea vultu)

Mille alias herbas misceat illa : bibam. 60

ELEGIA

Infamy, and assign'd over to the Regions of Affliction. (Diod. Sicul.) As every one was convinced, that he should undergo this impartial Tryal after Death, wherein his former Abilities, Power, and Fortune, could avail nothing to avert a proper and just Sentence ; such Examples were powerful Checks to Vices, and pleasing Incentives to Virtue. The Legislators having found their End in this Institution, enforced the Observance of it, by the Superstition already mentioned, that those, whose Bodies were unburied, should wander in a State of Restlessness a Hundred Years on the Banks of the River Styx. Now, this was invented to obviate by Terror, the clandestine Interment of those, whom the surviving Parents or Relations were afraid to bring to this Test of Justice, being desirous to shelter the Memory of the Defunct from Ignominy, by an Omission of this Ceremony. The publick Interment of the Body, being first insisted upon, only as concomitant to the Rites, and by Corruption afterwards, made a necessary Part of them.

62. *Shall yearly Garlands, &c.*] Joannes Baptista Pius (Annot. poster. c. 115.) imagines, that these Garlands were composed solely of Parsley ; but Magius has shewn the Falsity of this. Broekhusius is of Opinion, that the Poet in this Place meant Garlands of Roses ; and indeed innumerable Quotations.

'Tis Truth ; but what has Truth with Love to do ?
Imperious Cupid, I submit to you ! 66

To fell my Father's Seat should you command ;
Adieu my Father's Gods, my Father's Land !
From madding Mares, whate'er of Poyson flows,
Or on the Forehead of their Offspring grows, 70
Whate'er Medea brew'd of baleful Juice,
What noxious Herbs Æmathan Hills produce ;
Of all, let Nemefis a Draught compose,
Or mingle Poysons, feller still than thofe ;
If ſhe but ſmile, the deadly Cup I'll drain, 75
Forget her Avarice, and exult in Pain !

T H E

tations might be brought from the Classics to prove, that
Rofes were uſed of old, in the adorning of Tombs.

65. *Light may the Turf, &c.*] Propertius ſays,

Sit ſibi terra levis, mulier digniſſima vita.

Hence we often meet with the initial Letters S. T. T. L.
upon antient Tomb-ftones.

68. *To fell my Father's Seat, &c.*] Upon ſuch Verſes of
our Author as theſe, have the Commentators reared the
trite Opinion, that Tibullus, by his Extravagance, ſquan-
dered away his Fortune. The Text, however, cannot be
conſtrued into any ſuch Meaning. Ovid, with more Juſtice,
might be ſaid to have ſpent his Inheritance, from the follow-
ing Lines ;

*Illud et illud habet, nec ea contenta rapina eſt,
Sub titulum noſtros miſit avara lares.*

Remed. Amor.

But, in Truth, ſmall Streſs is to be laid upon ſuch Expreſ-
ſions in the Poets ; and therefore Broekhuſius might have
ſpared

spared the Censure he passes on Tibullus, on Account of this Passage, Elegy delighting in imaginary Distresses.

69. *From madding Mars, &c.*] Critics are greatly divided in their Opinions about the *Hippomans*. Theophrastus, Aristotle, and Theocritus mention a Plant of that Name, the Smell of which made Mars run mad for the Stallion. While some Commentators assert, that it was a Fig-like Excrecence which grew on the Forehead of a Foal; and which being bit off, and swallowed by the Moother, made her passionately fond of her Offspring. Hence it came to be used in Philtres of old, and to be applied metaphorically, to express Love. Others contend, that it was a Poppin, *quod equae in libidinem excitatae e locis emittunt.*

72. *What noxious Herbs, &c.*] The Theſſalians being a wild and uncivilized People, it is no Wonder that they were addicted to the Follies of Witchcraft. Their Country produced many powerful Plants; and ſome of the firſt Phyſicians, we read of, were born there.

The Word *Venenum* does not always mean Poyſon, ſince Horace and other approved Writers, uſe it often to ſignify the Juice of ſuch magical Herbs, as were proper to correct the Malignity of Poyſon. It alſo ſometimes ſignifies a Love-potion. In this Place, however, it ſtands for Poyſon, and not a Philtre; for our Poet at preſent was in no need of the latter, being already ſufficiently fond of Nemefis: But whether he would have been in reality as good as his Word, let the Lover determine.

Mr. Hammond's firſt Elegy is an Imitation of this.

ELEGIA QUINTA.

PHOEBE fave ; novus ingreditur tua templa fa-
cerdos ;

Huc age cum cithara, carminibusque veni.

Nunc te vocales inpellere pollice chordas,

Nunc precor ad laudes flectere verba meas.

Ipse

Messalinus, to whom the following noble Elegy is addressed, was the Son of the illustrious Messala. This young Nobleman, whom both Historians and Poets represent, as inheriting his Father's Eloquence, had been appointed one of the quindecemviral Priests, to whose Care the keeping and Interpretation of the Sibylline Oracles were entrusted. As these venerable Writings, had been deposited by Augustus, under the Statue of Apollo, in his new Temple, erected on Mount Palatine and as Apollo was supposed to preside over Vaticination, and in a particular manner, over these mysterious Volumes, the Poet begins his Poem with an Address to Apollo, whom he earnestly implores, to be present at the Inauguration of the new Pontiff. Moreover, as these Writings were never consulted, but in the greatest Emergency, and then only, when the Senate passed a Decree for that Purpose : and as their Interpretation, even then, was thought to be suggested by Apollo, Tibullus entreats the God to assist his young Friend, whenever public Calamities should render it necessary for the Priests to have Recourse to them.

The

T H E
F I F T H E L E G Y.

TO hear our solemn Vows, O Phœbus deign!
 A novel Pontiff treads thy sacred Fane:
 Nor distant hear, dread Power! 'tis Rome's Request,
 That with thy golden Lyre thou standst confest:
 Deign mighty Bard! to strike the vocal String, 5
 And praise thy Pontiff; we, his Praises sing:
Around

The Romans were proud of being thought the Posterity of the Trojans; and their Poets embraced every Opportunity of making their Court to the People by adopting that Notion, Nor was this Prejudice confined to the meaner Sort of Romans; Julius Cæsar, and his Successor, either believed, or effected, from political Motives, to believe that they were Descendants of Æneas (Vid. Suet. in Vit. J. Cæs. et Aug.) Nay so far was this Folly carried, that Augustus entertained a Design of transferring the Seat of Empire from Rome to Troy; which City, by his, and Julius's Attention, was again in a flourishing Situation. This, the Romans dreaded not a little; and to such a Height did their Apprehensions encrease; A. U. C. 734, when Augustus was in Syria, that Horace, all Courtier as he was, is

2 sup-

Ipse triumphali devinctus tempora lauro,

5

Dum cumulant aras, ad tua sacra veni.

~~Sed nitidas, pulcorumque veni; nunc indue vestem~~

Sepositam, longas nunc bene peste comas.

Qualem te memorant, Saturno rege fugato,

Victori laudes concinuisse Jovi.

10

Tu

supposed, to have written that noble Ode, *Justum et tenacum*-
Lib. 3. Od. 5, obliquely to dissuade the Emperor from that
Measure. As this, however, was a very delicate Subject,
and none knew better to flatter his Patron than Horace, he
abruptly breaks off,

Non hæc jocose conveniunt Lyrae.

Tibullus, however, not lying under the same Obligations
to Augustus as the lyric Poet, and neither courting the
Smiles, nor dreading the Frowns of the Court, he, like a
true Patriot, in all the Enthusiasm of Poetry, introduces the
Sibyl, pushing on Æneas to the new Settlement destined
by Heaven for him and his Followers, in Italy. This Event,
says the Prophetess, whenever it takes Place, will effectually
recompence you for your present Loss, and future Dis-
asters, you yourself being to become a God; as your Poste-
rity, the Romans, are predestined to conquer the World,
of which Rome is to be the Capital.

This Surmise, which no Commentator has touched on,
throws a particular Beauty on the whole of the Sibyl's
Speech, which otherwise appears inaptly placed, where it
now is inserted.

Shall we pay a Compliment to Horace and Tibullus
(who probably let one another into the full Scope of
their Patriot-productions) and suppose, that these, had some
Weight with the Emperor of the World? At all Events,
as Augustus professed a great Veneration for the Sybil-
line Books, and was anxious to be thought the Son of
Apollo (see the Notes) who, he said, fought for him at the
Battle of Actium; the People (whose Prejudices, to the re-
moving

Around thy Brows, triumphant Laurels twine,
 Thine Altar visit, and thy Rites divine :
 New flush thy Charms, new curl thy waving Hair ;
 O come the God in Vestment, and in Air ! 10
 When Saturn was dethron'd, so crown'd with Bays,
 So rob'd, thou sungst th' Almighty Victor's Praise.

What

moving their Seat of Empire, must have been augmented, by our Poet's well-timed Prophecy) would have regarded Augustus's Breach of the Sybill's Oracles, as the most impious of Violations. Besides so flagrant a Disrespect, and in one too, of such Eminence, might have produced the most fatal Consequences to his Government, by weakening the Reverence which his Subjects entertained for the Sybilline Writings. This, Augustus was too sensible, not to perceive, and too political, not to avoid.

But, if the Translator is deceived in his Conjecture of the Design, which Tibullus proposed to himself, in writing this fine Poem, he, however, sincerely wishes, that the Nine may always devote their Raptures to the Service of their Country, and never prostitute their Talents, in flattering Tyranny, or inflaming the Passions of guilty Greatness. The People shall then joyfully acknowledge the Language of the Gods, and own the Muses for the legitimate Daughters of Jove.

The remaining Part of the Elegy is thrown, we may suppose, on purpose into an artful Obscurity of Connexion. Most of the Prodiges, which the Poet mentions, are said by Historians to have happened at the Death of Julius Cæsar ; and may we not conjecture, that Tibullus meant, by recapitulating these, to insinuate, that the Gods caused the Tyrant to be slain, for his Attachment to Troy ? This Circumstance could not fail to alarm his Successor, especially too as he must have been conscious, that he even out-did Julius in his Affection to that City ; and it is certain, that he, by no means, equalled that Usurper, in point of personal Courage.

But

Tu procul eventura vides : tibi debitus augur

Scit bene quid fati provida cantet avis.

Tuque regis fortes : per te praesentit haruspex,

Lubrica signavit quum Deus exta notis.

Te

But if Tibullus wrote with Freedom, his Freedom was accompanied with Decorum ; for, as a Roman expresses it, it is always dangerous, *Scribere in eum, qui potest proscribere.*

So the Poet supplicates Apollo, to avert such Prefages for the future ; by which means, Peace would return to bless Italy, and rural Devotion again flourish. Tibullus supposes, that the God grants his Petition, and describes the joyful Ceremonies, practised by the grateful Villagers, upon the Occasion.

These Solemnities concluding, as usual, with Mirth and Wine, the young Peasants begin to disclose their Loves, and condemn the Cruelty of their Mistresses. This leads our Poet insensibly into a Recollection of his own amorous Misfortunes ; for Nemesis was still inflexible: This, he says, not only impaired his Health, but affected his poetical Powers ; so that, far from being able to do Justice to great Subjects, he scarce could write a little Elegy. This was an artful Apology for the seeming Inaccuracy of his present Poem. Notwithstanding all the Consequences of his ill-requited Passion, so thorough a Lover was our Poet, that he did not wish to shake off his Love ; but only begged, that Nemesis would at last condescend to abate of her Rigour ; for' as Messalinus, adds he, is pushing forward in the Lists of Fame, the Regard and Friendship which I profess for his Father, and himself, absolutely require a total Freedom of Genius, that I may celebrate those Triumphs which his grateful Country will soon decree him.

In the Conclusion, Messala is introduced as enjoying the Felicity of seeing his Son triumph ; upon which Occasion the Poet supposes, that his Patron will entertain Rome with magnificent Spectacles.

The Poem ends with a Petition to Apollo, that these Things might be accomplished.

History

What Fate, from Gods and Man, has wrapt in Night,
 Prophetic flashes on thy mental Sight :
 From Thee, Diviners learn their prescient Lore, 15
 On reeking Bowels, as they thoughtful pore :
 The Seer thou teachest the Success of Things,
 As flies the Bird, or feeds, or screams, or sings :
The

History informs us, that Messalinus, by steadily treading in the Footsteps of his Father, was honoured with a Triumph; and A. U. C. 750, had the Consulship conferred upon him; but Tibullus died many Years before these things happened.

It is not easy to determine, how old Messalinus was, at the time this Poem was written. He had not, probably, long put on the manly Gown; for we find, that Lentulus, the Son of Lentulus, was chosen into the College of Augurs at 17 or 18 Years of Age; and from this College the Quindecemvirs were elected. Upon these Occasions the Friends of the Pontiff were invited to a magnificent Supper; and it is probable it was at this Entertainment, that the following Poem was first recited.

9. *New flush thy Charms, &c.*] The Original here would seem extremely ridiculous to a mere modern Reader. Literally translated, it signifies neither more nor less, than an Entreaty to his Godship to put on his Holy-day-suit, curl his Hair, and wash his Face. A strange Hint this, to so great, so young, and beautiful a Divinity as Apollo. Is it from their Patron-God, that some of his modern Vassals have derived their Ideas of Dress and Cleanliness? The sublimest Genius's are not exempted from paying an Attention to the little Decencies of Life, respecting which, the Fair-sex are our best Instructors.

The polite Callimachus, in his Hymn to Apollo, draws a more amiable Picture of the God of Poetry, in the following Verses :

Te duce Romanos numquam frustrata Sibylla est. 15
Abdita quae senis fata canit pedibus.

Phoebe

Τον χορον ὡ πολλων ὅτι ἐι καλά θυμον αειδεις.
Τιμησαι, δυναται γαρ επι Δι' δεξι' η̄σαι.
Ουδε ὁ χορ' τον φοιβον εφ' ἐν μουσῃ η̄μας αειδεις
Ερι γαρ εῡμεν', τις αν η̄ ξει φοιβον αειδεις;
Χρυσ'α τω πολλωνι τοτ' εδύον η̄ τ' επιπορικ
Η τε λυρη, &c. V. 28, 29, &c.

Immortal Honours wait the happy Throng,
Who, grateful to the God, resound the Song:
And Honours well Apollo can command,
For high in Pow'r he sits, at Jove's Right hand.
But in the God, such beaming Glories blend,
The Day unequal to his Praise will end.
His Praise, who cannot with Delight resound,
Where such eternal Theme for Song is found?
A golden Robe invests the glorious God,
His shining Feet with golden Sandals shod:
Gold are his Harp, his Quiver, and his Bow;
Round him bright Riches in Profusion flow.
His Delphic Fame illustrious Proof supplies,
Where Wealth immense fatigues the wond'ring Eyes.
On his soft Cheeks no tender Down has sprung,
A God forever fair, forever young:
His fragrant Locks distil ambrosial Dews,
Drop Gladness down, and blooming Health diffuse, &c.

Dodd.

12. *Sorab'd, &c.*] Ariosto has imitated this Passage in the Beginning of his third Canto. The proper Emblems of Apollo the Poet, Lyrist, or Festal Apollo, were a Crown of Laurel, his Hair finely dressed, flowing at full Length, a Lyre in his Left-hand, and wearing a magnificent Robe that fell down to his Feet. In this Manner, was this God represented in the Temple which Augustus dedicated to him in the Palatium: and thus it was, that the Poets of old were habited, when they sang to the Lyre at the Tables of the Great. Hence, as
Mr.

The Sibyl-leaves if Rome ne'er fought in vain ;
 Thóu gav'st a Meaning to the mystic Strain : 20
 Thy

Mr. Spence observes, the Propriety of the Epithet *Crinitus* conferred on Jopas by Virgil, which some Critics have too hastily censured, as wholly foreign to the purpose.

So fond was Augustus of Apollo, that, in the Medals and other Representations of that Emperor, his Face is what the Romans called an Apollinean Face. This we know from History, that Augustus was really very beautiful ; and Suetonius informs us, that some Writers had even asserted, that he was in fact the Son of Apollo. Vit. Aug. sect. 94. Accordingly Servius tells us, that there were Statues of Augustus in Rome, which represented him under the Character, and with the Attributes of that God. We also know, that in a certain infamous Feast made by Augustus, (at which he and five of his Courtiers represented the six Great Celestial Gods, as some of the Ladies of his Court represented the six Great Goddeses) he himself chose to appear with the Emblems of Apollo. All these Circumstances but too plainly shew, that the Successor of Julius gave in to the Flattery that was paid him, and that he thought himself, at least loved to be thought by others, like Apollo. But the greatest Absurdity of all, as Mr. Spence justly observes, was, that, because Apollo was usually represented with a particular Flow of Light beaming from his Eyes, he must needs have it supposed that his Eyes also, which were really fine, darted forth so strong a Brightness, as to dazzle those who looked upon them too nearly, or too steddily. *Oculos habuit claros, ac nitidos* (says Suetonius) *quibus etiam existimari volebat inesse quiddam divini vigoris, gaudebatque si quis sibi acrius contuenti quasi ad fulgorem solis, vultum submitteret.* To such a Pitch of Extravagance does absolute Power lead even the Well-meaning !

16. *From Thee, Diviners, &c.*] For the Lots, see Notes on the third Elegy of the first Book ; and who the Augurs were, hath been explained already. The Haruspices, to whom, according to the Tuscan Discipline, belonged the Province of explaining Prodigies, by inspecting the Bowels

Phoebe facras Messalinum sine tangere chartas

Vatis : et ipse, precor, quid canat illa, doce.

Haec

of Victims, were servants of the Public, and had Salaries for attending the Magistrates in all their Sacrifices. Hence they never failed to accommodate their Answers to the political Views of those who employed them.

As the Order of Priesthood, among the Romans, was, for some Ages, conferred upon none, but such as were of the first Nobility ; by their Influence over a People naturally superstitious, the Ballance of Power was thrown into the Hands of the Senate and Optimates, who, by this means, as Cicero observes, *De Legib. lib. iii. cap. 12.* were often enabled to check the factious Attempts of the Tribunes.

Minucius Felix, and other Christian Writers, ascribe Oracles, &c. to the Intervention of the Devil, or other impure Spirits.

Polybius very sensibly deduces that Superiority, which the Roman State had over all others, from the Superstition of its Vulgar. This was carried by the Statesmen, says he, to such Lengths, and so effectually introduced into the private Lives of the Citizens, and into public Affairs, that one cannot help being surpris'd at it. This, continues our sagacious Politician, was, as I take it, projected entirely for the sake of the Vulgar ; for if a Society of wise Men only, could be formed, such a Scheme would be superfluous : But since the Crowd is always giddy, and often agitated by the most unruly passions, secret Terrors and tragical Fictions are necessary to restrain them within due Bounds. *Lib. vi.*

Nor is the Greek Historian singular in his opinion, Ap-pius Claudius Crassus asserts, that the Romans owed the great Success of their Arms, to their Observance of the sacred Chickens, &c. *Parva sunt hæc*, as Livy makes him speak, *sed parva ista non contemnendo, majores nostri maximam banc rem fecerunt.*

While the Augurs were taking the Auspices, or observing the Heavens, all public Business was intermitted : Julius
Cæsar

Thy sacred Influence may this Pontiff know,
 And as he reads them, with the Prophet glow.

When

Cæsar first broke through this ; and Clodius, to facilitate the Banishment of Cicero, among other Laws to decoy the People, enacted, that no Magistrate should take the Auspices, or contemplate the Heavens, while they were actually assembled on public Business. This Regulation took place A. U. C. 695. But the People, not content with this, extended the Privilege to the uninterrupted Prosecution of Affairs on the *Dies fasti*.

20. *The Sibyl-leaves, if Rome, &c.*] These Writings were kept antiently in a Coffer of Stone, and deposited in a subterranean Place in the Capitol. But that noble Pile of Buildings being destroyed by Fire, A. U. C. 671. and the Sibylline Books along with them, Sylla rebuilt the Capitol, and sent Deputies into Ionia, to collect all the Sibylline Verses, which Tradition had still preserved. They succeeded so well, that a Volume, consisting of a thousand Lines, was composed from their Gleanings, and deposited in the Capitol. Augustus Cæsar, after the Death of Lepidus, when he took upon himself the Office of High Priest, *quidquid fastidiorum librorum Græci Latiniq; generis, nullis vel parum idoneis auctoribus vulgo ferebatur, supra 2. millia, contracta undique, cremavit ac solos retinuit Sibyllinos.* These, indeed, when purged of what he supposed to be spurious, Augustus placed in two golden Lockers, under the Statue of Apollo, in the Temple he had dedicated to that God on Mount Palatine, A. U. C. 726. Vide Sueton. in Vit. Aug. cap. 31.

According to Lactantius, the only Sibylline Verses which were preserved sacred from the Inspection of all, but that of the Quindecimvirs, were those of the Cumæan Sibyl. Her Verses, as well as those of her Sisters, were composed in heroic Numbers, *senis pedibus* ; and, if Symmachus may be depended upon, were written on Linen Volumes. Lib. iv.

In the second Punic War, when Rome was reduced to very great Difficulties, the Romans consulted the Sibylline Books. These made the Expulsion of the Enemy

Haec dedit Aeneae fortes, postquam ille parentem

Dicitur, et raptos sustinuisse Lares : 20

Nec fore credebat Romam, quum moestus ab alto
Ilion, ardentem respiceretque Deos.

Romulus Aeternae nondum formaverat Urbis

Moenia, conforti non habitanda Remo.

Sed tunc pascebant herbosa palatia vaccae, 25

Et stabant humiles in Jovis arce caesae.

Lacte

from Italy to depend upon their instituting, with extraordinary Pomp, certain annual Games to Apollo,

The Year in which the Secular Games were performed, the Apollinarian were blended with them, as Macrobius informs us, lib. xvii.

The Sibylline Books continued in high Reverence, till about the Time of Theodosius the Elder, when the greatest Part of the Senate being converted to Christianity, they began to be regarded as Fables; and at last, in the reign of Honorius, Stilicho burnt them.

The Book which at present goes under the Name of the Sibylline Oracles (*Σιβυλλιακοὶ χρησμοί*) is plainly a modern Counterfeit.

24. *And honour'd Lares, &c.*] Troy was destroyed A. M. 2820. Æneas landed in Italy some Years after, where he married the Daughter of King Latinus, and in her Right succeeded to his Throne. His Posterity enjoyed, from him, the Sovereignty, by regular Succession, till Aurelius seized on the Crown, in Prejudice of his elder Brother Numitor, and continued in quiet Possession of the regal Dignity, till he was slain by Romulus and Remus, the Sons of Ilia, Numitor's Daughter. These seated their Grandfather upon the Throne; and two Years after founded Rome. Usher places this last Event before the 8th Olympiad, A. M. 3250. Others, with Varro, fix it to the 3d Olympiad, and 433d Year after the Destruction of Troy, in the 396th of the Julian Period, 753 Years before the Nativity of our Saviour.

29. *Qui-*

When great Aeneas snatch'd his aged Sire,
 And burning Lares, from the Grecian Fire,
 She *, she foretold this Empire fix'd by fate, 25
 And all the Triumphs of the Roman State ;
 Yet when he saw his Ilium wrapp'd in Flame,
 He scarce could credit the mysterious Dame.

(Quirinus had not plann'd eternal Rome,
 Nor had his Brother met his early Doom, 30
 Where now Jove's Temple swells, low Hamlets stood,
 And Domes ascend, where Heifers crop'd their Food.
 Sprinkled

* The Sibyl.

29. *Quirinus had not plann'd eternal Rome,*] Rome was usually called URBS AETERNA, as the Antiquaries, Poets, and Medals testify. But if Rome was predestined by the Gods to last for ever, how vain, how impious, would it be, to remove the seat of Empire to any other Place ?

31. *Where now Jove's Temple swells.*] Such, at that time, was the Condition of those Hills, on which Rome was founded. But Petrarch and Dyer, in describing their present State, present us with a very different Prospect.

*Qui fu quella di Imperio antica sede
 Temuta in pace e triomphante in guerra.
 Fu ! perc' altro che il loco hor non si vede.
 Quella che Roma fu guace, s'atterra
 Quest' cui l'erba copre e calca il piede
 Fur Moli ad ciel vicine, & hor son terra:
 Roma che'l mondo vinse, al tempo cede
 Che i piani inalta e che l'altrezza alterra.
 Roma in Roma non e, Volcano e Marte
 La grandezza di Roma a Roma han tolta,
 Struggendo l'opre e di natura e di arte.*

Lacte madens illic suberat Pan ilicis umbræ,
 Et facta agreſti lignea falce Pales.

Pen-

*Volio ſoſſopra il mondo c'n potue e volta
 E fra queſte ruine a terra ſparte
 In ſe ſteſſa cadea morta e ſepolta.*

But more ſolemnly pictureſque is the following Deſcription of the Ruins of Rome by Mr. Dyer :

The rough Relics of Carinæ's Street,
 Where now the Shepherd to his nibbling Sheep
 Sits piping, with his oaten Reed : as erſt
 There pip'd the Shepherd to his nibbling Sheep,
 When th' humble Roof Anthiſes' Son explor'd
 Of good Evander, wealth-deſpiling King,
 Amid the Thickets : So revolves the Scene,
 So Time ordains, who rolls the Things of Pride
 From Duſt again to Duſt. Behold that heap
 Of mouldering Urns (their Aſhes blown away,
 Duſt of the Mighty !) the ſame Story tell ;
 And at it's Baſe, from whence the Serpent glides
 Down the green deſart Street, yon hoary Monk
 Laments the ſame.

Dodſley's Collect. vol. i.

By Jove's Temple, the Poet means the Capitol ; which, in the Days of Auguſtus, was, for Structure, Embelliſhment, and Riches, one of the moſt noble and magnificent Edifices in the World. When it was deſtroyed by Fire, an Event which we have already taken Notice of, Auguſtus undertook to rebuild it, but died ere it was finiſhed : this, it is ſaid, he, in his laſt moments, regretted as the only thing wanting to complete his Felicity. It was not, however, wholly rebuilt till the Conſulſhip of Catulus, who had the Honour to dedicate it, and to have his Name inſcribed upon it. And indeed Catulus well merited that Diſtinction ; for, beſides many other Marks of his Munificence, he gilded over with Gold all the Copper Tiles of the Temple. Pliny obſerves, that this was the firſt Time Gold was uſed on the

Sprinkled with Milk, Pan grac'd an Oak's dun Shade,
And Scythe-arm'd Pales watch'd the mossy Glade;

For .

the Outside of Buildings. Thus the Fire, to speak in the beautiful Words of Cicero, seem'd to have been sent from Heaven, not to destroy, but to raise to Jupiter a Temple more worthy of his Majesty. On the first of January, the Consuls always went in Procession to this Temple; and all, who entered the City in Triumph, repaired thither in Pomp to pay their solemn Thanks to Jove.

Grammarians make a Difference between *Arx* and *Capitolium*; but, if we are not mistaken, they are, sometimes, indiscriminately used.

The Verses from Line 29, of the Version, to that where the Sibyl addresses *Æneas*, may appear too long, as it diverts the Attention from the Cumæan Sibyl, who is about to prophesy: But as the Prophetess's Allusion to the particular Place, where the Descendants of *Æneas* were to find their Eternal City, might have, perhaps, appeared obscure (a Defect, to which prophetic Language is liable) without a previous and more full Description; our Poet's Conduct, it would seem, is not so foreign to the Purpose, as might at first be imagined.

See Ovid, *Fast.* and Propert. lib. iv. for similar Descriptions.

32. *And Domes ascend, &c.*] In a former Note we have taken Notice of the Meanness of infant Rome: Neither did it greatly improve in Magnificence till many Centuries after. Their Temples indeed were adorned with Trophies; but these, as Plutarch observes in his Life of Marcellus, made the City rather dreadful than pleasing. After the Conquest of Syracuse by Marcellus, the Romans became acquainted with the finer Arts, and no doubt their Architecture was also improved: And yet Augustus boasted, that he had found Rome ill built of Brick, but left a City of Marble: *marmoream se relinquere, quam lateritiam accepisset.* Suet. in Aug. § 28.

Pendebatque vagi pastoris in arbore votum

Garrula silvestri fistula sacra Deo.

30

Fistula, cui semper decrescit arundinis ordo ;

Nam calamus cera jungitur usque minor.

At qua Velabri regio patet, ire solebat

Exiguus pulsa per vada linter aqua.

Illa saepe gregis ditis placitura magistro

35

Ad juvenem festa vecta puella die est.

Cum qua foecundi redierunt munera ruris

Caeus, et niveae candidus agnus ovis.

Inpiger Aenea volitantis frater Amoris,

Troïa qui profugis sacra vehis ratibus,

40

Jam

33. *Sprinkled with Milk, &c.*] It was customary to sprinkle the sylvan Gods Pan and Pales with Milk.

Plutarch informs us, that Rome was founded on the 21st of April; and that on that Day, a solemn Festival was ever afterwards held. This Festival was formerly called by the Romans Palilia; but, upon building a Temple afterwards to Roma and Venus, they changed the Name of this Festival into that of Romana.

36. *Pipes hung, &c.*] The Curious in Antiquities may either consult Servius, or Virgil's *Bucolics*, or Julius Scaliger, lib. i. Poet. cap. 4. concerning the sylvan Pipe of the ancient Shepherds.

Some attribute the Invention of it to Pan, and others to Marfyas. It consisted of seven Reeds (joined together by Thread and Wax) equal at top, where the Lips were applied, but unequal below, *qua exibat spiritus*.

But no Words can convey so distinct an Idea of this ancient musical Instrument, as the Inspection of its Figure upon Antiques, of which many are to be found in Boissard, Gorlaeus, and others. It appears from § 9. of the second

Epistle

For Help from Pan, to Pan on ev'ry Bough 35
 Pipes hung, the grateful Shepherd's vocal Vow,
 Of Reeds, still lessening, was the Gift compos'd,
 And friendly Wax th' unequal Junctures clos'd.
 So where Velabrian Streets like Cities seem,
 One little Wherry plied the lazy Stream, 40
 O'er which the wealthy Shepherd's favourite Maid
 Was to her Swain, on Holydays, convey'd ;
 The Swain, his Truth of Passion to declare,
 Or Lamb, or Cheese, presented to the Fair.)

The Cumæan Sibyl speaks.

“ Fierce Brother of the Power of soft Desire, 45
 “ Who fly’st, with Trojan Gods, the Grecian Fire !
 “ Now

Epistle of that famous Italian Traveller, Pietro della Valle, that the Turks, in his Time, used a Pipe, which they called Muscab, and which very much resembled that played on by the Ancients.

39. *So where Velabrian Streets, &c.*] This was a large Street in the eighth, or, as others say, in the eleventh Division of Rome. The Place, which this Street afterwards occupied, had been, in former Times, a boggy Lake, and exposed to frequent inundations from the Tyber ; but Tarquinius Priscus having effectually drained it, it became, in process of Time, one of the noblest Streets in the City.

45. *Fierce Brother of the God, &c.*] In Virgil, Creusa appears to Æneas, and prophesies to him his future Settlement. The Ancients generally suppose, that the Souls of the Departed are endowed with a Power of predicting future Events ; but no Prophecy was so awfully striking, none more to be depended upon, than what proceeded from the Mouth of a Sibyl. Hence the Reverence paid by the Ro-

Jam tibi Laurentes adsignat Jupiter agros :

Jam vocat errantes hospita terra Lares,
Troja quidem tum se mirabitur, et sibi dicit
Vos bene tam longa consuluisse via.

Illic sanctus eris, quum te veneranda Numici 45

Unda Deum coelo miserit Indigetem,

Ecce

mans to the Sibylline Books ; and hence it was, that Augustus himself affected so much to rely upon their Declarations. Thus has Tibullus happily blended Sublimity with Art. The Sibyll concludes her Prophecy with a Prayer to Apollo, by which she interests that God in the Events of her Prediction ; and from this Circumstance, the Propriety of our Poet's Address to Apollo, in the Beginning of the Elegy, more conspicuously appears.

Poetical Prophecy makes the Reader acquainted, beforehand, with some Events, which are to happen in the Progress of the Poem : and Prevention (as an elegant Critic calls it) is when such Things are spoken of as present, which nevertheless are not to come to pass for Years or Ages.

The same Critic observes, that poetical Predictions are generally uttered by superior Beings ; or if human Beings are introduced, they are either such as are already in another State of Existence, or just on the Verge of quitting this. Thus Hector, in Homer, foretells the Death of Achilles ; and, in the same Manner, Orodes, in Virgil, warns Mezentius of his Fate. Both these Kinds of Prediction are great : and if the latter, as the same Author alleges, is the greatest ; the first however, by his own acknowledgment, is the most poetical.

Nor are these two the only kinds of poetical Prophecy. Heroic Poets often use another, by foretelling the Death of a Hero, at a Time when he is perhaps exulting in Victory. Virgil affords us an Instance of this, Æn. x. in relation to the Death of Pallas by Turnus.

That

" Now Jove assigns thee Laurentine Abodes,
 " Those friendly Plains invite thy banish'd Gods!
 " There shall a nobler Troy herself applaud,
 " Admire her Wanderings, and the Grecian Fraud!
 " There,

That Form of Prophecy, distinguished above by the Title of Prevention, gives an uncommon Greatness and Energy to the Language: It places distant Actions full before our Eyes, and carries a certain Boldness and Assurance with it, that is wonderfully pleasing, Prophecy being of great Strength in possessing and captivating the Reader, as we love to look into Futurity. Thus it flatters the Powers and Capacity of our own Minds, at the same time that it gives an Air of superior Knowledge and Authority to the Poet. This Speech of the Sibyl includes in it all these Advantages: It is not only preventive, but prophetic. Perhaps there are no Speeches in the fourth Book of the *Odysey*, or sixth of the *Æneid*, more remarkable for their prophetic Beauty, than this is. The subject of this is loftier, the Speaker more venerable, and the Design of the Poet himself more truly great.

The terrifying Raptures of Theochymenus, *Od. xx.* which represent the fall of the Suitors, and which contain a higher Orientalism than any we meet with in any other Part of Homer's Writings, may be compared, as Mr. Spence observes in his excellent Dialogues on the *Odysey*, with what Joel says in a truly inspired Language: " I will shew thee Wonders in the Heavens and in the Earth: Blood, and Fire, and Pillars of Smoke: The Sun shall be turned into Darkness, and the Moon into Blood. I will cause the Sun to go down at Noon, and will darken the Earth in clear Day. All the bright Lights of Heaven will I make dark over thee, and set Darkness upon the Land." In that truly sublime Passage, the Sun and Lights seem only to have left the Heavens to shine with all their boundless Majesty in the Poet's Mind.

51. *There, thou from yonder sacred Stream shalt rise*

A God thyself, &c.] The Poet here plainly points out the River Numicius, which, as the Sibyl prophesied, washed away

Ecce super fessas volitat Victoria puppes.

Tandem ad Trojanos diva superba venit.

Ecce mihi lucent Rutulis incendia castris.

Jam tibi praedico, barbere Turne, necem. 50

Ante oculos Laurens castrum, murusque Lavini est,

Albaque ab Ascanio condita longa duce.

Te

away from Æneas all that was mortal, and fitted him for the Company of the Gods, as Ovid beautifully tells the Story. Vide Ovid's Metam. Book xiv. Line 609.

Such is the poetical Account of Æneas's Departure from Life; but Antiquaries differ widely as to the Manner of his Death. Some assert, that his Body was found drowned in the Numicius, after his Rencounter with Mezentius; while others maintain, that he was indeed killed on the Banks of that River, but that his Body, tumbling into the Stream, could never be recovered; and that it was hence artfully given out by his Successors, that the Gods had taken him to themselves. Accordingly he was honoured with the Appellation of *Deus Indiges*, or *αὐθιγενὶς δειμῶν*; and Dionysius Halicarnassæus (lib. i. p. 40.) informs us, that not only a Chapel was dedicated to him, with the following Inscription:

PATRI. DEO: INDIGETI.
QVI. NUMICI. AMNIS.
VNDAS. TEMPERAT.

but that he had many Monuments erected to him, in divers Parts of Italy.

But why is Numicius called sacred? (*veneranda Numici unda.*) Servius, in his Notes on the seventh Æneid, ver. 150. assigns the following Reason: *Numicius ingens ante fluvium fuit; quo repertum est cadaver Æneæ, & consecratum, post paulatim descrescens, in fontem redactus est: qui ipso ficitur*

“ There, thou from yonder sacred Stream shalt rise
 “ A God thyself, and mingle with the Skies !
 “ No more thy Phrygians for their Country fight,
 “ See Conquest o’er your shatter’d Navy fly !
 “ See the Rutulian Tents, a mighty Blaze ! 55
 “ Thou, Turnus ! soon shalt end thy hateful Days !
 “ The Camp I see, Lavinium greets my View !
 “ And Alba ! brave Ascanius ! built by you :
 “ I see

secutus est, sacris interceptus. Vestæ enim libari, non, nisi de hoc flumine, licebat.

БРОЕКН.

56. *You, Turnus ! soon shall end your hateful Days !*] In the first Battle, which Æneas carried on against the Latins and Rutulians, *propter fraudatas Laviniaæ nuptias*, Latinus was slain ; upon which, the Rutulian Prince, Turnus, implored Aid from Mezentius, King of the Tuscans ; and fell in the second Action : but Æneas never afterwards appeared, as the Scholiast tells us. In the third and last Engagement, Ascanius revenged the Death of his Father, by killing Mezentius.

But why does the Poet bestow on Turnus the Epithet *Barbaro*, since this Prince, as Amata, in Virgil, informs us, was of Grecian Original ? Cyllenius endeavours to solve this question, by supposing, that Turnus spoke bad Latin, *vel blæsus, vel balbus erat*. But there is no Occasion for any such Hypothesis, since we find, from Plautus, that the Romans called both Italians and Latins, *Barbari*. Vide Fest. in voc. BARBAR.

БРОЕКН.

57. *Lavinium greets my View.*] This is the City, which Æneas is said to have built in Honour of his Wife Lavinia. See more of this in the twenty-eighth Chapter of the first Book of Dionys. Halicarnass. in Virgil, Æn. i. ver. 258. in Livy, Book i. cap. 1, and 3. in the Author of the Book intitled, *De Orig. Roman.* and in Justin, lib. xliii. cap. 1.

БРОЕКН.

Te quoque jam video, Marti placitura sacerdos

Ilia, Vestales defersisse focos :

Concubitusque tuos furtim, vittasque jacentes, 55

Et cupidi ad ripas arma relicta Dei,

Carpite nunc, tauri, de septem montibus herbas,

Dum licet : hic magnæ jam locus Urbis erit.

Roma, tuam nosse terris fatale regendis

Qua sua de coelo prospicit arva Ceres : 60

Quaque

59. *I see thee, Ilia, &c.*] Broekhusius is ample in citing Authorities, to prove, that Ilia was either asleep, or ravished (contrary to what is asserted in the Text) when Mars, or whoever was the Father of Romulus and Remus, begot these Twins upon her. After her Delivery she drowned herself in the Tyber; and hence she is said, by the Poets, to have been married to that River.

62. *And Arms abandon'd, eager God, &c.*] Mars was so fond of his Helmet, Shield, and Javelin, that he did not quit them, even when going upon his Amours, of which he had several; but as the most famous of these was his Intrigue with Ilia, or, as others call her, Rhea Sylvia, the Mother of Romulus and Remus, so it became a popular Subject for the Medalists, Statuaries, and Painters, as well as Poets, among the Romans. In a Relievo, in the Possession of the Mellini Family, at Rome, we see Mars descended upon Earth, and moving toward Rhea, who is asleep on it. And on the Reverse of a Medal, which Mr. Addison mentions, and Mr. Spence has given an Engraving of, that God is represented in an earlier Point of Time, in the Air, as descending down to her. By means of this Medal, that polite Scholar, Mr. Addison (*Vide Travels, p. 182.*) was enabled to explain the two following Lines in the eleventh Satire of Juvenal, which had puzzled all the Commentators :

*Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis & hasta,
Pendensque Dei perituro ostenderet hosti.*

For

‘ I see thee, Ili! leave the Vestal fire ;
 “ And, clasp’d by Mars, in amorous Bliss expire ! 60
 “ On Tyber’s Bank, thy sacred Robes I see,
 “ And Arms abandon’d, eager God ! by thee.
 “ Your Hills crop fast, ye Herds ! while Fate allows ;
 “ Eternal Rome shall rise, where now ye brouze :
 “ Rome, that shall stretch her irreflexible Reign, 65
 “ Wherever Ceres views her golden Grain ;
 “ Far

For the Roman Soldiers, who were not a little proud of their Founder, and the military Genius of their Republic, used to bear on their Helmets the first History of Romulus. On these Occasions, the Figure of the God was made as descending on, that is, as suspended in the Air over the Vestal Virgin ; in which Sense the Word *pendentis* is extremely poetical.

63. *Your Hills, crop fast, ye Herds ! while Fate allows.*] This Apostrophe to the Cattle, that were feeding on the seven Hills, where Rome afterwards stood, is highly picturesque ; it more than places the Object before the Eyes of the Reader : Such is the Magic of Poetry ! The heroic Poets, but especially the sacred and prophetic Writers, abound with these bold Sallies of Imagination.

65. *Rome, that shall stretch her irreflexible reign.*] The Romans were early made to believe, the Gods had predetermined, that their City should be the Metropolis of the World. Hence Horace writes,

*Gentibus est aliis tellus data limite certo ;
 Romanæ spatium est urbis & orbis idem.*

And Martial calls Rome

Terrarum domina gentiumque Roma.

Into

Quaque patent ortus, et qua fluitantibus undis

Solis anhelantes abluit amnis equos.

Vera cano; sic usque sacras innoxia laurus

Vescar, et aeternum sit mihi virginitas,

Haec cecinit vates, et te sibi, Phoebe, vocavit, 65

Jactavit fusa sed caput ante coma.

Quidquid

Into how many Misfortunes this Belief plunged that State, and especially the Nations around, let her own Annals testify!

69. *The truth I sing, &c.*] A frequent chewing of the Laurel, was supposed to be of great efficacy in raising a Spirit of Divination and Poetry. See Spanheim's learned Notes on the ninety-fourth Verse of Callimachus's Hymn to Delos. With a View to this, we may suppose it was, that Commodus, as Xiphilinus tells the Story, eat the Laurel Leaves with which he was crowned: *δαφνῆς φύλλα ἃ ἐκ τῆς κεφαλῆς αὐτοῦ διαφαίετο.*

71. *So sing the Sibyl, &c.*] Critics differ greatly in the Number, as well as in the Names of the Sibyls; nor are they better agreed with Regard to their Parentage, Country, Reputation, and the Age in which they lived. Varro makes them to have been ten in Number, Suidas, in his Catalogue of them, gives us only nine. Ælian and Aufonius limit them to four; while Aulus Gellius and Pliny the Elder, acknowledge but one. But Rosinus adopted Varro's Opinion; and has, from good Authority too, given us their several Names. Lib. iii. cap. 24.

Our Poet mentions four of the Sibyls by Name, viz. Herophile, Mermessia, Amalthea, and Albuna. Rosinus makes the first and third of these to be the same with the Cumæan Sibyl; but we have the Authority of Pausanias for asserting that Herophile was born on Mount Ida, of a mortal Father, but immortal Mother; that she lived before the Time of the Trojan War, and predicted the Rape of Helen, and the Fall of the Trojan Empire. In her Verses too, were probably

“ Far as the East extends his purple Ray,
 “ And where the West shuts up the Gates of Day.
 “ The Truth I sing ; so may the Laurels prove
 “ Safe Food, and I be screen'd from guilty Love.” 70

Thus sung the Sibyl, and address'd her Prayer,
 Phœbus ! to thee, and madding, loos'd her Hair.

Nor,

probably scattered some Admonitions, *admonuit*, exciting the Romans, who by Æneas were of Trojan Descent, to act a friendly Part to the Phrygians, and by their good Offices compensate to them all the Losses they had sustained by the Destruction of Troy ; and therefore our Poet mentions her, and desires Apollo to guide Messalinus also in the Interpretation of her prophetic Writings, as well as in those of the other three. This method of explaining

*Quidquid Amalthea, quidquid Mermessia dixit,
 Herophile Phæbo grata quod admonuit :
 Quodque Albuna sacras Tiberis per flumina sortes
 Portarit, sicco perlueritque sinu.*

removes all the Difficulty of Connexion, which Commentators saw, but never offered to unriddle, till Vulpius, p. 259. by joining these four Lines with

*Phæbe sacras Messalinum sine tangere chartas
 Vatis : & ipse, precor, quid canat illa, docs.*

in one common Petition to Apollo, made Sense of the Passage.

Herophile is called in the Text, *Grata Phæbo* ; and Pausanias, lib. x. cap. xii. tells us, that in her Verses, she sometimes called herself the Wife, sometimes the Daughter, and sometimes the Sister of Apollo. She visited Claros, Delos, and Delphi, where, from a Stone, which that ancient Greek

Quidquid Amalthea, quidquid Mermessia dimit,
Herophile Phoebæ grata quod admonuit :

Quodque Albuna sacras Tiberis per flumina fortes

Portarit, sicco perlueritque sinu.

70

Hæ fore dixerunt belli mala signa cometen,

Multus ut in terras deplueretque lapis :

Atque

Greek Traveller saw, she uttered Oracles: but she past most of her Time at Samos; and, dying at Troas, was buried in the Grove of Smintheus, where he read her Epitaph, which he has preserved.

Mermessia, although our Poet makes her a distinct Person, was probably the same as the former, since Antiquaries inform us, that she was born at Mermessus, a pastoral Village of Mount Ida. She is also called Marpeſſia; and we learn from Pausanias, lib. x. that in his Time the Vestiges of the ancient City Marpeſſus were still to be seen on Mount Ida.

Albuna was worshipped as a Goddess at Tibur, upon the Banks of the Anio, in whose Stream her Image was found, holding in its hand a Book, which being uninjured by the Water, was conveyed, according to Lactantius, to the Capitol. But our Poet seems to insinuate, that she swam across the Tyber with her Prophecies in her Bosom; and that though its Waters touched these Compositions, yet had they not the Power to wet them.

But though all these Sibyls were eminent, the Cumæan Sibyl was chiefly regarded by the Romans; who, according to Livy, brought nine Books to Tarquinius Priscus, offering them to him for three hundred Pieces of Gold (*Philippi*). The King deriding her Price, she instantly burnt three of them in his Sight, and then demanded the same Sum for the six. Tarquin hereupon calling her an extravagant Mad-woman, she committed three more to the Flames and asked him still the same Money for the Remainder. The King, astonished at this, paid her what she demanded; and

Nor, Phoebus ! give him only these to know,

A farther Knowledge on thy Priest bestow :

Let him interpret what thy fav'rite Maid,

75

What Amalthea, what Mermeffia said :

Let him interpret what Albuna bore

Thro' Tyber's Waves, unwet, to Tyber's farthest
Shore.

When stony Tempests fell, when Comets glar'd,
Intestine Wars their Oracles declar'd :

80

The

and receiving the Volumes, which were supposed to contain the future Destinies of Rome, deposited them in the Capitol, as above related.

Pliny, in talking of the oldest Statues which were to be seen in his Time at Rome, has the following Passage :
Equidem & Sibyllæ juxta rostra esse, non miror, tres sint, licet ; una quam Sex. Pacuvius Taurus ædilis plebis restituit : duæ quas M. Messala (Corvinus's Father) primas putarem has, & Actii Navii, postas ætate Tarquinii Prisci, nisi regum antecedentium essent in Capitolio. Lib. xxxiv. cap. 5.

79. *When stony Tempests fell, &c.*] See Instances of all these Prodiges in the sixth Chapter of the first Book of Valerius Maximus.

A late Italian Author ingeniously accounts for Showers of Stones, and all the other Kinds of Showers, which Historians and Naturalists mention. See also Lucan's ninth Book.

Ibid. When Comets glar'd.] Few Prejudices are more ancient, than that, which makes Comets portend the Downfall of Empires. A sounder Philosophy has at last taught us, that though they are less known, they are not more ominous than the Planets ; and yet Mr. Whiston was of Opinion that this Earth will be finally destroyed by a Comet.

Atque tubas, atque arma ferunt crepitantia coelo

Audita, et lucos praecinuisse fugam.

Ipfum etiam Solem defectum lumina vidit 75

Jungere pallentes nubilus annus equos.

Et fimulacra Deum lacrimas fudiffe tepentes,

Fataque vocales praemonuiffe boves.

Haec fuerint olim ; fed tu, jam mitis, Apollo,

Prodigia indomitis merge sub aequoribus. 80

Et fuccenfa facris crepitet bene laurea flammis :

Omne quo felix, et facer annus erit.

Laurus ïo bona figna dedit : gaudete coloni :

Diffendet fpicis horrea plena Ceres.

Oblitus et mufco feriet pede ruficus uvas, 85

Dolia dum, magni deficientque lacus.

At

83. *To charge the Clarion, &c.*] Instances of this Prodigy are frequent in both the Roman Poets and Historians, to the difgrace of the latter.

86. *An annual Darknefs, &c.*] Although an Eclipse of the Sun was ever regarded by the Romans as a Prodigy ; that which Tibullus fpeaks of, and which happened when Cæfar was killed, was, fays Broekhuſius, moſt prodigious, ſince it laſted almoſt a whole Year.

What ? and is Nature then to be ſhock with Convulſions, to be forced out of her natural Courſe, when a Tyrant is cut off ? This is the Language of baſe Adulation, but not of ſound Philoſophy. When, indeed, a Friend to Man perishes, all the Elements may with Propriety be introduced as lamenting his Fall ; and yet, as the Author of an excellent Ode to Mankind ſings, it too generally happens, that,

Thoſe

The sacred Groves (our Ancestors relate)
 Foretold the Changes of the Roman State :
 To charge the Clarion sounded in the Sky,
 Arms clafh'd, Blood ran, and Warriours seem'd to die :
 With monstrous Prodigies the Year began : 85
 An annual Darknefs the whole Globe o'er-ran ;
 Apollo, shorn of every beamy Ray,
 Oft strove, but strove in vain, to light the Day :
 The Statues of the Gods wept tepid Tears ;
 And speaking Oxen fill'd Mankind with Fears ! 90

These were old : No more, Apollo ! frown,
 But in the Waves each adverse Omen drown.
 O ! let thy Bays in crackling Flames ascend ;
 So shall the Year with Joy begin and end !
 The Bays give prosp'rous Signs ; rejoice ye Swains ! 95
 Propitious Ceres shall reward your Pains.
 With Milt the jolly Rustic purpled o'er,
 Shall squeeze rich Clusters, which their Tribute
 pour,
 Till Vatts are wanting, to contain their Store.

}
 Far

Those have no Charms to please the Sense,
 No graceful Port, no Eloquence,
 To win the Muses' Throng ;
 Unknown, un Sung, unmark'd they lie,
 But Cæsar's Fate o'ercasts the Sky,
 And Nature mourns his Wrong.

92. *But in the Waves, &c.*] Monstrous Births, by Way of
 Expiation, were either thrown into the Sea, or burnt with
 pyrum

At madidus Baccho sua festa Palilia pastor

Concinet; a stabulis tunc procul este lupi.

Ille levis stipulae solennes potus acervos

Accendet, flammam transilietque sacras.

90

Et foetus matrona dabit, natumque parenti

Ocula comprehensis auribus eripiet.

Nec taedebit avum parvo advigilare nepotem,

Balbaque cum puero dicere verba senem.

Tunc operata Deo pubes discumbet in herba,

95

Arboris antiquae qua levis umbra cadit.

Aut e veste sua tendent umbracula fertis

Vincta: coronatus stabit et ante calix,

At sibi quisque dapes, et festas extruet alte

Cespitibus mensas, cespitibusque torum.

100

Ingeret

pyrum sylvaticum, and such like plants infelices, as the Romans called them, from the supposed Circumstance of their being under the Protection of the Dii Inferi & Avertentes. See Instances of this, in Livy, and Julius Obsequens.

102. *Now serv'd with Wine, &c.*] Ovid, in that astonishing Work of his, entitled Fasti, gives us the following accurate Description of the Palilia.

Certe ego de vitulo, cinerem, stipulasque fatales

Saepe tuli plena februa casta manu.

Certe ego transfiliis postas ter in ordine flammam;

Virgaque lauratas aurea misit aquas..

And again,

Tum licet, apposta veluti cratera camella,

Lac nivcum potas, purpureamque saram:

Moxque per ardentem stipulam crepitantis acervos,

Trajiicias celeri frenua membra pedo.

Lib. iv.

104. *From*

Far hence, ye Wolves! the mellow Shepherds bring 100
 Their Gifts to Pales, and her-Praises sing.
 Now, fir'd with Wine, they solemn Bonfires raise,
 And leap, untimorous, thro' the strawy Blaze!
 From every Cott, unnumber'd Children throng,
 Frequent the Dance, and louder raise the Song: 105
 And while in Mirth the Hours they thus employ,
 At home the Grandfire tends his little Boy;
 And in each Feature pleas'd himself to trace,
 Foretells his Pratler will adorn the Race.

The sylvan Youth, their grateful Homage paid, 110
 Where plays some Streamlet, seek th' embowering
 Shade;

Or stretch'd on soft enamel'd Meadows lie,
 Where thickest Umbrage cools the Summer-sky:
 With Roses, see! the sacred Cup is crown'd,
 Hark! Music breathes her animating Sound: 115
 The Couch of Turf, and festal Tables stand
 Of Turf, erected by each Shepherd-hand;
 And all well-pleas'd, the votive Feast prepare,
 Each one his Goblet, and each one his Share.

Now

104. *From every Cott, &c.*] The Original of this Passage cannot be expressed in poetical English. It describes a Method of kissing, wherein the Person to be kissed, was, by the Saluter, held and pulled forward by the Ears, till his Lips met the others. This, according to Broekhusius, the Italians call a Florentine Kiss. Vide Kemp. Dissert. de Oscul.

Ingeret hic potus juvenis maledicta puellae,

Postmodo quae votis inrita facta velit.

Nam ferus ille suae plorabit sobrius idem,

Et se jurabit mente fuisse mala.

Pace tua, pereantque arcus, pereantque sagittae, 105

Phoebe : modo in terris erret inermis Amor.

Ars bona : sed postquam sumfit sibi tela Cupido,

Heu heu quam multis ars dedit illa malum.

Et mihi praecipue, jacco quum faucius annum :

Et faveo morbo, tam juvat ipse dolor. 110

Vixque cano Nemesim, sine qua versus mihi nullus

Verba potest, justos aut reperire pedes.

Acer Amor, fractas utinam tua tela sagittas

Ilicet, extinctas adspiciamque faces.

Tu miserum torques, tu mihi dira precari 115

Cogis, et insana mente nefanda loqui.

At tu, nam Divûm servat tutela poëtas,

Praemoneo, vati parce, puella, sacro :

Ut

106. *And while, &c.*] Such domestic Descriptions are often more pleasing than the boldest Flights of Poetry! Tibullus abounds in them: They are certain Signs of the Goodness of a Writer's Heart.

121. *But sob-r, deprecate, &c.*] The Form of Deprecation was this: To confess, that the Person injured did not deserve the Curse; that they wished it had not been pronounced; and owned themselves actuated by a bad Disposition: *Mente mala, mala fatebantur.* Nennius, as Broekhuſius remarks, was the first who explained the former part of the Latin Deprecation, as Douza did the last. This was a

124. *Yet*

Now drunk, they blame their Stars and curse the Maid ;
 But sober, deprecate whate'er they said. 121

Perish thy Shafts, Apollo ! and thy Bow !
 If Love unarmed in our Forests go.
 Yet since he learn'd to wing th'unerring Dart,
 Much cause has Man to curse his fatal Art : 125
 But most have I ; the Sun has wheel'd his round
 Since first I felt the deadly festering Wound ;
 Yet, yet I fondly, madly, wish to burn,
 Abjure Indifference, and at Comfort spurn ;
 And tho' from Nemesis my Genius flows ; 130
 Her scarce I sing, so weighty are my Woes !

O cruel Love ! how joyous should I be,
 Your Arrows broke, and Torch extinct to see !
 From you, my want of Reverence to the Skies !
 From you, my Woes and Imprecations rise ! 135
 Yet I advise you, too relentless Fair !
 (As Heaven protects the Bards), a Bard to spare !

E'en

better Method surely of making Satisfaction, than what we Moderns have substituted in its Place, the Pistol and Sword.

124. *Yet since he learnt, &c.*] The Reader by this Time must have perceived a frequent Recurrence of Ideas in Tibullus ; yet are both Ovid and Propertius equally reprehensible on that Account.

Ut Messalinum celebrem, quum præmia belli

Ante suos currus oppida victa feret. 120

Ipse gerens laurus, lauro devinctus agresti

Miles, io magna voce triumphæ canet.

Tum Messala meus pia det spectacula turbae,

Et plaudat curru prætereunte pater.

Adnæ; sic tibi sint intonsi, Phœbe, capilli: 125

Sic tua perpetuo fit tibi casta soror.

ELEGIA

139. *In Triumph soon, &c.*] Bacchus, or (as Sir Isaac Newton has proved) the Egyptian Sesostris, after his Return from his Indian Conquest, gave the first Instance of this ungenerous Ceremony, which the Romans afterwards adopted. It is impossible to read the Description of those arrogant Exhibitions of Prosperity, without being struck with Indignation: and we can never think highly of the Humanity of that People, who could behold with Pleasure such striking Instances of Calamity, and of the Caprice of Fortune, as those Solemnities afforded; when the greatest Monarchs of the Earth were sometimes dragged from their Thrones, to attend in Chains the insolent Parade of an insulting Conqueror. But it was natural for the Romans to enjoy that with Insolence, which they gained by Oppression.

140. *Then pictur'd Towns shall shew, &c.*] These were at first of Wood; but in Cæsar's last Triumph they were of Silver.

144. *While war-worn Veterans.*] *Laureati milites* (says Festus Pompeius) *sequebantur currum triumphantis, ut quasi purgati, a cæde humana intrarent urbem.*

151. *Præ-*

E'en now, the Pontiff claims my loftiest Lay,
 In Triumph, soon he'll mount the sacred Way.
 Then pictur'd Towns shall show successful War, 140
 And Spoils and Chiefs attend his ivory Car:
 Myself will bear the Laurel in my Hand;
 And pleas'd, amid the pleas'd Spectators stand:
 While war-worn Veterans, with Laurels crown'd,
 With Io-triumphs shake the Streets around. 145
 His Father hails him, as he rides along,
 And entertains with pompons Shews the Throng.

O Phœbus! kindly deign to grant my Prayer;
 So may'st thou ever wave thy curled Hair;
 So ever may thy Virgin-sister's Name 150
 Preserve the Lustre of a spotless Fame.

T H E

151. *Preserve the Lustre, &c.*] The Poet, as Vulpus observes, wishes eternal Chastity to Diana, because Orion, one of the Giants, had endeavoured, but in vain, to ravish her.

*Testis mearum centimanus Gyas
 Sententiarum notus, & integræ
 Tentator Orion Dianæ
 Virginea domitus sagitta.*

Lib. iii. Od. 4.

This Truth shall hundred-handed Gyas tell,
 And warn Orion, who with impious Love
 Tempting the Goddess of the sylvan Scene,
 Was by her Virgin Darts, gigantic Victim, slain.

Francis.

ELEGIA SEXTA.

CASTRA Macer sequitur; tenero quid fiet
Amori,

Si comes, et collo fortiter arma geret ?

Et, seu longa virum terrae via, seu vaga ducent

Aequora, cum telis ad latus ire volet ?

Ute

This Elegy is more than commonly difficult; and, what too frequently happens, the Commentators, especially Scaliger, have increased these difficulties, by endeavouring to explain them.

Æmilius Macer, a Nobleman, even famous in the Augustan Age for his Gallantry and Wit, had been entrusted by the Successor of Julius with the Execution of some military Enterprize. At his Departure from Rome, it is probable, he boasted to our Poet, that however deeply he seemed engaged in Love, yet was his Heart his own, and now only panted for military Fame. As Tibullus could not but regard this Declaration as a secret Satire on his own Conduct, he earnestly addresses Cupid to follow Macer to the Field; from which if he did not bring him back, he threatens to desert his Service himself, and, in the various Life of a Soldier, to dissipate his Tendresse for the Fair. In Fancy our Poet becomes a military Man, and bids adieu to Love and its trifling Pursuits: but his Ardour soon cools; he owns, though Nemesis was still insensible to his Sufferings, that his Passion for her was as violent as ever. From this, he takes

T H E
S I X T H E L E G Y .

MACER campaigns ; who now will thee obey
 O Love ! if Macer dare forego thy Sway ?
 Put on the Crest, and grasp the burnish'd Shield,
 Pursue the base Deferter to the Field :

Or if to Winds he gives the loosen'd Sail, 5
 Mount thou the Deck, and risk the stormy Gale :

To

takes Occasion to advise the young Noblemen of Rome, who, to get rid of Love, might flatter themselves, that a military Life would effectually answer, to lay aside all their martial Intentions, and, like him, implicitly serve under the Banner of Cupid. His advice, however, does not seem to have been relished by those for whom it was designed ; Gold, which at that Time was chiefly to be obtained by War, having, it would seem, corrupted them. This was one of the many Disasters produced by the Civil Wars, in which such immense Fortunes had been amassed, that manumitted Slaves then wallowed in ministerial Fortunes. With this known Truth he concludes his Panegyric on Wealth ; and therefore the two Lines,

Nota loquor, &c.

which in all Editions are placed at the End of this Elegy, should immediately follow

F 4

Negligat

Ure, puer, quæso, tua qui ferus otia liquit : 5

Atque iterum erronem sub tua signa voca.

Quod

Negligat bybernas.

For by this Change these two Lines, which universally puzzled the Commentators, have a Connexion, and may be made Sense of. But though the Love of Riches had so generally infected even the Young, Tibullus only begs that he might enjoy the little he had, in all the Simplicity of ancient Times. Unfortunately, however, for our Poet, Nemesis liked Opulence ; and, as he was wholly attached to her, he suddenly determines to become rich by War ; neither could Cupid be offended with this, as with his Spoils he only meant to adorn his Mistress.

[*Macer campaigns, &c.*] This Elegy, and the third and seventh of this Book, have been miserably mangled and blended together, in the Variorum Edition : for Instance, all the Verses of this, from *At tu quisque is es*, to the End, are in that Edition soisted into the third Elegy, *Rura tenent*, &c. although these Lines have no Manner of Connexion with that Elegy. But, by way of Compensation, the Variorum Editors have not only laid the foresaid third Elegy under a Contribution of four Lines to this, beginning at *Acer amor fractas*, &c. but have also tagged to it the next Elegy, beginning *Finirent multi leto mala*.

Joannes Baptista Pius, Achilles Statius. and Glandorpius are all of Opinion, that Tibullus means here Pompeius Macer, the Son of Theophanes of Mitylene, to whom Augustus entrusted, as Suetonius informs us, the Management of his Library. The Arguments they allege in Defence of this, are chiefly taken from Ovid, who, in the eighteenth Elegy of his second Book, speaks thus of Macer :

Carmen ad iratum dum tu perducis Achillem,

Primaque juratis induis arma viris

Nos, Macer, ignovæ Veneris cessamus in umbra.

And again,

Tu canis, æterno quidquid restabat Ehamero

Ne careant summa Troica bella manu.

Pont. Ep. lib. ii, ep. 10. vers. 13.

From

To dare desert thy sweetly-pleasing Pains,
 For stormy Seas, or sanguinary Plains!

'Tis, Cupid! thine, the Wanderer to reclaim,

Regain thy Honour, and avenge thy Name!

10

If

From whence they conclude, that Pompeius Macer was a Poet, and wrote the Paralipomena of Homer. This Opinion is however unsupported by classical Authority. But if there is no cause to believe that Theophranes was a Poet, we know, that Æmilius Macer was a considerable one; and as he made a distinguished figure in the Court of Augustus, it is not unreasonable to conclude, he was the Nobleman, whom Tibullus mentions in this Elegy.

Æmilius Macer then was born at Verona, a City famous for the Births of Lucretius, Catullus, and the Architect Vitruvius. Ovid informs us, that Macer was his senior, and that he travelled with him through Asia and Sicily. We also know from the same Poet, as well as from Pliny, that Macer, besides the Pieces already mentioned, wrote likewise a Poem on Birds, Serpents, and on the Virtues of Plants. Of this Performance, which he used often to recite to Ovid, two or three Lines only remain. In it he chiefly copied Nicander, a Poet of Colophon. Nor were these his only poetical Performances: he composed a Piece, intitled Theriaca, of which Isidorus and others have saved near half a dozen Verses. Nonius Marcellus adds, that he wrote a Theogony, of which he mentions one Verse: but some learned Men think, that the Line quoted must have belonged rather to his Ornithology. Besides these useful Works, he published something on Bees (probably in Verse) as Pliny informs us, lib. xi. Quintilian allows both Macer and Lucretius to have been elegant, but stigmatizes the one as obscure, and the other as creeping. *Utinam* (says Broekhusius) *hodie de Macro & nobis arbitrari liceret! Utinam saltem Iliaca exstarent, quas tanti facit Naso, ut ab his libris, honorificum dederit auctori cognomentum;*

Quod si militibus parces, erit hic quoque miles

Ipse, levi galea qui sibi portet aquam.

Castra peto: valeatque Venus, valeantque puellae.

Et mihi sunt vires, et mihi facta tuba est. 10

Magna

*Cum foret & Marsus, magnique Babirius oris,
Illiacusque Macer fiderusque Peda.*

Lib. iv. Pont. Ep. 16.

Macer died in Asia, about the Time that Augustus adopted Caius and Lucius, the Sons of Agrippa; which, according to the Eusebian Chronicle, happened A. U. C. 737. in the Consulate of C. Furnius, and Jus. Silanus.

The Poem De Viribus Herbarum, which at present passes under the Name of Æm. Macer, is the Work of one Odo, who was as wretched a Poet, as he was a bad Physician. Vide Lilio Gyrald. J. C. Scaliger, and Gaudent. Merul. Ital. Illustr. We therefore wonder how that elegant Scholar and excellent Anatomist, Thomas Bartholin, could be so far imposed upon, as to take this miserable Stuff, for a Poem, which was the Delight of the Augustan Age. See his Dissert. de Medicis Poeticis.

3. *Put on the Crest, &c.*] This Passage in the Original has mightily puzzled the Interpreters. Scaliger and Broekhusius explain it, as if the Poet lamented the Fate of little Cupid, who would now be obliged to attend Macer to the Field, and to be his Armour-bearer. Vulpus, on the other hand, condemns Scaliger's Explanation, and says, that the Poet seems to intimate, that Cupid himself should put on Arms. This Sense of the Passage is what the Translator has adopted, as the most poetical.

We learn from Ovid, that Macer was not averse to Love, but even mixed Strokes of Gallantry in his heroic Compositions.

*Nec tibi (qua tutum vati, Macer arma cantenti)
Aureus in medio Marte, tacetur amor.*

Et

If such thou spar'ft, a Soldier I will be,
 The meanest Soldier, and abandon thee.
 Adieu, ye trifling Loves ! farewell, ye Fair !
 The Trumpet charms me, I to Camps repair ;

The

*Et Paris est illic, & adultera nobile crimen ;
 Et comes extincto Laodamia viro.
 Si bene te novi, non bella libentius istis
 Dicis, & a vestris in mea castra venis.*

Lib. ii. El. 18. ver. 35.

14. *The Trumpet charms me.*] Read, instead of *fassa*, in
 the Generality of Editions,

& mihi grata tuba est.

Hammond has improved upon this Elegy in his second.

I.

Adieu, ye Walls, that guard my cruel Fair !
 No more I'll sit in rosy Fetters bound ;
 My Limbs have learnt the Weight of Arms to bear,
 My rousing Spirits feel the Trumpet's Sound.

II.

Few are the Maids that now on Merit smile ;
 On Sport and War is bent this Iron Age ;
 Yet Pain and Death attend on War and Spoil,
 Unfated Vengeance, and remorseless Rage.

III.

To purchase Spoil, ev'n Love itself is sold :
 Her Lover's Heart is least Næra's Care.
 And I, thro' War, must seek detested Gold ;
 Not for myself, but for my venal Fair !

Magna loquor : sed magnifice mihi magna locuto

Excutiunt clausæ fortia verba fores.

Juravi quoties rediturum ad limina numquam ?

Quum bene juravi, pes tamen ipse redit.

At

IV.

That while she bends beneath the Weight of Drefs,

The stiffen'd Robe may spoil her easy Mien;

And Art mistaken, make her Beauty less,

While still it hides some Graces, better seen.

V.

But if such Toys can win her lovely Smile,

Her's be the Wealth of Tagus' golden Sand,

Her's the bright Gems that glow in India's Soil,

Her's the black Sons of Afric's sultry Land.

VI.

To please her Eye, let every Loom contend;

For her be rifled Ocean's pearly Bed.

But where, alas ! would idle Fancy tend,

And sooth with Dreams a youthful Poet's Head !

VII.

Let others buy the cold, unloving Maid,

In forc'd Embraces aſt the Tyrant's Part ;

While I their selfish Luxury upbraid,

And scorn the Person, where I doubt the Heart.

VIII.

Thus warm'd by Pride, I think I love no more,

And hide in Threats the Weakness of my Mind

In vain — Tho' Reason fly the hated Door,

Yet Love, the Coward Love, still lags behind.

21. *Unconscious what I did, &c.*] This, in the Original,
is,

pes tamen ipse redit.

And,

The martial Look; the martial Garb assume, 15

And see the Laurel on my Forehead bloom!

My vaunts how vain! debarr'd the cruel Maid,

The Warriour softens, and my Laurels fade.

Piqu'd to the 'Soul, how frequent have I swore,
Her Gate so servile to approach no more? 20

Unconscious what I did, I still return'd,

Was still deny'd Access, and yet I burn'd!

Ye

And, as Vulpius observes, it appears to have been a colloquial Expression, equally idiomatical both to Greeks and Romans.

Horace has a Thought of the same Nature, in his excellent Epode to Pollius; where, complaining of the Cruelty of Inachia, whom he had resolv'd to see no more, he thus expresses his own Impotence of Will:

Ubi hæc severus te palam laudaveram

fusus abire domum

Ferebar incerto pede

Ad non amicos, heu mihi postes, & heu

Limina dura, quibus

Lumbos, & infregi latos.

Ep. xi.

When thus, with vaunting Air, I solemn said;

Inspir'd by thy Advice, I homeward sped;

But, ah! my Feet in wonted Wandering stray,

And to no friendly Doors my Steps betray,

There I forget my Vows, forget my Pride,

And at her Threshold lay my tortur'd Side.

FRANCIS.

But are we therefore to conclude, that Horace was indebted to Tibullus for this Thought? By no means. For, as one of the best Critics that ever instructed this Island, observes, "Many Subjects fall under the Consideration of an Author, which being limited by Nature, can admit

At tu, quisque is es, cui tristi fronte Cupido 15

Imperitat, nostra sint tua castra domo.

Ferrea non Venerem, sed praedam faecula laudant.

Praeda tamen multis est operata malis.

Praeda feras acies acuit crudelibus armis.

Hinc furor, hinc caedes, mors propiorque venit, 20

Praeda vago iussit geminare pericula ponto,

Bellica quum dubiis rostra dedit ratibus.

Praedator cupit immensos obsidere campos,

Ut multo innumeram jugere pascat ovem.

Quid lapis externus curae est? urbique tumultus 25

Portatur validis mille columna jugis?

Claudit et indomitum moles mare, lentus ut intra

Negligat hibernas piscis adesse minas?

Nota loquor: regnum ipse tenet, quem saepe coëgit

Barbara gypfatos ferre catasta pedes.

At

“ admit only of slight and accidental Diversities. All Defi-
 “ nitions of the same Thing, must be nearly the same;
 “ and Descriptions, which are Definitions of a more loose
 “ and fanciful Kind, must always have, in some Degree,
 “ that Resemblance to each other, which they all have to
 “ their Object. Different Poets describing the Spring and
 “ the Sea, would mention the Zephyrs and the Flowers,
 “ the Billows and the Rocks: reflecting on Human Life,
 “ they would, without any Communication of Opinions,
 “ lament the Deceitfulness of Hope, the Fugacity of Plea-
 “ sure, the Fragility of Beauty, and the Frequency of Ca-
 “ lamity; and, for Palliatives of these incurable Miseries,
 “ they

Ye Youths, whom Love commands with angry
 Sway,
 Attend his Wars, like me, and pleas'd obey:
 This Iron Age approves his Sway no more : 25
 All fly to Camps for Gold, and Gold adore :
 Yet Gold clothes kindred States in hostile Arms !
 Hence Blood and Death, Confusion and Alarms !
 Mankind, for Lust of Gold,* at once defy
 The naval Combat, and the stormy Sky ! 30
 The Soldier hopes, by martial Spoils, to gain
 Flocks without Number, and a rich Domain :
 His Hopes obtain'd by every horrid Crime,
 He seeks for Marble in each foreign Clime :
 A thousand Yoke sustain the pillar'd Freight, 35
 And Rome, surpriz'd beholds th'enormous Weight.
 Let such with Moles the furious Deep inclose,
 Where Fish may swim unhurt, tho' Winter blows :
 Let Flocks and Villas call the Spoiler Lord !
 And be the Spoiler by the Fair ador'd ! 40
 Let

" they would concur in recommending Kindness, Temperance, Caution, and Fortitude." Rambler, No. 143.

37. *Let such with Moles, &c.*] Would the Reader know to what immense Extravagance the Romans went in this Article of Sea-fish-ponds, he may consult Varro, De Re Rust. cap. 17. where he treats of these *piscinæ marinæ*:

41. *Let*

At mihi laeta trahant Samiæ convivia testæ,

Fictaque Cumana lubrica terra rota. 30

Heu heu divitibus video gaudere puellas

Jam veniant prædæ, si Venus optat opes:

Ut mea luxuria Nemesis fluat: utque per urbem

Incedat donis conspicienda meis.

Illa gerat vestes tenues, quas femina Coa 35

Texuit, auratas disposuitque vias.

Illi sint comites fufci, quos India torret,

Solis et admotis inficit ignis equis.

Illi selectos certent præbere colores

Africa puniceum, purpureumque Tyros. 40

ELEGIA

41. *Let one we know, &c.*] It is reported by Historians, that Demetrius, the Freed-man of Pompey, by attending that General in his Conquests, amassed greater Wealth than his Master himself. It is probable, however, our Poet, in this Passage, glances at some of the Cæsarian Party.

43. *Be ours the Joys of æconomic Ease.*] From the Original,

*At mihi læta trahant Samiæ convivia testæ
Fictaque Cumana lubrica terra rota.*

The Translator approves of Scaliger's Correction, in inserting *mibi*. Although by rendering it *ours*, he takes in also *sibi*, which is the other Pronoun that contends for a Place here. The Poet particularly celebrates Samos and Cumæ, as Marts of the best and cheapest Earthen Ware. Vide Pliny, lib. xxxiii. cap. 12:

Let one we know, a whipp'd Barbarian Slave,
 Live like a King, with kingly Pride behave !
 Be ours the Joys of œconomic Ease,
 From bloody Fields remote, and stormy Seas !

In Gold, alas ! the venal Fair delight ! 45
 Since Beauty fights for Spoil, for Spoil I'll fight !
 In all my Plunder Nemefis fhall fhine,
 Yours be the Profit, be the Peril mine :
 To deck your heav'nly Charms the Silk-worm dies,
 Embroidery labours, and the Shuttle flies ! 50
 For you be rifled Ocean's pearly Store !
 To you Pactolus fend his golden Ore !
 Ye Indians ! blacken'd by the nearer Sun,
 Before her Steps in fplendid Liveries run ;
 For you fhall wealthy Tyre and Afric vie, 55
 To yield the Purple, and the Scarlet Dye.

T H E

45. *In Gold, alas ! the venal Fair, &c.*] Pliny informs us, that Gold was not coined at Rome till the Year 647, about fixty-two Years after Silver had been first coined there. Until this Period, the Romans, it feems, fubfifted on the Money of the Nations they conquered.

50. *Embroidery labours, &c.*] This in the Original is,

Illa gerat veftes, &c.

The Ifland Cos was remarkable of old for Gold Tiffues and other Luxuries of Apparel. The great Hippocrates was born there.

55. *For you shall wealtby Tyre, &c.*] Authors make a Difference between the Tyrian and Lybian Dye, though they are sometimes used promiscuously by good Classic Writers. The Tyrian was the richest Dress a Lady could wear. The Pretexta of the Roman Magistrates
was

was of purple, a Colour which they sometimes permitted such foreign Princes as depended on them, to assume, but never till they had made exorbitant Presents to the Consuls.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

FINIRENT multi leto mala ; credula vitam
 Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait.

Spes alit agricolas, Spes fulcis credit aratis

Semina, quae magno foenere reddat ager.

Haec

Suicide was not only not criminal, but esteemed heroic by the Romans. We may suppose but few destroyed themselves from philosophical Motives, although the Stoics permitted it. Under the Emperors, indeed, those especially that disgraced Nature, Self-murder became too frequent, as then only the best Men were doomed the Victims of their Barbarity ; for by this Means they preserved their Estates to their Posterity. Under such Circumstances, Suicide was in Truth less blameable ; but still no Circumstances can be offered, which wholly abate its Iniquity. Be that, however, as it will, even those who condemn Self-murder as unjustifiable, will own that Death sounds prettily in the Mouth of a Lover ; and this gives some Countenance to the Reading,

Jam mala finissem leto,

which makes the Beginning of this Elegy, in some Editions ; but as our Poet every where else shews the utmost Abhorrence at Death, as the best MSS. read

Finirent

T H E

SEVENTH ELEGY.

THOUSANDS in Death would seek an End
of Woe,

But Hope, deceitful Hope! prevents the Blow!
Hope plants the Forest, and she sows the Plain;
And feeds, with future Granaries, the Swain;

Hope

Finirent multi leto mala, &c.

and as it appears by the Line

Spes facilem Nemefin, &c.

that he only was enumerating some of the many Effects of that catholic Cordial, Hope, the Translator has adopted the more common Reading, and, with Broekhusius, has made this a distinct Elegy; which, in not a few Editions, is preposterously tacked to the foregoing Poem.

The whole Existence of a Lover is made up of Hope and Fears: Though always disappointed by Nemesis, our Poet still hoped, that his amorous Inclinations would at last be indulged: for this Purpose, he entreats her, as was natural, by the Things she held most dear. — The Text informs us, that her Sister had unfortunately fallen from a Window, and
broken

Haec laqueo volucres, haec captat arundine pisces, 5

Quum tenues hamos abdidit ante cibus.

Spes etiam valida folatur compede vinctum,

Crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus.

Spes

broken her Neck: this Person had always warmly espoused the Interest of Tibullus; and as it was a Point of pagan Belief, that their Ghosts continued their Attention to their Friends on Earth, especially if these paid proper Honours to their Tombs, our Poet informs his cruel Fair-one, that he means to repair to her Sister's Monument, and, by Oblations of Flowers, &c. to implore her Assistance. But, as it was natural for him to imagine, that the mentioning so favourite an Object, would renew all Nemesis's Grief for her unfortunate End, he breaks off, and artfully throwing the Blame of what he had suffered on her Servant, he finishes the Elegy with cursing her.

1. *Thousands in Death, &c.*] Although the Romans looked upon Suicide as heroic; yet Virgil thus describes the evil Condition and Remorse of those who had laid violent Hands upon themselves:

*Proxima deinde tenent mæsti loca, qui sibi letum
Infantes peperere manu, lucemque perosi
Projecere animas: quam vellet in æthero alto
Nunc & pauperiem, & duros tolerare labores!
Fas obstat, tristisque palus inamabilis unda
Adligat, & novies Styx interfusa coerces.*

In Plato's almost divine Dialogue, intitled, Phædo, Socrates has fully evinced the Unlawfulness of Self-murder. This Dialogue Cicero seems to have copied in his admirable Piece, intitled, Somnium Scipionis. *Quæso, inquam, pater sanctissime atque optime, quoniam hæc est vita, (ut Africanum audio dicere) quid moror in terra? quin hinc ad vos venire propero? Non est ita, inquit ille; Nisi Deus is, cujus hoc templum est omne quod conspicias, istis te corporis custodiis liberaverit, huc tibi aditus patere non potest. Homines enim sunt hac lege generati,*
qui

Hope snares the winged Vagrants of the Sky, 5
 Hope cheats in reedy Brooks the scaly Fry ;
 By Hope, the fetter'd Slave, the Drudge of Fate,
 Sings, shakes his Irons, and forgets his State ;

Hope

qui tuerentur illum globum, quem in hoc templo medium vides, quæ terra dicitur ; hisque animus datus est ex illis sempiternis ignibus, quæ sidera, & stellas vocatis : quæ globosæ, & rotundæ, circos suos orbisque conficiunt celeritate mirabili. Quare & tibi, Publi, & piis omnibus retinendus est animus in custodia corporis : nec injussu ejus, a quo ille est vobis datus, ex hominum vita migrandum est, ne munus humanum adsignatum a Deo defugisse videamini.

2. *But Hope, deceitful Hope, &c.*] Hope is a poetical Subject, to which many, both ancient and modern, have done great Justice. Theognis supposes, that when the other Gods left the Earth, Hope only staid behind. This Thought Ovid has adopted :

*Hæc dea, quum fugerent sceleratas numina terras,
 In diis invisâ sola remansit humo.*

As Hope, as well as Fear, is one of the Barriers implanted in us by Nature, to prevent our rushing out of Life, ought it not to have been taken into the Estimate of Life in Hamlet's Soliloquy ?

To be, or not to be ;

which, however sensible, has, as a late Critic well observes, nothing to do in the Place where it is introduced.

This Enumeration of the Consequences of Hope, or what it may be productive of, though not frequent in our Poet, is yet common in Ovid, and has indeed a fine Effect even in preceptive Poems ; but in such as are impassioned or heroic, seems essentially improper. Hence Marino and Davenant are reprehensible ; neither is Shakespear himself entirely free from Blame on this Score.

St. Paul, with no less Beauty than Emphasis of Expression, calls Hope our early Immortality. The excellent author

Spes facilem Nemesin spondet mihi ; sed negat illa.

Hei mihi, ne vincas, dura puella, Deam. 10

Parce per iamatura tuae precor ossa fororis ;

Sic bene sub tenera parva quiescat hamo.

Illa mihi sancta est ; illius dona sepulcro,

Et madefacta meis ferta feram lacrimis.

Illius ad tumulum fugiam, supplexque fedebō, 15

Et mea cum muto fata querar cinere.

Non feret usque suum te propter flere clientem.

Illius ut verbis, sis mihi lenta, veto.

Ne tibi neglecti mittant nova somnia manes,

Mocestaque sopitae stet soror ante torum. 20

Qualis

thor of the Night Thoughts, thus expresses his Sentiments with regard to Wishing :

Wishing, of all Employments, is the worst,
 Philosophy's Reverse, and Health's Decay !
 Were I as plump as stall'd Theology,
 Wishing would waste me to this Shade again.
 Were I as wealthy as a South-Sea Dream,
 Wishing is an Expedient to be poor.
 Wishing, that constant Hectic of a Fool ;
 Caught at a Court ; purg'd off by purer Air,
 And simpler Diet ; Gifts of rural Life !

9. *Hope promis'd you, &c.*] The Goddess, mentioned in the Original, is, by some Commentators, supposed to be Nemesis : but as that would be more in the affected Mode of Ovid, than in the natural Way of Tibullus ; and as the Context, when carefully considered, shews that the Poet meant Hope ; the Translator has kept to that Interpretation in the Version, notwithstanding Otway, in his Translation of this Elegy, retains the former.

Hope promis'd you, you haughty still deny ;
 Yield to the Goddess, O my Fair ! comply. 10
 Hope whisper'd me, " Give Sorrow to the Wind !
 " The haughty Fair-one shall at last be kind."
 Yet, yet you treat me with the same Disdain :
 O let not Hope's soft Whispers prove in vain !

Untimely Fate your Sister snatch'd away ; 15
 Spare me, O spare me, by her Shade I pray !
 So shall my Garlands deck her Virgin-tomb ;
 So shall I weep, no Hypocrite, her Doom !
 So may her Grave with rising Flowers be dress'd,
 And the green Turf lie lightly on her Breast. 20

Ah me ! will nought avail ? The World I'll fly,
 And, prostrate at her Tomb, a Suppliant sigh !
 To her attentive Ghost, of you complain ;
 Tell my long Sorrowing, tell of your Disdain :
 Oft, when alive, in my Behalf she spoke : 25
 Your endless Coyness must her Shade provoke :
 With ugly Dreams she'll haunt your Hour of Rest,
 And weep before you, an unwelcome Guest !

Ghastly

22. *A Suppliant sigh !*] Vulpinus has collected almost a Century of Quotations, to prove that the Ancients, when deeply affected with Sorrow, generally sat. *Graviter dolentes, veteri consuetudine, fore semper sedebant.* A wonderful Discovery this, and well worthy of critical Investigation !

Qualis ab excelsa præceps delapsa fenestra

Venit ad infernos sanguinolenta lacus.

Defino, ne dominae luctus renoventur acerbi.

Non ego sum tanti, ploret ut illa semel.

Nec lacrimis oculos digna est foedare loquaces. 25

Lena nocet nobis, ipsa puella bona est.

Lena necat miserum Phryne, furtimque tabellas

Occulto portans, itque, reditque sinu.

Sæpe,

29. *Ghastly and pale, &c.*] According to ancient Superstition, Ghosts often appeared in the same dismal Circumstances in which they had departed Life. Of this we have a striking Instance in Virgil :

Tempus erat, quo prima quies mortalibus ægris

Incipit, & dono divum gratissima serpit.

In semnis, ecce ante oculos mœrissimus Hector

Visus adeste mihi, largosque effundere fletus ;

Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento

Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes,

Hic mihi, qualis erat ! quantum mutatus ab illo

Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillei !

Æn. ii. 268.

Instances of the same Sort may be found in Ovid, *Met.* lib. ii. ver. 650. *Fast.* lib. v. ver. 451. and in Statius, *Theb.* lib. ii. ver. 120.

BROOKH.

31. *No more, my Strains ! &c.*] Baptista Guarini, in a Sonnet where he blames his Tongue for being unable to express his Love, thus addresses his Eyes :

Ma se muta se' tu, sien gli occhi nostri

Loquaci, e caldi ; e'n lor le sue profonde

Piaghe, e l'interno duol discopra il core.

Non e sì chinso o sì segreto ardore

Cb'un ciglio a l'altro no'l riveli o nostri

La dove amor vera eloquenza asconde.

Son. xlv:

Many

Ghastly and pale, as when besmear'd with Blood,
 Oh fatal Fall! she pass'd the Stygian Flood. 30

No more, my Strains! your Eyes with Tears o'erflow,
 This moving Object renovates your Woe :

You, you are guiltless! I your Maid accuse ;
 You generous are ! she, she has selfish Views.

Nay, were you guilty, I'll no more complain ; 35

One Tear from you o'erpays a Life of Pain !

She, Phryne, promis'd to promote my Vows :

She took, but never gave my Billet-doux.

You're

Many other Passages might here be added, wherein speaking Eyes are mentioned ; for this has been the Language of Lovers in all Ages. But, as the excellent Rambler remarks, " There are Flowers of Fiction so widely scatter'd, and so easily cropped, that it is scarcely just to tax the Use of them, as an Act by which any particular Writer is spoiled of his Garland ; for they may be said to be planted by the Ancients in the open Road of Poetry, for the Accommodation of their Successors, and to be the Right of every one that has art to pluck them without injuring their Colours or their Fragrance."

35. *Nay, were you guilty, &c.*] This is Nature ; but the Arcadian Lovers of Italy carry such Emotions beyond the Bounds of Probability.

ogni cosa (says Aminta)

*O tentato per placarla fuor che morte
 Mi resta suol che per placarla io mora,
 E morro volontier pur ch'io sia certo
 Ch'ella o se ne compiacerà, o se ne doglia
 Ne so de tai due cose qual piu brami.*

A mighty Difficulty, in Truth !

Saepe, ego quum dominae dulces a limine duro

Agnosco voces, haec negat esse domi. 30

Saepe, ubi nox promissa mihi est, languere puellam

Nuntiat, aut aliquas extimuisse minas.

Tunc morior curis : tunc mens mihi perdita fingit,

Quisve meam teneat, quot teneatve modis.

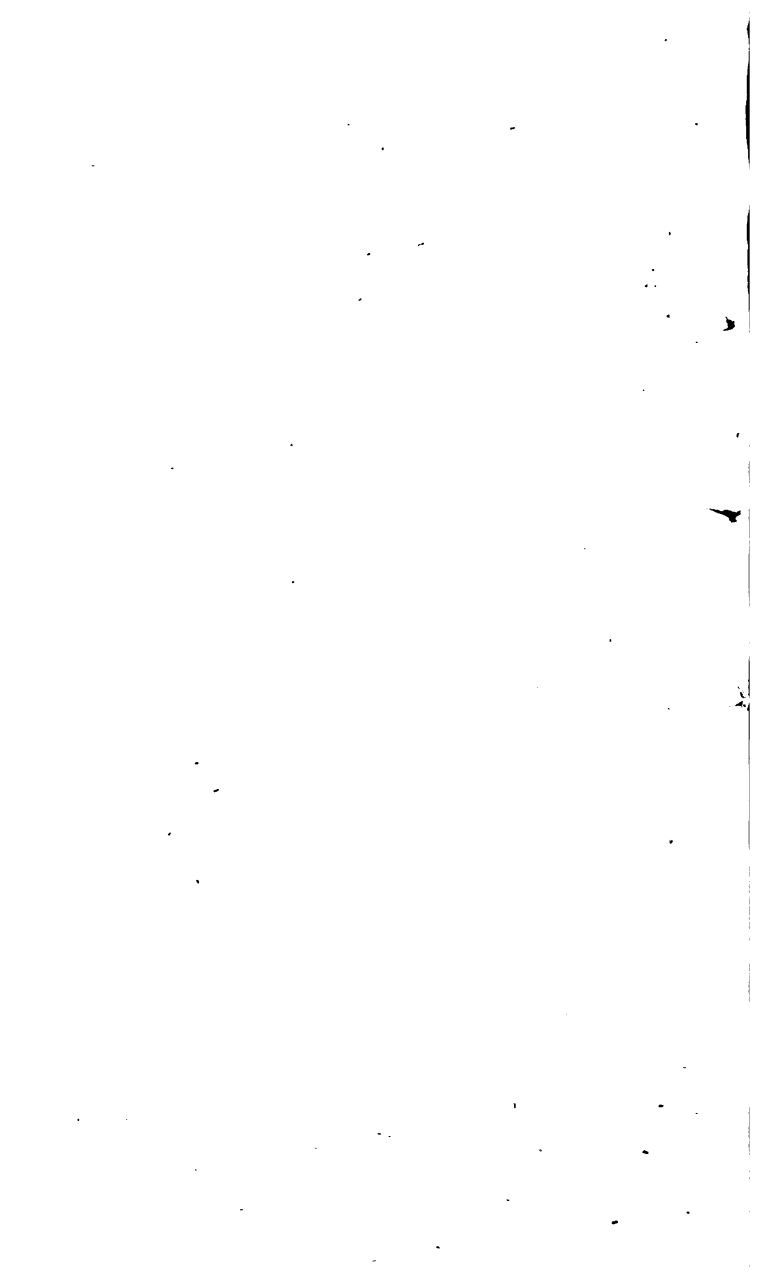
Tunc tibi, lena, precor diras : satis anxia vivas,

Moverit e votis pars quotacumque Deos.

37. *Sbe, Pbrys, promis'd, &c.*] If the Reader is desirous to know the Stratagems practis'd by the Bawds of Antiquity, he may peruse Ovid's *El.* 2. lib. 1. and Propertius, lib. iv. al. 5. In this Particular, however, the modern Sisterhood,

You're gone abroad, she confidently swears,
 Oft when your sweet-ton'd Voice salutes mine Ears :
 Or, when you promise to reward my Pains, 45
 That you're afraid, or indispos'd, she feigns :
 Then madding Jealousy inflames my Breast ;
 Then Fancy represents a Rival blest ;
 I wish thee, Phryne ! then, a thousand Woes ; — 45
 And if the Gods with half my Wishes close,
 Phryne ! a Wretch of Wretches thou shalt be,
 And vainly beg of Death to set thee free !

hood, if the modest Editor of a late justly famous Romance
 describes them aright, greatly surpass their ancient Prede-
 cessors.



THE
ELEGIES
OF
TIBULLUS,
BOOK III.



INTRODUCTION

TO THE

THIRD BOOK.

SOME Words in the Elegies of this Book are of that Sort, which are frequently used by the best Writers catachrestically, sometimes denoting more lax, sometimes more intimate Relations. The Difficulty of ascertaining the Sense in which Tibullius has used them, has thrown a seeming Obscurity on a Poet, who will ever have the first Place amongst the Wits of Greece and Rome, for elegant Simplicity; and has caused such illustrious Annotators as Scaliger, Lipsius, and Muretus, to stumble. The great Difficulty is contained in the following lines; and if this can be cleared up, all the rest will be easy and intelligible.
El. I. Lin. 23.

Hæc tibi vir quondam, nunc frater, casta Neera,

Mittit, Et accipias munera parva, rogat.

Teque suis jurat caratæ magis esse medullis,

Dive sibi conjunx sive futura soror.

G 5.

Sed

Sed potius conjunx hujus spem nominis illi

Auferet extincto pallida ditis aqua.

Where it is first inquired, what is meant by *frater* and *soror*? It is readily seen, that they cannot be understood in their primitive Sense, because a Marriage betwixt Brother and Sister would never have been tolerated at Rome: the very Thoughts of it would have been regarded with Abhorrence. These Words sometimes mean Cousin-germans, and in this Sense Muretus here understands them; but this is too cold and unanimated to be admitted into Poetry, or to flow from the Pen of Tibullus, when he is expressing the tender Feelings of a fond doating Lover. It is much more probable, that he designed to represent by them one of those delicate Connexions, which have their Foundation in the Will and the Affections; that by *frater* he would have us to understand a fond Admirer; and by *soror*, a beloved Mistress, who had entertained a reciprocal Kindness and Esteem for her Lover. This Sense of the Words is familiar to most Languages. Nothing can be more full to this Purpose than what we meet with in the Canticles of Solomon, — “Thou hast ravished my Heart, my Sister, my Spouse,”—ch. iv. ver. 9. and in several other Places.

Ovid

Ovid also has used the Words in this Sense :

*Alloquor Hermione nuper fratremque virumque,
Nunc fratrem, nomen conjugis alter habet.*

And the Greeks had so accustomed themselves to this Use of them, that we find their Venus has a Title given her by Lycophron, which his Scholiast explains by “ τῆν ἀδελφωπειον, the Author of brotherly Affociations.” And assigns this pretty whimsical Reason for it: “ For a Commerce in Love Matters makes those who were Strangers, Brothers; and those who would carry on an amorous Commerce secretly, say of one they favour, he is my Brother, he is my Relation.

Having solved, we hope, this Difficulty, we shall next consider what is the import of *vir* and *conjunx*. They certainly were designed to express some nearer Connexion, some closer Tye, than mere Friendship, or whatever else is comprehended in *frater* and *soror*. The Epithet *casta*, given to *Næra*, will not permit us to understand them of any loose Amour; that Title never could belong to a Jilt, who had granted Favours to one Lover, and, upon some Caprice, had thrown herself into the Arms of another: but Divorces were common enough at Rome, so that even a

G. 6. Wife:

Wife might dismiss her Husband upon some displeasure taken, at least before actual Matrimony, without hurting her Reputation by it : so that I think Husband and Wife are the true Meaning of *uir* and *conjunx*.

This Interpretation however is not without Difficulties: the Silence of Antiquity, and several other Circumstances, make the Marriage of Tibullus appear improbable ; it has therefore been supposed by Lipsius, that *quondam* was intended to express future, and not past Time. It cannot be denied, that it is sometimes thus used ; but it more commonly signifies the Time past, or formerly ; and to understand it otherwise here, would make the Construction harsh and ungrammatical. In further Confirmation of this, it appears that the following Elegies of this Book relate to the same Persons and the same Distress : they were probably the New-year's Gift which Lygdamus, by the Advice of the Muses, proposes to send to Neæra : now these furnish us with Passages which can be understood of nothing else but a Marriage-contract, and a subsequent Separation : thus, in El. II. we find,

Sed veniat care matris remittatâ dolore,

Mæreat hæc genere, mæreat illa viro.

And again,

Lygdamus hæc situs est, idcirco hæc & care Neæra

Conjugis creptæ causa perire fuit.

In

In the third Elegy,

Ob niveam quæ te poterit mihi reddere lucem.

And again,

Aut, si fata negant reditum tristisque sorores.

In El. iv.

Nec gaudet casta nupta Neæra domo.

One must torture these Passages extremely, to make them consistent with any thing else but a previous Marriage, or at least a very solemn Contract. Was Tibullus then married? or did he intend at all to marry Neæra? I am not inclined to think so, as none of the ancient Writers have given us the least Hint of it. But the Poet is not tied down to actual Life:

Pictoribus atque poetis

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

The Sacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis, is probably a mere Fable; and yet what noble, what affecting, what interesting Scenes of Distress have both the Tragedian and Painter formed upon it? And might not Tibullus, to indulge his plaintive Humour, and to display the soft Feelings of his Soul, chuse to represent himself in a Situation that forms one of the
most

most melting and agonizing Distresses, to be found amongst those Beds of Thorns and Roses which Love prepares for his capricious Votaries? A beloved Wife, grown dearer by more intimate Acquaintance, charming without the help of Artifice, and rooted in the Soul by a thousand repeated Endearments, torn from the Arms of an enraptured Husband, whilst he still doats upon her, and ready to be sacrificed to another; — what feeling Heart but shudders at the Thought? — especially when the delicate affecting Colours are laid on by the Pencil of Tibullus? The Names certainly are fictitious; Neera was as trite a Name for a Mistress in Rome, as Phyllis or Cloe with our modern Sonnetteers. And what confirms me in the Opinion, that the Distress painted in these Elegies is also fictitious, so far as Tibullus is concerned in it, is, that Ovid, in his Poem on Tibullus's Death, takes Notice of no other Mistress but Delia and Nemesis; to one of whom he assigns the last, to the other the first Interest in him, without any intermediate Favourite.

Sic Nemesis longum, sic Delia nomen habebit.

Altera cura recens, altera primus amor.

Ovid seems to have carefully searched out every curious Particular of Tibullus's Life, and therefore could

not

not have overlooked so striking a Circumstance as the Distresses celebrated in these Elegies, if they had really happened to Tibullus. He, and his cotemporaries of the Augustan Age, were probably well informed of the true Reason of Tibullus's composing the following Book. Some such Distress might have happened, and been much talked of in Rome; and Tibullus might seize upon it as a favourable Opportunity for displaying his elegiac Genius in its full Lustre. Propertius has made the same Use of the Misfortunes of a noble Family, in the twelfth Elegy of Book iv. It is a common Artifice with delicate Writers, to sigh and tell a piteous Tale, while their Hearts are not at all affected.

B.

ALBII TIBULLI**LIBER TERTIUS.****ELEGIA PRIMA.**

MARTIS Romani festæ venere kalendæ.

Exoriens nostris hinc fuit annus avis.

Et vaga nunc certa discurrunt undique pompa

Perque vias urbis munera, perque domos.

Dicite

Romulus, who divided the Year into ten Months, dedicated the first to his Father Mars : on the first Day of this Month the Vestal Virgins lighted anew the sacred Fire, fresh Laurels were hung up in the Senate, and at the Doors of the High Priest's House, &c. the Comitia began, the Revenues were farmed, and Servants not only had their Wages paid them (and hence these Days were called *Mercedonia*), but, for one Night this Month, were attended upon at Supper by their Masters.

The Poet enquires of the Muses, what Present he should send to Næra, who, as she was still the sole Object of his Wishes, so he yet hoped to be again possessed of her in Marriage.

The Muses answer (for with Muretus the Translator reads

Gaudet,

TIBULLUS.
BOOK THE THIRD.
ELEGY THE FIRST.

P O E T.

THY Calends, Mars! are come, from whence
of old,

The Year's Begining our Forefathers told:
Now various Gifts thro' every House impart,
The pleasing Tokens of the friendly Heart.

To

Gaudeat, ut digna est, verbis illa tuis,

that, as Neera was a very competent Judge of Poetry, so he ought to present her with his Performances in that Way. Our Author, however self-denied, was yet too much of the Poet not to wish their Advice; but as the Dignity of those who carry a Present, enhances the Value thereof, he entrusts the Muses to take the Trouble themselves of delivering into the Hands of Neera his Poems; and to assure her, that he shall never forego the pleasing Expectation of being one Day again united to her in Marriage.

Scaliger,

Dicite Pierides, quonam donetur honore

5

Seu mea, seu fallor, cara Neæra tamen.

Carmine

Scaliger, in his Poetics, calls the Beginning of this Elegy Plebeian, on Account of its Spondees, & *tantus ejusdem vocalis sonus.*

His own Correction, however, is not much better :

Romani festa Martis, &c.

It is remarkable, that this Hypercritic does not find fault with one single Line of the two former Books.

1. *Thy Calends, &c.*] Numa Pompilius, in Imitation of the Greeks, added January and February to Romulus's Calendar, and began the Year with January. From the Time of Numa to that of Julius Cæsar, the Roman Year was lunar, and consisted of three hundred and fifty-five Days. But as this fell about eleven Days short of the true solar Course, Tables of Intercalation or Insertion were invented, to adjust Time as nearly as possible to the Motions of the Sun and Moon. The Pontifex Maximus and College of Priests had the Care of inserting these intercalary Days; and they, from Negligence, Superstition, but chiefly from an arbitrary Abuse of their Power, by which they could make the Year either longer or shorter, as suited their own or Friends Interest, did not punctually insert them; insomuch that in Julius's Time, the Winter Months became autumnal; and those of Autumn had fallen back into Summer. This gave Rise, A. U. C. 707. to the Julian Correction, or solar Year, adjusted to the exact Measure of the Sun's Revolution in the Zodiac, and consisting of three hundred and sixty-five Days and six Hours. This Method of computing Time continued in Europe till 1582, when Pope Gregory, by sinking ten Days between the 4th and 15th of October, reduced the vernal Equinox to the 21st of October, the Day which it had fallen upon, when the Festivals were regulated by the Council of Nice, and made the Year consist of three hundred and sixty-five Days, five Hours, and forty-nine Minutes. This New Style, as it was called to distinguish it from the Julian, being the most correct Calculation

To my Neera, tuneful Virgins! say, 5

What shall I give, what Honour shall I pay?

Dear, e'en if fickle; dearer, if my Friend!

To the lov'd Fair, what Present shall I send?

MUSES,

lation of the Flow of Time, is authorized every where by Law, and prevails now in almost all the Kingdoms of Europe.

3. *Now various Gifts, &c.*] It has been observed by the Writers on Antiquities, that a Feast called Matronalia, was celebrated on the Calends of March, when solemn Sacrifices were offered up to Juno by the Roman Ladies, to whom also Presents were then sent by their Friends, in grateful Remembrance of the Interposition of the Sabine Women betwixt their Fathers and Husbands. But it is not this Custom which Tibullus alludes to. The Beginning of the Year in ancient Times on the Calends of March would have been an idle Circumstance here, if the Presents Tibullus speaks of, were not what we call New-year's Gifts, the *Strenæ* of ancient Rome, which flew about in every Corner, and which Emperors themselves did not disdain to accept of. Ovid indeed, and Suetonius, expressly assign the Calends of January for these Expressions of Benevolence: but even two such Authorities are not sufficient to convict Tibullus, in the Judgment of one conversant with his Writings, of either writing idly, or falsifying ancient Customs. It should seem then, that the Romans continued to distribute these Presents as Earnests of their good Wishes for their Friends, on the Calends of March, according to the Institution of Romulus, even after Numa had added two Months to the Year, and placed them at the Head of it; that this remained thus, till the Calendar took a more settled Form, under Julius Cæsar, by whose Directions the Beginning of the Year being certainly fixed to the Calends of January; and the Emperors being jealous of their Authority, even in Trifles, it became the Court Fashion to confine this Distribution of New Year's Gifts to that Time only. No wonder then, that Ovid, who was a Court-flatterer, and Suetonius, who wrote when the Powers of the

the

Carmine formosae, precio capiuntur avarae.

Gaudeat, ut digna est, verbis illa tuis.

Lutea sed niveum involvat membrana libellum,

Pumex et canas tóndeat ante comas :

10

Summaque

the Emperors had swallowed up all Law and Custom, should mention that Observance only, which the first Cæsar had established ; nor that Tibullus should honour that Usage which prevailed when his darling Liberty flourished, and dischided to take Notice of a Change which was introduced by a Tyrant. We know the Obstinacy of many of our own Countrymen in Favour of the Old Style ; but amongst the Romans it had somewhat of Virtue in it, it was a generous Indignation against the Authority which had robbed their Country of every valuable Privilege. Suetonius himself seems to confirm this Opinion : we find Tiberius, who thought his Power undermined by the slightest Deviation from the Institutions of his Predecessors, at the Passage of making an Edict to confine the New-year's Gifts to the Calends of January : *edicto prohibuit — Prætorium commercium, ut ultra calend. Januariæ mercetur.* The Historian indeed assigns a different Reason — that Tiberius did it for his own Ease, as Numbers, who could not get at him the first Day, were plaguing him the whole Month through : but what Occasion for a solemn Edict, extended to all the People, for the Ease of the Emperour, when the bare Notice of his Pleasure, supported by a few Prætorian Guardsmen, would have sufficiently secured it ? Might not then the Edict remain upon Record, and the Reason of it be forgot at such Distance of Time ; or be thought improbable by the Historian, when the Caprices which usually attend the Struggles betwixt Prerogative and Liberty were buried in Oblivion. B. 9. In your smooth Numbers, &c.] The whole Beauty of this Elegy is lost, by Scaliger and Broekhusius's reading

gaudeat illa meis.

Whatever the Wits may alledge, wherever *meum* and *tuis* contend.

MUSES.

Gold wins the yenal, Verse the lovely Maid :
 In your smooth Numbers be her Charms display'd. 10
 On polish'd Ivory let the Sheets be roll'd,
 Your Name in Signature, the Edges Gold.

No.

contend for Pre-eminence, it is a Logomachia of real Importance.

11. *On polish'd Ivory, &c.*] To understand the Original, it must be considered, that the Ancients had very few *libri quadrati*, or square Books, like ours; as they generally wrote on *membrana*, or such large Sheets as resembled our Parchment: fastening these therefore one to another, they rolled them up, when finished, on a long Piece of Wood, which was tipped at both Ends with Horn or Ivory, and sometimes decorated with Paint. These are what the Poet means by his *cornua*. By *geminae frontes* are to be understood the two Ends of the Wood next the *cornua*, where the Author's Name was inscribed on a Label.

As the Antients therefore only wrote on one Side of their *volumina*, the other was generally stained with yellow or purple, both to preserve them, and make the Writing more legible. Add to this, that they wrapped up the folded Scroll in a proper Envelope. That wherein our Poet here was to send his *volumina*, was to be of a Saffron Colour, *lutea membrana*.

The Sheets were smoothed with Pumice, and hence *pumex* came metaphorically to signify an elaborate Performance. The *stylus* was an Instrument with one End of which they wrote, and with the other erased Inaccuracies; hence *invertere stylum* signifies, in classical Writers, to correct. But when not Words only, but whole Sentences were to be changed, they used a Sponge, and hence, to sponge out, *eyen* in our Days, means to obliterate. The Ink the Ancients wrote with, was the Juice of the *Laligo*.

Summaque prætexat tenuis fastigia chartæ,

Indicet ut nomen litera facta tuum.

Atque inter geminas pingantur cornua frontes.

Sic etenim comtum, mittere oportet opus.

Per vos auctores hujus mihi carminis oro, 15

Castalianque umbram, Pieriosque lacus ;

Ite domum, cultumque illi donate libellum,

Sicut erit : nullus defluat inde color.

Illa mihi referet, si nostri mutua cura est,

An minor, an toto pectore deciderim. 20

Sed primum meritam longa donate salute,

Atque hæc submisso dicite verba sono :

Hæc tibi vir quondam, nunc frater, casta Neæra,

Mittit, et, accipias munera parva, rogat.

Teque suis jurat caram magis esse medullis : 25

Sive tibi conjunx, sive futura soror.

Sed

25. *But first your graceful, &c.*] In the Original it was,

Sed primum nympham larga donate salute,

till Scaliger first changed it into

Sed primum meritam longa, &c.

And afterwards, in his Poetics, read

Sed dominam rara primum donate salute,

to avoid the Word *nymphæ*, which, according to him, always signifies the Daughter of a God and a Mortal, or *vice versa*. Might, however, the Translator make any farther Alteration upon this unhappy Passage, he would read

Sed

No Pumice spare to smooth each Parchment Scroll,
 In a gay Wrapper then secure the whole.
 Thus to adorn your Poems be your Care; 15
 And thus adorn'd, transmit them to the Fair.

P O E T.

Fair Maids of Pindus! I your Counsel praise:
 As you advise me, I'll adorn my Lays:
 But by your Streams, and by your Shades, I pray,
 Yourselves the Volume to the Fair convey. 20
 O! let it lowly at her Feet be laid,
 Ere the gilt Wrapper, or the Edges fade;
 Then let her tell me, if her Flames decline,
 If quite extinguish'd, or if still she's mine.
 But first your graceful Salutations paid, 25
 In Terms submissive thus address the Maid:
 " Chaste Fair! the Bard, who deats upon your
 Charms,
 " And once could clasp them in his nuptial Arms,
 " This Volume sends; and humbly hopes, that you,
 " With kind Indulgence, will the Present view. 30
 " You, you! he prizes more, he vows, than Life;
 " Still a lov'd Sister, or again his Wife.

" But

Sed nymbam facili primum donate saluta.

As *νύμφη*, in Greek, signifies *nupta*; and as even some Passages might be produced to shew, that *nymba* sometimes meant a Wife, among the Romans.

Sed potius conjunx ; hujus spem nominis illi :

Auferet extincto pallida Ditis aqua,

ELEGIA

35. *Fix'd in this Hope, &c.*] The Beauty of this Passage has not, it is presumed, been sufficiently attended to. The literal Translation is, "The pale Water of Pluto shall ravish the Hope of this Title from him when he is dead," *extincto*. Where it should seem, that Tibullus, in this assumed Character of a Lover and discarded Husband, in order to convince Neera of his fond Attachment to her, assures her, that not only Life, but Memory itself must fail him, before he can quit the pleasing Hope of being again united in Marriage to her. Plato's Metempsychosis was at that Time a fashionable Doctrine at Rome ; which Virgil has thus represented, Book vi. Line 748, & seq.

*Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
Letæum ad flumen Deus evocat ægæus magus :*

Scilicet

“ But oh ! may Hymen blefs his virtuous Fire,
 “ And once more grant you to his fond Defire !
 “ Fix’d in this Hope, he’ll reach the dreary Shore, 35
 “ Where Senfe fhall fail, and Memory be no more.”

T H E

*Scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant,
 Rursus & incipiant in corpora velle reverti.*

And as Tibullus, even in the Midst of a Love-tale, shews himself to be Master of all the Learning of his Times, it is probable, that by *pallida Ditis aqua*, is meant the River Lethe ; and that the Design of the whole Passage is to assure Neæra, that he should always, even in Death, retain a fond Remembrance of her Charms ; that in the separate State of his Soul, he should still indulge the Hope of a Re-union with her, when they should enter again upon the Scene of Life ; and that he would not suffer this Hope to be ravished from him by any thing else but the same Waters of Oblivion, in which he should lose the Memory of every thing he had formerly been acquainted with. B.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

QUI primus caram juveni, carumque puellae
 Eripuit juvenem, ferreus ille fuit.
 Durus et ille fuit, qui tantum ferre dolorem,
 Vivere et crepta conjuge qui potuit.

Non

Lygdamus having by Force been deprived of Næra, he says in this Elegy, that he can no longer support Life; and dwells, with such a seeming Satisfaction, on the Rites which he desires may attend his Funeral, that we may suppose the Loss greatly affected him.

The Beginning of this Poem discovers a Kind of animated Indifference, besitting his Situation of Mind; for here Wit, or too much Care about Language, would have been extremely improper; because, as Cicero somewhere observes, *quædam etiam negligentia est diligens.*

Although the Translator is afraid, that this Elegy will afford but small Entertainment to the mere English Reader, the Scholar will not be surprized to be told, that it cost him more Trouble to translate, than most of the other Elegies.

1. *Hard was the first, &c.*] This Sentiment is finely expressed by Hammond, El. ix.

I.

He who could first two gentle Hearts unbind,
 And rob a Lover of his weeping Fair,
 Hard was the Man; but harder, in my Mind,
 The Lover still, who died not of Despair.

II. With

T H E
S E C O N D E L E G Y.

HARD was the first, who ventur'd to divide
The youthful Bridegroom, and the tender Bride:
More hard the Bridegroom, who can bear the Day,
When Force has torn his tender Bride away.

Here

II.

With mean Disguise let others Nature hide,
And mimic Virtue with the Paint of Art;
I scorn the Cheat of Reason's foolish Pride,
And boast the graceful Weakness of my Heart.

* * * *

Sad is my Day, and sad my lingering Night,
When, wrapt in silent Grief, I weep alone;
Delia is lost! and all my past Delight
Is now the Source of unavailing Moan.

What follows is an Improvement on Tibullus:

Where is the Wit, that heightned Beauty's Charms?
Where is the Face, that fed my longing Eyes?
Where is the Shape, that might have blest my Arms?
Where all those Hopes, relentless Fate denies?

3. *More hard the Bridegroom, &c.*] What says the sagacious Broekhusius? *Si mulier mutet mentem non volens, tralato in alium amore; an tunc moriendum misero illi, spreto, atque rejecto? Quid si stupro alieno polluta fidem fallat?*

Non ego firmus in hoc ; non hæc patientia nostro
Ingenio ; frangit fortia corda dolor.

Nec mihi vera loqui pudor est, vitæque fateri
Tot mala perpeffæ taedia nata meæ.

Ergo quum tenuem fuero mutatus in umbram,
Candidaque offa super nigra favilla tegit,

Ante meum veniat longos incompta capillos,
Et fleat ante meum moesta Neæra rogam.

Sed veniat caræ mætris comitata dolore.

Moereat hæc genero, mœreat illa viro.

Praefatæ ante meos manes, animamque precatæ, 15

Perfusæque pias ante liquore manus :

Pars

10. *When on the mournful Pile, &c.*] This Rite, which is altogether foreign to English Manners, Mr. Hammond has we fear, rather injudiciously transferred into his ninth Elegy.

Wilt thou in Tears thy Lover's Corse attend ?
With Eyes averted light the solemn Fire ?
Till all around the doleful Flames ascend,
Then, slowly sinking, by Degrees expire.

If the Reader is desirous to know the Manner in which the Funeral Pile was constructed, he may consult Boxhornius *Quæst. Rom. p. 99.* who, by a Figure, explains the Method the Romans took to distinguish between the Ashes of the burnt Body, and the Ashes of the Wood and other Combustibles, which were thrown upon the Fire. The Solution of this formerly occasioned mighty Controversies amongst the Critics, which might have been prevented, had they considered, that Burning, or, as the Chemists call it, Calcination, does not change the Figure of the Bones.

12. *Wilt thou, Neæra ! &c.*] There is a Thought similar to this, in that beautiful pastoral Ballad called *Colin*.

At

Here too my Patience, here my Manhood fails ; 5
 The Brave grow Dastards, when fierce Grief assails :
 Die, die I must ! the Truth I freely own ;
 My Life too burthenome a Load is grown.
 Then, when I sit a thin an empty Shade,
 When on the mournful Pile my Corse is laid, 10
 With melting Grief, with Tresses loose and torn,
 Wilt thou, Næra ! for thy Husband mourn ?
 A Parent's Anguish will thy Mother shew,
 For the lost Youth, who liv'd, who dy'd for you ?

But see the Flames o'er all my Body stray ! 15
 And now my Shade ye call, and now ye pray
 In

At the Funeral of their Parents, the Sons attended *velatis capitibus*, but the Girls went uncovered and with dishevelled Hair, wearing white Garments and white Fillets. See Plutarch's *Παιδεία*. Black, however, came afterwards to be the Mourning Colour, as it was in the Time of our Poet.

15. *But see the Flames, &c.*] When a Person died at Rome, a Branch of Cypress was hung over the Door of the House, that the Pontiff, and others of the sacred College, might not pollute themselves by entering it. The old Commentator on Virgil says, that the Bodies of the better Sort were kept seven Days, burnt on the eighth, and buried on the ninth. By this, the most dreadful of Calamities was prevented, that of coming to life on the Pile, after it was set on fire. And that the Bodies might not putrefy by being kept so long, they were washed with proper Drenches, and anointed with antiseptic Unguents : after this they were splendidly clothed, and some Pieces of Money put into their Mouths.

The Body was attended by the male and female Relations of the Deceased ; and sometimes, as Homer mentions, by

Part quæ sola mei superabit corporis, ossa

Incinctæ nigra candida veste legant.

Et primum annofo spargant collecta Lyæo,

Mox etiam niveo fundere lacte parent.

20

Post hæc carbasseis humorem tollere velis,

Atque in marmorea ponere sicca domo.

Illic

hired Mourners. The Attendants were called together by Sound of Trumpet; and the Body, preceded by the Statues of the Deceased's Ancestors, was carried through the Forum, to the Place where it was to be burnt. Trumpets were blown on at the Funerals of the Men, during the Procession; as were Flutes at those of Children, &c. The Laws of the Twelve Tables limited the Number of musical Instruments to twelve. While the Pile was erecting, the Praises of the Deceased were sung in melancholy Strains, accompanied with Music sad and solemn: and being kindled, the nearest Relations sung Cypress and Perfumes upon it, both to feed the Flames, and abate the Stench, the Dirge still proceeding. When the Body was burnt, the chief Mourners, after washing their Hands in Water, separated the Bones from the Ashes; and, pouring new Milk, old Wine, and sometimes Blood upon them, wrapt them up in fine Lawn, and then inurned them, placing sometimes in the Urn a Bottle of Tears (hence on old Monuments, *cum lacrymis posui*), but always some Perfume, according to the Quality of the Deceased. When inurned, they conveyed them to a Monument, in the building of which, in the Times of the old Republic, a certain Sum was not to be exceeded, without forfeiting an equal Sum to the State. These Monuments the Greeks sometimes anointed with rich Unguents. The Funeral Ceremony being finished, the Relations were entertained with a Supper: besides which, Antiquaries make also mention of three other Kinds of mortuary Banquets. The fullest, as well as most ancient Account of funeral Rites, is that contained in the 2nd Iliad.

The

In Black array'd; the Flame forgets to soar;
 And now pure Water on your Hands ye pour;
 My lov'd Remains next gather'd in a Heap,
 With Wine ye sprinkle, and in Milk ye steep. 20
 The Moisture dry'd, within the Urn ye lay
 My Bones, and to the Monument convey.

Panchaian

The *Venus Infera*, or *Ἐπιούρεια*, presided over Funerals. The Roman Undertakers lived in a Street called *Libitina*. If the Reader is desirous to inform himself of the Funeral Ceremonies of different Nations, he may consult Lucian's excellent Discourse *ἱερῆς κηδείας*, and the Notes in the Basil Edition, an. 1563, as also Kirchmannus *De funeribus*.

21. *The Moisture dry'd, within the Urn you lay, &c.*] Vulpus and others, authorised by all the MSS. read

carbascis humorem tollere ventis.

And farther support their Reading by the Authority of that witty Mimographer Publius Syrus, where the *carbasci venti* signify a transparent Covering of fine Linen. Vulpus also finds great Fault with the common Interpretation of this Passage: *Quid enim frigidius excogitari potuit (says he) quam ossa in linteis ventilari solita, ut exsugretur humor, quo sparsa erant? Nostro tempore (adds he, no doubt very archly) ab ole-ribus ita guttas excutiant coqui.* And thus in particular he censures Scaliger: *Nul um præterea idoneum auctorem producat, quo sententiam suam tueatur, sed quasi ex tripode ac lauro consul-entibus responsa daret, sibi credi jubet.* But notwithstanding all this Zeal, Broekhusius understands the Passage in the same Sense as Vulpus does, only he reads *carbascis velis*, which he supports by two Passages from Cicero's Oration against Verres; adding, that though such an Expression as *carbasci venti* might be used on the Stage, or in Satire, yet in serious Compositions it would be as cold as Varro's *vitrea toga*. The Version includes both Meanings.

Illuc quas mittit pinguis Panchaia merces,

Eoque Arabes, dives et Affyria,

Et nostri memores lacrimae fundantur eodem. 25

Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim.

Sed tristem mortis demonstrat litera caussam,

Atque haec in celebri carmina fronte notet :

“ Lygdamus hic fitus est ; dolor huic, et cura Neerae

“ Conjugis ereptae, causa perire fuit.” 30

ELEGIA

22. *My Bones, and to the Monument convey.*] The Monuments of the more wealthy were erected of Marble ; and in such a one Tibullus desires Neera to place the Ashes of Lygdamus.

There are many Inscriptions in Gruterus, and some in Reinetius, which show, that the Romans called a Tomb *domus* (as in the Original), with the Adjective *aeterna* annexed to it.

29. *By some thro'g'd Way, &c.*] It is certain that the Romans often had their Monuments erected by some public Road ; and Broekhusius interprets the *celebri fronte* of the Original in this Sense. Although the Translator has adopted that Meaning, he is also of Opinion, that the *celebri fronte* may signify the Fore-part of the Monument, which was to
be

Panchaian Odours thither ye will bring,
 And all the Produce of an Eastern Spring:
 But what than Eastern Springs I hold more dear, 25
 O wet my Ashes with a genuine Tear!

Thus, by you both lamented, let me die,
 Be thus perform'd my mournful Obsequy!
 Then shall these Lines, by some throng'd Way, relate
 The dear Occasion of my dismal Fate: 30
 " Here lies poor Lygdamus ; a lovely Wife,
 " Torn from his Arms, cut short his Thread of Life."

T H E

be rendered famous by its Architecture, and especially by the Epitaph which was to be inscribed on it.

31. *Here lies poor Lygdamus, &c.*] The Ancients, as Broekhusius observes, had the Cause of their Death inscribed on their Tombs, sometimes that they might acquire Glory hereby, and sometimes to gain Compassion. Theocritus affords us an Instance of the latter, pretty similar to that in our Poet:

Τύλον ερωος εκλεινον οιδειπορε μη παρδευσης
 Αλλα ρας τοδε λαζεν, Απυρεια ειχεν ιταρον.

T H E
T H I R D E L E G Y.

WH Y did I supplicate the Powers divine?
 Why votive Incense burn at every Shrine?
 Not that I Marble Palaces might own,
 To draw Spectators, and to make me known;
 Not that my Teams might plough new-purchas'd Plains,
 And bounteous Autumn glad my countless Swains: 6
 I begg'd

Addresses to Neera. In that one Wish all his Happiness was centred: with her, any Station of Life could please; without her, no Station, however splendid, could afford him the smallest Comfort.

3. *Not that I Marble Palaces might own.*] How little these Things are capable of making the Possessors of them happy, has long been known; and yet how keenly busy are the Great Vulgar and the Small in the Pursuit of them? Had Mankind estimated the Value of Possessions, or the Extensiveness of them, by the Elicity they confer, and regulated their own Conduct accordingly, how many disastrous Wars and other Calamities would have been prevented?

Sed tecum ut longae sociarem gaudia vitae,

Inque tuo caderet nostra senecta finu ;

Tunc, quum praemensae defunctus tempora lucis

Nudus Lethea cogerer ire rate. 10

Nam grave quid prodest pondus mihi divitis auri ?

Arvaque si findant pingua mille boves ?

Quidve domus prodest Phrygiis innixa columnis,

Tænare five tuis, five Cariste tuis ?

Et nemora in domibus sacros imitantia lucos ? 15

Aurataeque trabes, marmoreumque solum ?

Quidve

10. *I begg'd to pass alone the Stygian Shore.*] Not so my Lord Littleton, in his fine Eclogue, intitled, Possession :

When late Old Age our Heads shall silver o'er,
 And our slow Pulses dance with Joy no more ;
 When Time no longer will thy Beauties spare,
 And only Damon's Eye shall think thee fair ;
 Then may the gentle Hand of welcome Death,
 At one soft Stroke, deprive us both of Breath :
 May we beneath one common Stone be laid,
 And the same Cypress both our Ashes shade.
 Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender Verse,
 Shall deign our faithful Passion to rehearse ;
 And future Ages, with just Envy mov'd,
 Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.

13. *Can Marble-pillar'd Domes, &c.*] Tibullus mentions three Kinds of Marble ; the Phrygian, which was then most in Esteem, the Lacedemonian, and the Eubæan. The Romans ran into immense Expence in the Article of Marble Pillars ; although it appears, that the Julian Law endeavoured, by Taxes, to restrain that Luxury ; for they, not content with the native Colours of the Marble, not on-
ly

I begg'd with you my youthful Days to share,
 I begg'd in Age to clasp the lovely Fair;
 And when my stated Race of Life was o'er,
 I begg'd to pass alone the Stygian Shore. 10

Can treasur'd Gold the tortur'd Breast compose?
 Or Plains, wide-cultur'd, sooth the Lover's Woes?
 Can Marble-pillar'd Domes, the Pride of Art,
 Secure from Sorrow the Possessor's Heart?
 Not circling Woods, resembling sacred Groves,
 Not Parian Pavements, nor gay-gilt Alcoves,
 Not

ly painted, but stained it. In the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, there is an Account how the latter Process may be performed. Pliny tells us, that Mamurra, who commanded Cæsar's Artificers (*præfectus fabrorum*) in Gaul, was the first who incrusted the whole Inside of his House with Marble. This Mamurra, who was a Roman Knight, and born at Formiæ, is he whom Catullus lashes in his Verses.

15. *Not circling Woods, &c.*] The Antients distinguish'd, according to Servius, between *nemus*, *lucus* (the Words of the Original), and *sylva*; the first signifying a regular Plantation of Trees; the second the same, but devoted to Religion; and the third a Forest (*diffusa & in.ulta arborum multitudo.*) Roman Writers, however, often use *nemus* and *sylva* synonymously.

The Inhabitants of Rome were even more expensive in this Article than they were with regard to Marble itself. Take the following Instance: Cneius Domitius having objected to Lucius Crassus, in a public Debate, that the Portico of his House was supported by Hymettian Pillars, was asked by the latter, what Price he put upon his own House? And being answered *sexagies sestertia*; Crassus again demanded, how much less it would be worth, should he cut down the ten little Trees that stood before it;
 tricies

Quidve, in Erythraeo legitur quæ litore concha,
Tinctaque Sidonio murice lana juvat?

Et quæ præterea populus miratur? in illis

Invidia est; falso plurima vulgus amat.

20

Non opibus mentes hominum curaeque levantur.

Nam fortuna sua tempora lege gerit.

Sit mihi paupertas tecum, jucunda Neaera.

At sine te, regum munera nulla volo.

O niveam, quæ te poterit mihi reddere, lucem! 25

O mihi felicem terque, quaterque diem!

At si pro dulci reditu quaecumque voventur,

Audiat averſa non meus aure Deus:

Nec me regna juvant, nec Lydius aurifer amnis,

Nec quas terrarum sustinet orbis opes.

30

Haec alii cupiant; liceat mihi paupere cultu

Securo cara conjuge posse frui.

Adſis

tricies ſeſtertis, replied Domitius. To whom Crassus, Whether am I then, who bought ten Columns *centum millibus nummum*, or you who value the shade of ten shrubs at *tricies ſeſtertium*, the most extravagant Man? And yet, adds the sensible Miscellany Writer, from whom I copy here, all this was nothing when compared to the Luxury of After-times, both in their Buildings and Groves. And indeed, if it is considered, that a Knight's House, in the upper Part of Rome, would sell for thirty thousand Pounds Sterling, a Grove of small Extent to such a House, must be vastly expensive in a City, which, according to the most moderate Calculation, contained as many People as any City at present in Europe.

10. Nec

Not all the Gems that load an Eastern Shore,
 Not whate'er else the greedy Great adore,
 Possess'd, can shield the Owner's Breast from Woe,
 Since fickle Fortune governs all below : 20
 Such Toys, in little Minds, may Envy raise;
 Still little Minds improper Objects praise.
 Poor let me be ; for Poverty can please
 With you ; without you, Crowns could give no Ease.

Shine forth, bright Morn ! and every Bliss impart,
 Restore Neera to my doating Heart ! 26
 For if her glad Return the Gods deny,
 If I solicit still in vain the Sky,
 Nor Power, nor all the Wealth this Globe contains,
 Can ever mitigate my Heart-felt Pains ; 30
 Let others these enjoy ; be Peace my Lot,
 Be mine Neera, mine a humble Cot !

Saturnia,

17. *Not all the Gems, &c.*] Horace has illustrated this with his usual Felicity of Expression.

*Non enim Gemas, neque consularis
 Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
 Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
 Tecta volantis.*

Nor Wealth, nor Grandeur can controul
 The sickly Tumults of the Soul ;
 Or bid grim Care to stand aloof,
 Which hovers round the vaulted Roof.

The Truth is, Virtue is the sole Parent of Happiness. See Mr. Johnson's admirable Poem, intitled, the Vanity of Human Wishes.

Adfis, et timidis faveas, Saturnia, votis :

Et faveas concha Cypria vecta tua.

Aut si fata negant reditum, tristisque sorores 35

Stamina quae ducunt, quaeque futura canunt :

Me vocet in vastos amnes, nigramque paludem

Dives in ignava luridus Orcus aqua.

ELEGIA

34. *And aid me, Verus, from thy pearly Chair !*] A Critic of no small Learning, whom the Dutch Editor mentions, supposes that our Poet in this Passage alludes to the Statue of Venus, which Phidias made of Gold and Ivory, for the Elians. In this Work of Phidias, the Goddess was represented as treading with one of her Feet upon a Tortoise ; by which Symbol the unpolite Statuary meant to insinuate, that the Ladies ought to keep Silence, and mind their domestic Affairs. Upon this Broekhusius wisely observes, *non omnes sapiamus horis omnibus* ; and indeed, if it is considered, that Venus was, by the Mythologists, supposed to spring from the Sea, and often to ride in a Chair of Shell, what Occasion was there for making Tibullus, who always thought naturally, allude to so remote an Object ? But thus
it

Saturnia, grant thy Suppliant's timid Prayer!
 And aid me, Venus! from thy pearly Chair!

Yet, if the Sisters, who o'er Fate preside, 35
 My Vows contemning, still detain my Bride,
 Cease, Breast, to heave! cease, anxious Blood, to flow!
 Come, Death! transport me to thy Realms below.

T H E

it is to play the fool with Learning! or, as an excellent
 Poet better expresses it, we have here

much hard Study without Sense or Breeding,
 And all the grave Impertinence of Reading.

Verbal Criticism.

If Venus had her Shell of old, a modern Latin Poet, Ha-
 drian Marius, has bestowed a Barge on Love, in a beauti-
 ful Poem he calls *Cymba Amoris*, on which his Brother, Jo-
 hannes Secundus, thus compliments him:

Ingeniose Mari, ventura in secula tecum
Me tua cymbat vebat, non grave pondus ero.
Cymba, renidentem qua mutet Cypria concham,
Quamque columbino præferat ipsa jugo. Lib. ii. El. i.

ELEGIA QUARTA.

DI meliora ferant, nec sint infomnia vera,
 Quae tulit extrema pessima nocte quies!
 Ite procul; vanum, falsumque avertite visum.

Definite in vobis quaerere velle fidem.

Divi vera movent; venturae nuntia fortis

5

Vera movent Thufcis exta probata visis.

Somnia.

This is one of the finest Poems in Tibullus. Our Dreams are commonly the imperfect Images of our waking Thoughts, especially when the Mind is under the Influence of some violent Passion. Thus in particular it fares with the genuine Inamorato, and such a one at this Time was the Lover of Neera. Swallowed up in his Affection for that Fair-one, and distracted at her affected Delays to make him happy, he one Night solicited Sleep; but the drowsy God long resisted his Importunities: at last, however, the Lover being fatigued with the Want thereof, but more with the Succession of unpromising Forebodings, dropped into a Slumber about the Morning, but did not long enjoy this pleasing State of Insensibility; for soon after Apollo appeared, and informed him, that Neera was about to desert him for another. As this News was of a most alarming Nature, and could not fail to rouse his Indignation against the Sex; Apollo, by artfully adopting his Sentiments on that Score, paves the Way for his recommending Patience as his only Remedy. Apollo's Speech

T H E
FOURTH ELEGY.

LAST Night's ill-boding Dreams, ye Gods
avert!

Nor plague, with Portents, a poor Lover's Heart!

But why? From Prejudice our Terrors rise;

Vain Visions have no Commerce with the Skies:

Th'Event of Things the Gods alone foresee, 5

And Tuscan Priests foretel what they decree.

Dreams.

Speech concludes with a Message to Næra, that if she ever expected Happiness, she must think of none else for her Husband but her former Lover. This was a very dextrous Way of reclaiming his Mistress; and it may with Propriety be observed, that if Apollo did not appear to our Poet, he certainly inspired the Description which Tibullus gives of that God; as we half pardon Næra her Infidelity, in Consideration of this beautiful Elegy.

Propertius has a fine Vision upon his Mistress's proposing to go abroad.

6. *And Tuscan Priests, &c.*] The Roman Hauruspices, of whom before (Book ii. El. 6.) were called Tuscan, because their Art was founded on the religious Practice of Tuscany. The first sixteen Lines of this Elegy are an Introduction to the
the

Somnia fallaci ludunt temeraria nocte,

Et pavidas mentes falsa timere jubent.

Et vanum ventura hominum genus omnia noctis

Farre pio placant, et saliente sale. 10

Et tamen, utcumque est, five illi vera moneri,

Mendaci fomno credere five volent :

Efficiat vanos noctis Lucina timores,

Et frustra immeritum praetinuiffe velit.

Si mea nec turpi mens est obnoxia factis, 15

Nec læsit magnos in pia lingua Deos.

Jam Nox ætherium nigris enensa quadrigis

Mundum, caeruleas laverat amne rotas :

Nec.

the Vision : Reason and Philosophy seemed to persuade our Lover, that Dreams were not to be minded ; but Superstition, and those Fears which are so natural to Love, won him over to the other Side. He therefore intreats Lucina, that as he was not conscious of having acted any otherwise than as became a Man of Probity, she would be pleased (*ut velit*) to render all his Fears groundless.

9. *And hence Oblations, &c.*] The Oblations mentioned in the Text, are the Holy Cake (*farre pio*), and Salt (*& saliente sale.*) This the Romans also learnt from the Tuscans, for whose Application to Haruspicy, &c. Cicero assigns some extraordinary Reasons. *Etrusci autem* (says that incomparable Writer and good Man) *quod in religione imbuti, studiosius & crebrius hostias immolabant, extorum cognitioni se maxime dederunt : quodque propter aeris crassitudinem de caelo apud eos multa fiebant, & quod ob eandem causam multa inusitata partim ex caeli, alia ex terra oriebantur, quædam etiam ex hominum pecudumve conceptu & satum ; portentorum exercitatissimi interpretes extiterunt.*

13. *Dread Juno ! make, &c.*] Some Interpreters understand Diana to be the Lucina of the Original ; but the Poet certainly

Dreams flit at Midnight round the Lover's Head,
 And timorous Man alarm with idle Dread :
 And hence Oblations to divert the Woe,
 Weak superstitious Minds on Heaven bestow. 10
 But since whate'er the Gods foretel is true,
 And Man's oft warn'd, mysterious Dreams ! by you ;
 Dread Juno ! make my nightly Visions vain,
 Vain make my boding Fears, and calm my Pain !
 The blessed Gods, you know, I ne'er revil'd, 15
 And nought iniquous e'er my Heart defil'd.

Now Night had lav'd her Coursers in the Main,
 And left to dewy Dawn a doubtful Reign ;

Bland

certainly meant Juno Lucina, or the Goddess of Light and of Matrimony. Festus and Varro derive the Appellation Lucina from *lux, lucis* ; but Pliny, with whom Ovid also, in one Place of his Fasti, agrees, thinks that Juno was called Lucina from *lucus*. Both Etymologies, however, at last turn out to be the same. *Nam lucum (says Broekhusius) dici a luce luminum religionis causa ex arboribus suspensorum satis constat.*

17. *Now Night had lav'd her Coursers in the Main.*] Tibullus is the only Poet of Antiquity who bestows on Night a Chariot and four ; as Marini is the only one among the Moderns, who has imitated him. This he does in a Prologue, prefixed to a wretched pastoral Drama, intitled, *Filli de Sciro*, composed by Count Giudubaldo de Bonarelli.

*Cbiunque haver desfa
 Di mia condition piena contezza,
 Questa bruna quadriga
 Miri, e questi aurei fregi : e saprà poi
 Qual è quanta i' mi sia.*

Our

Nec me sopierat menti Deus utilis aegrae

Somnus ; follicitas deficit ante domos. 20

Tandem quam summo Phoebus prospexit ab ortu,

Pressit languentis lumina fera quies.

Hic juvenis casta redimitus tempora lauru

Est visus nostra ponere sede pedem.

Intonsi crines longa cervice stuebant : 25

Stillabat Syrio myrtea rore coma.

Candor

Our Poet, in Imitation of Homer, calls the Ocean *cœruleus amnis*, or a *cœrulean Stream*.

21. *At last, when Morn, &c.*] The Ancients thought that those Visions were truly prophetic, which appeared in the Morning. *Certiora & colatiora* (says Tertullian) *de anima somniari affirmant sub extremis noctibus*; or, as Ovid expresses it, in his Epistle of Hero to Leander,

*sub Auroram, jam dormitante lucerna,
Somnia quo cerni tempore vera solent.*

Mr. Pope begins his intellectual Vision of the Temple of Fame at the same Time :

What Time the Morn mysterious Visions brings,
While purer Slumbers spread their golden Wings.

25. *Such Charms, such wondrous Charms, &c.*] This is not a Version of the Hexameter and Pentameter, which make the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth Lines of the Original in all the Editions the Translator ever saw : for, as Vulpius well observes, these Lines,

*Non illo quidquam formosus ulla priorum
Ætas humanum nec videt illud opus,*

cannot be applied to the Beauties of Apollo. *Certe* (says he) *latet malignum vitæ, quod Chironis auxilio indigeat: ego lubens*

Bland Sleep, that from the Couch of Sorrow flies,
 (The Wretch's Solace) had not clos'd my Eyes; 20
 At last, when Morn unbar'd the Gates of Light,
 A downy Slumber shut my labouring Sight:
 A Youth appear'd, with Virgin-laurel crown'd,
 He mov'd majestic, and I heard the Sound.
 Such Charms, such manly Charms, were never seen,
 As fir'd his Eyes, and harmoniz'd his Mein; 26
 His Hair, in Ringlets of an auburn Hue,
 Shed Syrian Sweets, and o'er his Shoulders flew;
 So

Inde depono, & peritiori manui committo. Brœkhusius passes them over without any Remark, although he must have seen the Absurdity of the Passage. But are we to think that Tibullus wrote Nonsense? By no Means. Place the Lines after the thirty-eighth (in the Original) and you will find they exactly correspond with that Station; and that there is no Occasion to change the *videt* in the Pentameter, into *suit*, as Achilles Statius proposes.

27. *His Hair in Ringlets of an auburn Hue.*] The *myrtea coma* which Tibullus bestows on Apollo, Ovid thus explains:

*Nec tamen ater erat, nec erat color aureus illis,
 Sed quamvis neuter, missus uterque color.*

Nor of a black, nor of a golden Hue,
 They were, but of a Dye between the two.

But as the Painters (for thus Athenæus informs us) drew Apollo with black Hair, and the Poets gave him yellow or golden Locks; why does Tibullus make the God's Hair auburn? *Negra's* own Hair, say some Critics, was of that Colour,

Dic

Candor erat, qualem præfert Latonia Luna :

Et color in niveo corpore purpureus. 30

Ut juveni primum virgo deducta marito

Inficitur teneras ore rubente genas.

Ut quum contexunt amarantibus alba puellae

Lilia : ut autumno candida mala rubent.

Ima

*Dic' argutæ properet Neæra
Myrteum nodo cobibere crinem.*

Hor. lib. iii. Od. 14.

For so Porphyrio, and Cunningham, upon the Authority of several MSS. read it. This therefore, add they, was a delicate Compliment to his Mistress. But this Solution is more ingenious than solid ; for though Horace's Neæra had *Myrteus crinis*, it by no means follows, that Tibullus's Neæra had Hair of that Colour ; nor indeed is it of any Consequence. The Emperor Commodus used to powder his Hair, of which he was passionately fond, with Gold-dust.

29. *As white as thine, fair Luna, &c.*] The Whiteness of the Moon has been a favourite Resemblance since the Days of Solomon ; the Sun, however, for some Centuries past, appears to have been the more common Simile. Tasso, however, has a beautiful Address to the Moon, which the Reader will not be displeas'd to see.

*In bianca e vaga Luna,
C'hai tanti specchi quanti sono i mari
Mira questo candor, ch'è senza pari.
A lei mena i tuoi balli, a lei distilla
Le tue dolci rugiade ;
Specchiati con lei con amoroso affetto.*

But, besides this general Resemblance, there is a farther Propriety in Tibullus's comparing Apollo to Diana, as she was his Sister.

30. *So win'd with Azure, and as smoothly thin ;*] As Poetry is a great Assistant to Painting and Statuary, those who have excelled in these Arts, have always particularly

As white as thine, fair Luna! was his Skin,
 So vein'd with Azure, and as smoothly thin; 30
 So soft a Blush vermilion'd o'er his Face,
 As when a Maid first melts in Man's Embrace;
 Or when the Fair with curious Art unite
 The purple Amaranth, and Lilly white.
 A Bloom like his, when ting'd by Autumn's Pride,
 Reddens the Apple on the sunny Side; 36

A Tyria

cularly cultivated the Muses. Thus Phidias obtained the Idea of his Olympian Jove from the Iliad of Homer, and probably was indebted to Pindar's first Pythian Ode for placing an Eagle on the Sceptre of the same God. On the other hand again, Painting has been of Use to Poetry; thus, in this Century, an excellent Italian Poem was composed from the Drawings of the famous Bolognian Painter Spagnoletto.

31. *So soft a Blush, &c.*] This is one of the Strokes which seems to me, says the Author of the Polymetis, to have been borrowed from some Painting in Rome, in which the Mixture of Colours here mentioned to be blended together, was remarkably well executed. Pliny, in speaking of the best Pieces by Echion there, instances in one on this Subject; *nova nupta, verecundia notabilis*, lib. xxxv. 10. The famous Picture of the Aldobrandine Palace in Rome is on the same Subject; and the Air of the new Bride in it is remarkably modest. As that is so good, though done when the Art of Painting was extremely fallen at Rome, it was very probably copied from some celebrated Picture there, and possibly from that Piece of Echion's. The Colours are all so faded in it (as one may well expect, after the Course of almost seventeen hundred Years) that we can see nothing of the beautiful blush, that was probably on the Face of the Bride. Dialogue 8.

32. *As when a Maid, &c.*] The Word *deducta*, in the Original, has a peculiar Beauty, being only applied to the

Ima vidcbatur talis inludere palla, .

Namque haec in nitido corpore vestis erat.

Artis opus raræ fulgens testudine et auro 35

Pendebat laeva garula parte lyra.

(Non illo quidquam formosius ulla priorum

Aetas, humanum nec videt illud opus.)

Hanc

modest, in Opposition to *producta*, a Term used for Women of the Town.

33. *Or when the Fair, &c.*] Charmed with the Beauties of his Vision, Tibullus here, contrary to Custom, multiplies his Illustrations: the Lilly and the Amaranth furnished the Ancients with favourite Allusions; but, as the finest Similes, by Repetition, become un pleasing, the Moderns labour under great Difficulties in this Respect. It is true, they have exchanged the Amaranth for the Rose; but that has been now so long employed, that it is grown stale, and the Poets of this Age may exclaim; with the old Grammarians, *percant isti, qui, ante nos, nostra dixerunt*. It is a pity that Tibullus, who was so excellent an Artist, did not leave more Pictures of Beauty behind him.

Although Ovid and others paint Apollo in much the same Colours as our Poet does, we are not therefore to suppose that they copied from one another. The Figure, Features, Dress, &c. of the Heathen Gods, were as well known to the Ancients from Statues, Paintings, &c. of them, formed according to a common Standard, as St. Peter is now a days to any Roman Catholic!

36. *Reddens the Apple, &c.*] Broekhusus makes our Poet indebted to the great Sicilian Shepherd, Idyll. vii. for this Simile. But why need we suppose this? It is only such as grows in the poetical Common of Nature; and what no Traveller, however little inspired, could fail to pluck as he passed.

37. *A Tyrian Tunic to his Ancles flow'd.*] The Word, in the Original, is *galla*, the Name of a Robe, with which not only Apollo, but the Poets and Musicians of old, were vested. Valerius Flaccus clothes his Bard Mopsus with a
white

A Tyrian Tunic to his Ancles flow'd,
Which thro' it's firr'd Plaits his god ike Beauties
show'd.

A Lyre, the Present Mulciber bestow'd,
On his left Arm with easy Grandeur glow'd; 40
The peerless Work of Virgin Gold was made,
With Ivory, Gems, and Tortoise interlaid;

O'er

white *palla*. But the more common Colour of it was purple,
Tyrio bis murice tineta.

39. *A Lyre, the Present Mulciber bestow'd.*] Who the In-
ventor of the Lyre was, is uncertain: some attribute it to
Apollo, and others to Mercury. Diodorus informs us, that
this Instrument, in Conformity to the Seasons, assumed at
first four Strings; but soon after, it mounted seven, in imi-
tation of the Planets: and hence Pindar's Epithet, when he
calls it seven-tongued. It was at first made of Gold, Sil-
ver, or Ivory, ornamented with precious Stones; but, in
the Augustan Age, the Shell of the Sea-tortoise coming into
very high Estimation, the Body of the Lyre was principally
composed of it, yet still adorned with Gold, Silver, &c.
Hence Horace says,

*O mutis quoque piscibus
Denatura cygni, si libeat, sonum.*

Goddeſs of the ſweet-ſounding Lute,
Which thy harmonious Touch obeys;
Who canſt the finny Race, tho' mute,
To Cygnets' dying Accents raiſe.

FRANCIS, Book iv. Od. 3.

The Lyre was played upon with a plectrum of Ivory. See
a curious Diſſertation on this Subject preſented by Mr. Mo-
lyneux to the Royal Society.

Hanc primum veniens plectro modulatus eburno

Felices cantus ore sonante dedit. 40

Sed postquam fuerant digiti cum voce locuti,

Edidit haec dulci tristia verba modo.

SALVE cura Deum : casto nam rite poetæ

Phoebusque, et Bacchus, Pieridesque favent.

Sed proles Semelæe Bacchus, doctæque sorores 45

Dicere non norunt, quid ferat hora sequens.

At mihi fatorum leges, ævique futuri

Eventura, pater posse videre dedit.

Cuare ego quæ dico non fallax, accipe, vates :

Quodque Deus vero Cynthius ore feram. 50

Tantum cara tibi, quantum nec filia matri,

Quantum nec cupido bella puella viro :

Pro qua sollicitas coelestia numina votis,

Quæ tibi securus non finit ire dies :

Et quum te fusco somnus velavit amictu, 55

Vanum nocturnis fallit imaginibus :

Carminibus

50. *But neither Bacchus, &c.]* In this Passage Bacchus is deprived of the Power of Prescience; and yet we know that many of the Ancients regarded him as a prophetic Deity. Thus Pausanias tells us, that Bacchus had an Oracle in Thrace. But especially (book x. chap. 33.) a Cave (*αδύρον*) at Ophitea, corruptly called Amphiclea, in which were performed his Orgies. This Cave was accessible by one Road only; and there was in it, no Statue of the God. There, the Inhabitants of the City and Neighbourhood, were, in their Sleep, informed by the Divinity, of Remedies appropriated to their Diseases; and his Priest, inspired by him, acquainted them with future Events.

O'er all the vocal Strings his Fingers stray,
 The vocal Strings his Fingers glad obey,
 And, harmoniz'd, a sprightly Prelude play : 45
 But when he join'd the Music of his Tongue,
 These soft, sad elegiac Lays he sung :

“ All hail, thou Care of Heaven ! (a virtuous Bard
 “ The God of Wine, the Muses, I, regard ;)
 “ But neither Bacchus, nor the Thespian Nine, 50
 “ The sacred Will of Destiny divine :
 “ The secret Book of Destiny to see,
 “ Heaven's awful Sire has given alone to me ;
 “ And I, unerring God, to you explain
 “ (Attend and credit) what the Fates ordain. 55

“ She who is still your ever constant Care,
 “ Dearer to you than Sons to Mothers are,
 “ Whose Beauties bloom in every softned Line,
 “ Her Sex's Envy, and the Love of thine : 59
 “ Not with more Warmth is female Fondness mov'd,
 “ Not with more Warmth are tenderest Brides belov'd.
 “ For whom you hourly importune the Sky,
 “ For whom you wish to live, nor fear to die ;
 “ Whose Form, when Night has wrap'd in Black the
 Pole,
 “ Cheats in soft Vision your enamour'd Soul ; 65

Carminibus celebrata tuis formosa Neæra

Alterius mavult esse puella viri.

Diversasque tuis agitât mens inopia curas,

Nec gaudet casta nupta Neæra domo.

60

Ah crudele genus, nec fidum femina nomen !

Ah pereat, didicit fallere fiqua virum !

Sed flecti poterit, mens est mutabilis illis ;

Tu modo cum multa brachia tende prece.

Sævus Amor docuit validos tentare labores.

65

Sævus Amor docuit verbera sæva pati.

Me quondam Admeti niveos pavisse juvencos,

Non est in vanum fabula ficta jocum.

Tunc ego nec cithara poteram gaudere sonora,

Nec similes chordis reddere voce sonos.

70

Sed perlucenti cantus meditabar avena,

Ille ego Latonæ filius, atque Jovis.

Nescis

70. *O cruel, perjur'd, false, intriguing Sex!*] There is a detign'd Harshness in these Lines, as in the Original. English Translators can never be at a Loss for unharmonious Combinations ; these however, like Discord in Music, when properly introduced, greatly encrease the Harmony.

The Translator cannot help thinking this a very unjust Description of the fair Sex, as they are commonly more constant than Men.

75. *A patient Homage, &c*] The Posture of a Suppliant and vanquished Person is happily expressed in the Original,

Tu modo cum multa brachia tende prece,

bat

“ Neera! whose bright Charms your Verse displays,
 “ Seeks a new Lover, and inconstant strays!
 “ For thee no more with mutual Warmth she burns,
 “ But thy chaste House, and chaster Bed, she spurns.

“ O cruel, perjur’d, false, intriguing Sex! 70
 “ O born with Woes poor wretched Man to vex!
 “ Whos’er has learn’d her Lover to betray,
 “ Her Beauty perish, and her Name decay!

“ Yet, as the Sex will change, avoid Despair;
 “ A patient Homage may subdue the Fair. 75
 “ Fierce Love taught Man to suffer, laugh at Pain;
 “ Fierce Love taught Man, with Joy, to drag the
 Chain;
 “ Fierce Love, nor vainly fabulous the Tale,
 “ Forc’d me, yes forc’d me, to the lonely Dale:
 “ There I Admetus’ snowy Heifers drove, 80
 “ Nor tun’d my Lyre, nor sung, absorb’d in Love
 “ The favourite Son of Heaven’s almighty Sire,
 “ Prefer’d a Straw-pipe to his golden Lyre.
 “ Tho’

but could not be preserved in the Version. Achilles Statius and Douza misunderstood this Passage.

79. *Forc’d me, yes forc’d me to the lonely Dale.*) See the Notes to Elegy 3. Book ii.

Nescis quid sit amor, juvenis, si ferre rocasas

Inmitem dominum, conjugiumque feruam.

Ergo ne dubita, blandas adhibere querelas.

75.

Vincuntur molli pectora dura prece.

Quodsi vera canunt sacris oracula templis,

Hæc illi nostro nomine dicta refer :

Hoc tibi conjugium promittit Delius ipse.

Felix hoc, alium desine velle virum.

87.

Dixit, et ignavus defluxit pectore somnus.

Ah ego non possum tanta videre mala.

Nec tibi crediderim votis contraria vota,

Nec tantum crimen pectori inesse tuo.

Nam te nec vasti genuerunt æquora Ponti,

88.

Nec flammam volvens ore Chimaera fero :

Nec consanguinea redimitas terga caterva,

Cui tres sunt linguæ, tergeminumque caput.

Scyllaque virgineam canibus subiecta figuram :

Nec te conceptam sacra læena tulit,

90.

Barbara

91. *A Band as you, &c.*] The Original Passage was incomprehensible, till Muretus restored it, from an old MSS. thus,

Felix. Hoc alium desine velle virum.

The Sense of which, according to him, is, that *Neptra* must think of no other Husband but this, *alium ab hoc*. But Scaliger and Douza allege, that the *felix hoc* alludes to the old Form of nuptial Contracts; as if they had said, *feliciter felix hoc sit*. Salmaſtus, however, and Broekhuſius interpret it in this Manner: As this Marriage is, on the Word of

of.

" Tho' false the Fair, tho' Love is wild, obey ;
 " Or, Youth, you know not Love's tyrannic Sway.
 " In plaintive Strains address the haughty Fair ; 86
 " The Haughty soften at the Voice of Prayer.
 " If ever true my Delphian Answers prove,
 " Bear this my Message to the Maid you love.
 " Pride of your Sex, and Passion of the Age ! 90
 " No more let other Men your Love engage ;
 " A Bard on you the Delian God bestows,
 " This Match alone can warrant your Repose."

He sung. When Morpheus from my Pillow flew,
 And plung'd me in substantial Grievs anew. 95

Ah ! who could think that thou had'st broke thy
 Vows,
 That thou, Neæra ! sought'st another Spouse ?
 Such horrid Crimes, as all Mankind detest,
 Could they, how could they, harbour in thy Breast ?
 The ruthless Deep, I know, was not thy Sire ; 100
 Nor fierce Chimæra, belching Floods of Fire ;
 Nor did'st thou from the triple Monster spring,
 Round whom a Coil of kindred Serpents cling ;
 Thou art not of the Lybian Lions' Seed,
 Of barking Scylla's, nor Charybdis' Breed ; 105
 Nor

of Apollo, to be productive of real Happiness to you,
 Neæra ; presumes not to wish for another Lover ; *felix hoc
 conjugio, desine alium virum velle.*

Barbara nec Scythiæ tellus, horrendave Syrtis :

Sed culta, et duris non habitanda domus.

Et longe ante alias omnes mitissima mater :

Isque pater, quo non alter amabilior.

Haec Deus in melius crudelia somnia vertat, 95

Et jubeat tepidos inrita ferre Notos.

ELEGIA

206. *Not Africa's Sands, &c.*] These were the strongest poetical Emblems of Barbarism and infidel Ferocity. The Thought is originally Homer's (Il. xvi ver. 34.) but adopted by Catullus and Virgil, travestied by Giambattista Lalli, often used by Ovid, and parodied by Boileau in his admirable *Lutrin* :

Non ton pers a Paris ne fut pas Boulanger, &c.

In the famous Interview of Glaucus and Diomed, Glaucus thus describes Chimæra :

First dire Chimæra's Conquest was enjoin'd ;
A mingled Monster, of no mortal Kind ;

Behind,

Nor Afric's Sands, nor Scythia gave thee Birth;
 But a compassionate, benignant Earth.
 No! thou, my Fair! deriv'ft thy noble Race
 From Parents deck'd with every human Grace.

Ye Gods! avert the Woes that haunt my Mind,
 And give the cruel-Phantoms to the Wind.

THE

Behind, a Dragon's fiery Tail was spread;
 A Goat's rough Body bore a Lion's Head;
 Her pitchy Nostrils flaky Flames expire,
 Her gaping Throat emits infernal Fire. POPE.

Verfes nothing inferior to the Original.

108. *No! you, my Fair, derive your noble Race, &c.*] This was an artful Method of still farther interesting Neera's Family in Favour of her Lover.

ELEGIA QUINTA.

VOS tenet, Etruscis manat quae fontibus unda,
Unda sub aetivum non adeunda Canem.

Nunc autem sacris Bajarum maxima lymphis,

Quum se purpureo vere remittit hiems.

At mihi Persephoeae nigrae denuntiat horam.

Immerito juveni parce nocere, Dea.

Non.

Some Critics are of Opinion that this Elegy was written by Tibullus when very young, and disengaged from any amorous Attachment, as in it he makes no mention of any of his former Mistresses. And indeed it must be confessed, that their Conjectures are not always so well founded; for had his Heart been engaged, his Sickness, which makes the Subject of the Poem, would have supplied him with as many pathetic Thoughts as it did when he was left behind in the Island of Corfu. But be this as it will, the Elegy itself is valuable, for being the only one wherein our Poet gives us any Hints of his own Person, which, as it really was amiable, is no small Proof of his Modesty.

It is addressed to some of his Friends, who were then at the hot Baths of Tuscany, where probably our Poet was to have been of the Party, had not a violent Fever prevented him. However desirous the Commentators may shew themselves to discover the Names of the Poet's Friends, that Discovery

covery.

T H E
F I F T H E L E G Y.

WHILE you at Tuscan Baths for Pleasure stay,
 (Too hot when Sirius darts his sultry Ray,
 Tho' now that purple Spring adorns the Trees,
 Not Baia's more medicinal than these.)
 Me harder Fates attend, my Youth decays; 5
 Yet spare, Persephone! my blameless Days:

With:

recovery is now impossible; but if we are ignorant of this, the Poem itself informs us, that Tibullus composed it on the fifteenth Day of his Disorder, which he entreats Persephone speedily to bring to a happy Crisis, as he was then young, and by his Conduct had never merited any Chastisement from Heaven.

1. *While you at Tuscan Baths, &c.*] Critics have in vain endeavoured to determine which of the Tuscan Baths are here meant. Schoppius believes them to have been the Clusian; but these were cold, as we learn from Horace, Ep. 15. Lib. i. whereas those, at which Tibullus's Friends appear to have been, were warm.

4. *Not Baia's more medicinal than these.*] Baia was the most remarkable warm Bath in Italy. The Name of it came in Time to stand for *thermae* in general.

Non ego tentavi, nulli temeranda virorum,
 Audax laudandae sacra docere Deae ;
 Nec mea mortiferis infecit pocula succis
 Dextera, nec cuiquam taetra venena dedit. 10
 Nec nos sacrilegos templis admovimus ignes :
 Nec cor sollicitant facta nefanda meum.
 Nec nos insana meditantés jurgia mente,
 Impia in aversos solvimus ora Deos.

Et

9. *I ne'er the holy Mysteries proclaim'd.*] The Mysteries here meant, were those of Ceres, the most revered of any in ancient Times. As it was peculiar to divulge them, the Reader must not expect to find them described with the same Exactness as the other religious Ceremonies of Paganism. But what is known of Certainty of them, shall here briefly be collected.

The Eleusinian Mysteries, for so they were also called, were divided into the greater and the lesser, and celebrated at Athens, at stated Seasons, with great Pomp of Machinery and solemn Shows. These drew together a vast Concourse of People from all Nations ; and many earnestly desired to be initiated, but that Favour was bestowed upon none but those of the first Rank and Figure. The Reverence with which Cicero speaks of them, and the Hints he drops of their Use and End, seem to confirm Dr. Warburton's Conjecture about them, *viz.* that they were intended to inculcate God's Unity and the Immortality of the Soul. The Shows are supposed to have represented Heaven, Hell, Elysium, and whatever concerned a future State. The Poets often alluded to them ; and we find Cicero, at the Request of Chilias a famous Poet, requesting Atticus to send him from Athens a Detail of them. This intimates, that these Shows were occasionally varied ; and Dr. Middleton conjectures, that the Detail here desired from Atticus was intended by the Poet as Episodes to some of his poetical Performances. As Virgil's sixth Æneid a Representation of this kind. The

With secret Wickedness unftung my Soul ;
 I never mix'd, nor gave the baneful Bowl ;
 I ne'er the holy Myfteries proclaim'd ;
 I fir'd no Temple, and no God defam'd ;

10
 Age

The Suppofition is highly ingenious, and Dr. Warburton has fupported it with no lefs Fancy than Learning.

So cautious were the Athenians, in Cicero's Time, of violating the Solemnity of thefe Myfteries, that the famous Orator Craffus, coming to Athens two Days after the Proceffion was over, could not prevail on the Magiftrates to re-exhibit the Shews, although he was one of the firft Senators of Rome.

Whoever divulged the Eleufinian Myfteries, was expelled the Society of Human Kind, and abhorred as a Monster unworthy the common Benefits of Life. It was efteemed dangerous to converfe with him, left Jupiter, in his Wrath, fhould make no Difinction between the innocent and the guilty. Thus Horace,

vetabo, qui Cereris facrum
Vulgarit arcanae, sub ifdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum
Solvat phafelum. Horat. Lib. iii. Od. 2.

He who can Friendfhip's Secrets tell,
 Or Ceres' hallow'd Rites reveal,
 The Wretch with me fhall never dwell,
 With me fhall never hoift the doubtful Sail.

FRANCIS.

The Greeks, according to Dacier, not only punished with Death thofe who revealed, but thofe alfo to whom the Myfteries were imparted. When the Athenians for two Years were baffled in their Attempts againft Sicily ; Alcibiades, who not only advifed but conducted that War, was accused by that fuperftitious People of having divulged the Myfteries of Ceres.

not Horace here *Numenius*
Numenius

Et nondum cani nigros læfere capillos,

15

Nec venit tardo curva fenestra pede.

Natalem nostri primum videre parentes

(Quum cecidit fato consul uterque pari)

Quid

Nurmenius, the celebrated Pythagorean, having published an Account of the Mysteries, some Goddeses, in the wanton Dress of Courtessans, appeared to him. The Philosopher, with Surprize, asking the Reason, was told by them in an angry Tone, *Ab se, ipso adyto pudicitia abstractas, & passim adeuntibus prostitutas*: That he himself dragged them from the Shrine of Chastity, and prostituted their Charms to every Comer. Macrobian. Somn. Scip. cap. 2.

10. *I fir'd no Temple, and no God defam'd.*] Nothing tends so much to soften the Horrors of Death, as the Consciousness of a well spent Life. Upon a Death-bed, every Object appears in its genuine Colours; as the Mind then often has the nicest Perception of Right and Wrong.

13. *(When both the Consuls fell, ah fatal Morn!*

Fatal to Roman Freedom! I was born.)] At the End of the

Year U. C 709, the famous Mark Antony, under the specious Pretext of revenging the Murder of Cæsar, left Rome. Decimus Brutus (whose Name, next to that of Marcus Brutus, the Patrons of Liberty will ever reverence for his glorious Share in the Death of Julius) was to feel the first Effects of his bloody Rage. Although Gaul had cheerfully declared in Favour of Brutus, and had levied a considerable Force; yet was that Patriot, at the Approach of Antony, obliged to throw himself into Modena. As Antony knew the Aversion of the better and wiser Senators to his Conduct; how devoted the Veterans were to his political, though young Enemy, Octavius; and the Levies that were vigorously carrying on by Decree of the Senate, to support the Consul elect, Hirtius and Pansa; he easily saw that no Time was to be lost in the Reduction of that City: accordingly he invested it with a formidable Body of Troops, posted to so great Advantage, that even after Octavius and the Consul Hirtius arrived with a veteran Army, the Place too

defending.

Age has not snow'd my jetty Locks with White,
 Nor bent my Body, nor decay'd my Sight;
 (When both the Consuls fell, ah fatal Morn!
 Fatal to Roman Freedom ! I was born)

Apples.

defending itself with no less Art than Courage, he reduced the Besieged to very great Straits, and seldom was worsted in his Encounters with the consular Army. Modena had now stood out near four Months, when, on the 25th of April U. C. 710, Antony having Intelligence that the other Consul, Panfa, with four Legions, was to join the confederate Chiefs, he resolved to attack him on his March, with two Legions, two Prætorian Cohorts, and Part of the Evocati. It is scarce to be imagined but the Plan would have succeeded, as the Enemy was made up of raw Levies, had not Hirtius privily in the Night detached the Martial Legion and two Prætorian Cohorts, to cover their March to the Camp. By the Eagerness of that Reinforcement, which run forward to attack Antony, Panfa was obliged to follow after with two of the new Legions, and a brisk Engagement was fought at Castel-Franco, in which Panfa was mortally wounded, and the Victory, by the Retreat of his Enemies, inclined to Antony. His Joy however was short, for Hirtius, hearing of the Engagement, marched out with twenty veteran Cohorts, met Antony, intirely routed and put to flight his whole Army, in the very Plain so lately the Scene of his Glory. Antony, though now obliged to lie on the defensive in his strongly fortified Camp, still hoped to make himself Master of Modena, which was now reduced to the greatest Difficulties. Octavius and Hirtius saw this; and, flushed with their late Success, were determined at all Hazards, to relieve the Town. To effectuate this, after two or three Days spent in finding out the weakest Part of Antony's Camp, they attacked the Intrenchments with such Vigour, that Antony, rather than suffer the Town to be snatched at last from him, drew out all his Forces and came to a general Battle. Little Advantages were gained on either Side, both Armies fought like Romans, till D. Brutus, taking the Opportunity, sallied out of the Town at the

Head:

Quid fraudare juvat vitem crescentibus uvis ?

Et modo nata mala vellere poma manu ?

20

Parcite,

Head of his Garrison, and helped greatly to determine the Victory on the Side of the Republic. Hirtius pushed his Advantages with great Spirit, drove all before him to the Middle of the Enemy's Camp, where he was unfortunately killed, near the General's Tent. This probably would have turned the Fortune of the Day, had not Octavius made good the Attempt, by keeping Possession of Antony's Camp, while that General, after the Destruction of his best Troops, fled precipitately, with his Horse, towards the Alps. The other Consul died the Day after, of his Wounds, at Bologna. This was the greatest Loss the Republic could possibly sustain at that Time ; as the Death of the two Consuls placed Octavius above all Controul, left him sole Master of their Armies, especially the Veterans, and first inspired him with the Design of succeeding to his Uncle's Power as well as to his Estate. That with inferior martial Virtues, the Successor of Julius was equally successful ; and that after the most bloody Proscriptions of the best Families of the Empire, he reigned quietly, nay gloriously ; are Particulars which our present Purpose calls not upon us to explain : we only beg leave to remark, that if the two Lines which gave Rise to this Note, are genuine, Tibullus must have been born A. U. C. 710, some time between the 21th and 15th of April, and perhaps on the very same Day with Ovid. This was the Opinion of Petrus Crinitus and Lelio Giraldi, and of every Biographer till the Time of Josephus Scaliger. That great Scholar could not well reconcile that Date to some other Passages in Tibullus : but the Affair remained undetermined, till Janus Douza the younger attempted to prove, that the *cum cecidit fato*, &c. was stoln from Ovid, and inserted in Tibullus. The Reasons on which he, and those of his Party, ground their Opinion, and the Objections which may be urged against them, are as follow.

In the first Place, it appears from the seventh Elegy of the first Book, that our Poet not only attended Messala to the War of Aquitaine, but that he was also rewarded with military

Apples unripe, what Folly 'tis to pull, 15
 Or crush the Clufter ere the Grapes are full !
 Ye

litary Honours for his Behaviour at that Time: Now it is known, that the Reduction of that Province was accomplished A. U. C. 724; of course, if Tibullus was born 710, he must have had those Marks of successful Bravery conferred on him when he was only fifteen Years of Age: but the Romans did not put on the *toga virilis* at soonest till the fifteenth Year of their Age; therefore, say they, Tibullus could not, if no older, serve with Messala. This Argument, however, is more specious than solid; for it is certain that some Roman Youths had the manly Gown conferred on them before their fifteenth Year; and Experience shews us, that young Men at that Age often behave with as much Intrepidity, as those who are more advanced in Life.

Again, Horace, in the Ode addressed to Tibullus, has the following Lines:

Albi ne deleas plus nimio memor, &c.

No more in elegiac Strain
 Of cruel Glycera complain;
 Tho' she resigns her faithless Charms
 To a new Lover's younger Arms.

FRANCIS, Lib. i. Od. 35.

Now, argues Douza, as Horace was but about forty when this Ode was wrote, Tibullus could only be about fifteen; and how could one at those Years write mournful Elegies? or how could Glycera well prefer one younger than himself? To obviate this Objection, Dacier explains *junior* by a *new Lover*. But there is no Occasion for this strained Interpretation; for it will afterwards be proved, that younger Folks have written, and with Applause too, Poems of a more difficult Nature than Elegy; and he must know little of Life, who has not observed some Women, even in our cold Climate, prefer a Lover of fourteen even to one of twenty: and Julius Cæsar divorced Cossutia in the sixteenth Year of his Age. But not to insist on these Arguments: the Critics may be desired to prove Horace's Age, when the thirty-third Ode of his first Book was written: for though that Poet was just
 forty,

Parcite, pallentes undas quicumque tenetis,

Duraque fortiti tertia regna Dei.

Elyfios

forty when some of the Odes of the second Book were composed, we know that his Odes are not placed in the Order they were written: hence there is no Necessity of alledging, with some Critics, that this Ode was written to our Poet's Father.

But, says Vulpius, Horace, when upwards of forty (*æte infra prætergressum*), used to consult Tibullus upon his Satires, as appears from the following Line,

Albi nostrorum formosum candido iudex.

Ep. 4. Lib. i.

Albius, in whom my Satires find

A candid Critic, and a kind.

FRANCIS.

Now this, adds the Italian Editor, is not to be supposed; as Tibullus, at this Time, must, if born in 720, have been nineteen Years younger than the Poet. To this it may be answered, that a Person of nineteen, if endowed with good Sense and some Practice in Poetry, may be capable of correcting the Writings of a Man of forty; thus Pope, when younger than Tibullus is supposed to be, amended Wycherley's Poems, when that Gentleman was upwards of fifty; and even wrote the Essay on Criticism at twenty. But, what is of more Consequence, the Critics are not agreed about the Time when the fourth Epistle of the first Book was written: thus Sanadon says, it was composed about the Year 720, when Horace was thirty-one, and Tibullus thirty Years old. And the Truth is, the precise Time of it cannot be determined. Besides, the Commentators have proved, that Horace wrote an Epistle to Lollius, when that Nobleman attended Augustus in the Cantabrian War, A. M. C. 727, and was only sixteen Years of Age.

Again, says Broekhusus, our Roman Knight fell sick at Phœacia, in his Voyage with Messala to Syria. Now it is certain, that excellent General went thither with an extraordinary Command A. U. C. 724; therefore Tibullus, if born 720, could only then be fourteen: and yet it appears from the Elegy itself (which is much too fine a Piece

for

Ye gloomy Gods ! whom Acheron obeys,
Dispel my Sickness, and prolong my Days !

Ere

(for a Boy of those Years), that he had been some Time in Love with Delia. To this Argument this short Reply may be made : that it cannot be proved that Messala was upon his Syrian Expedition when our Poet was left behind sick in Phœacia ; and, could that even be established, Instances are not wanting to prove, that Poems, not inferior to the third Elegy of the first Book, have been the Production of Youths not much older. L. Valerius Prudens gained the Prize of Poety, and was crowned, in the Reign of Domitian, when only thirteen Years old ; Johannes Secundus was not twenty-five Years old when he died ; and there is good Reason for asserting, that Cardinal Rovera, when only ten Years of Age, published at Pavia a Collection of his own Poems ; nay, it is a Fact, that Cowley printed a Volume of Poems, all which were written before his fifteenth Year.

Well ; but, says Vulpius, it is not to be believed, that Ovid, who was so studious of the Memory of Tibullus, and so minutely exact in other Things of less Moment, would have passed by an Event which did such Honour to his own Birth, had Tibullus and he been born at the same Time. To this it may be answered, that he had but a short Acquaintance with our Poet, as he himself informs us,

*nec avara Tibullo
Tempus amicitia fata dedere mea.*

It may however be objected, say Douza and others, that Domitius Marsus calls Tibullus a Youth when he died :

*Te quoque Virgilio comitem non æqua, Tibulle,
Ævis juvenem corpus misit ad Elysi.*

Now as Marsus lived at that Time, Tibullus must have died when twenty-four or twenty-five Years of Age, and therefore must have been born A. U. C. 710.

To

Elyfios olim liceat cognoscere campos,
Lethæamque ratem, Cimmeriosque lacus,

Quum

To this it may be opposed, that by the Laws of Servius Tullus, the Romans considered every Citizen as a *juvenis* till his forty-sixth Year. After that Time indeed they called them *seniores*; and therefore, as Tibullus was only forty-five when he died, Marfus might call him *juvenis*. Doubtless he might, according to the Tullian Computation; but then, it may be observed, that Marfus does not say that Tibullus died the same Year with Virgil, *i. e.* in his forty-fifth Year; but only, that he was the first Poet who died after him; and therefore he must either have been out of the Class of *juvenis*; or born in 710, and consequently then only twenty-five or twenty-six when he died.

But had our Author been so young, Ovid would not have omitted that Circumstance, as it would have greatly added to the Pathos of his famous Elegy on his Death; especially since, in that very Poem, he mentions the Youth of Catullus, who, by the bye, was upwards of forty when he died, contrary to the common Opinion.

*Obvius huic venies, bedera juvenilia cinctus
Tempora, cum Calvo, doctæ Catulle, tuo.*

This Argument indeed is of Moment; but the same Poet affords some other Arguments of still greater Weight to prove that Tibullus could not be born in 710. In the first Place, he says that our Poet was eminent for his Reputation as a Writer, when Augustus Cæsar was prince,

jam te principe notus erat.

that is, when Cæsar was *princeps senatus*, after having had the glorious but undeserved Title of *pater patriæ* bestowed on him by Messala and the Senate, A. U. C. 727. But how could a Youth of seventeen be known as a Poet? The Answer to this has in Part been anticipated; and when we add, that Heinsius reads *natus*, it rather is an
Argument

Ere to the Shades my dreary Steps I take,
 Or ferry o'er th'irremeable Lake, 20
 Let

Argument in Support of Tibullus's being born in 710, as Octavius Cæsar and Pedius succeeded Hirtius and Pansa in the Consulate. It must here at the same Time be confessed, that Cæsar could not be styled *princeps*, far less *princeps senatus*, for being made Consul; yet could even this be granted, Heinsius's Reading is unsupported by MS. Authority.

But the Argument to which the least Objection can be made, is that which follows, and Ovid furnishes it. It runs thus,

*Virgilium vidi tantum; nec avara Tibullo.
 Tempus amicitiã fata dedere mea :
 Successor fuit hic tibi, Galle; Propertius illi;
 Quartus ab his serie temporis ipse fui.*

Trist. lib. iv. El. 10.

That is, I only saw Virgil, and the cruel Fates did not long indulge me with the Friendship of Tibullus. He (*viz.* Tibullus) was thy Successor, Gallus; Propertius followed Gallus; and, in Order of Time, I myself was the fourth. Now as Gallus was born A. U. C. 681; and Propertius, by his own Confession, did not put on the *toga virilis* till after the Division of the municipal Lands among the Veterans, A. U. C. 711, when he was at least fifteen; Tibullus must have been born between the Year 681, and the Year 696, that is, about the Year 690, one Year after Horace. But why might he not be five Years younger, as well as one Year? And indeed, as this corresponds more with Mar-tus's Epigram, it seems as likely that Tibullus was born 695. Some indeed object to the Quotation from Ovid, as if that Poet meant poetical Fame, or the Order in which the Poets he there mentions were known to the World by their

Quum mea rugosa pallebunt ora senecta,

. 25

Et referam pueris tempora prisca senex.

Atque

their Writings ; and indeed, were it not for the former Passage from Ovid, such a Suggestion might invalidate the Argument upon which Douza chiefly builds his Opinion.

But (add Douza, and the rest who espouse his Opinion) what if we can prove, from Tibullus himself, that he was not born A. U. C. 710 ? Had he been so young when sick at Corfu, would he not in a particular Manner have mentioned it ? And would not a Youth of twenty-five Years, have expressed himself differently in the Poem before us from

*Et nondum cani nigros læsere capillos
Nec venit tarda curva senecta pede.*

Besides, in his Panegyric, which we know was written 722 (vide L. 127, &c.) he has the following Lines,

*nam cura novator,
Cum memor ante actos semper dolor admonet annos.*

which could not be proper from a Boy of twelve Years of Age. Nay that Poem itself, though inferior in every Respect to his Elegiac Compositions, is yet too great a Work for one so young. And if to this we add, that in this Poem he talks of the old Warrior of Arupinum, and of his having attended Messala in his Pannonian Expedition ; and if we consider, that this Expedition took place A. U. C. 718, or 719, it must appear that 710 could not be the Year of Tibullus's Birth, and that therefore the

Cum cecidit fato consul uterque pari

is spurious, and foisted in by some Librarian from Ovid. Nay Vulpius, not content with putting a Mark of Reprobation on that Line, even suspects the following one, as it is, according to him, not only languid, but interrupts the Sentence, which is complete without it.

However

Let me (with Age when wrinkled all my Face)
Tell ancient Stories to my listening Race ;

Thrice

However immaterial these Remarks may appear to the Generality, the Translator hopes, that the critical Reader will pardon their Length, as they may be found of some Service to future Biographers.

15. *Apples unripe, what Folly 'tis to pull?*] This Sentiment would answer in Pastoral; and were it not what every Man might have thought, it might be said, that Ovid had almost transcribed it :

*Quid plenam fraudas vitem crescentibus uvis ?
Pomaque crudeli vellis acerba manu ?*

El. 14. Lib. 2.

The *tolle cupidinem immitis uvæ* of Horace, is almost the same; but as the lyric Bard in the Ode where he uses these Expressions, describes Lalage as a young frisking Heifer, and her Lover as a Bull, the Metaphor is not so happily exact.

17. *Ye gloomy Gods, &c.*] This and the foregoing Thought are thus imitated by Mr. Hammond :

No Stealth of Time has thinn'd my flowing Hair,
Nor Age yet bent me with her Iron Hand ;
Ah why so soon the tender Blossom tear ?
Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd Fruit demand.

Ye Gods who dwell in gloomy Shades below,
Now slowly tread your melancholy Round ;
Now wandering view the baleful Rivers flow,
And musing hearken to their solemn sound :

O let me still enjoy the chearful Day,
Till many Years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my Age I trifle Life away,
And tell how much I lov'd ere I grew old.

Atque utinam vano nequidquam terrear aestu !

Languent ter quinos sed mea membra dies.

At

The whole fourth Elegy, from which these Stanzas are taken, is an Improvement upon our Author. In the Original, the Poet joins two Adjectives to one Noun, which Servius, in his Notes on Virgil, blames as a Vice in Writing ; and yet not only Instances of this may be produced from the ancient Roman Authors, but also from Lucretius, Cicero, Ovid, and Virgil.

21. *Let me (with Age when wrinkled all my Face.)*] That Man should be so solicitous for old Age is really astonishing, when we consider, with a great moral Poet,

That Life protracted, is protracted Woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the Passages of Joy :
 In vain their Gifts the bounteous Seasons pour,
 The Fruit autumnal, and the vernal Flower.
 With lifeless Eyes the Dotard views the Store ;
 He views, and wonders that they please no more.
 Now pall the tasteless Meats, and joyless Wines,
 And Luxury, with Sighs, her Slave resigns.
 Approach, ye Minstrels, try the soothing Strain,
 And yield the tuneful Lenitives of Pain ;
 No Sound, alas ! would touch th'impervious Ear,
 Tho' dancing Mountains witness'd Orpheus near :
 Nor Lute, nor Lyre his feeble Powers attend,
 Nor sweeter Music of a virtuous Friend ;
 But everlasting Dictates crowd his Tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong :
 The still returning Tale, and lingering Jest,
 Perplex the fawning Niece and pamper'd Guest,
 While growing Hopes scarce awe the gathering Sneer,
 And scarce a Legacy can bribe to hear ;
 The watchful Guests still hint the last Offence,
 The Daughter's Petulance, the Son's Expence ;
 Improve his heady Rage with treacherous Skill,
 And mould his Passions, till they make his Will.

.Thrice five long Days and Nights consum'd with
Fire,

{O sooth its Rage!) I gradually expire ;

While

Unnumber'd Maladies his Joints invade,
Lay siege to Life, and press the dire Blockade:
But unextinguish'd Avarice still remains,
And dreaded Losses aggravate his Pains ;
He turns, with anxious Heart and crippled Hands,
His Bonds of Debt, and Mortgages of Lands ;
Or views his Coffers with suspicious Eyes,
Unlocks his Gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant the Virtues of a temperate Prime,
Bless with an Age exempt from Scorn or Crime ;
An Age that melts in unperceiv'd Decay,
And glides in modest Innocence away :
Whose peaceful Days Benevolence endears,
Whose Nights congratulating Conscience cheers ;
The general Favorite, as the general Friend :
Such Age there is, and who could wish its End ?
Yet ev'n on this her Load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary Minutes' flagging Wings :
New Sorrow rises as the Day returns ;
A Sister sickens, or a Daughter mourns ;
Now kindred Merit fills the fable Bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a Tear.
Year chafes Year, Decay pursues Decay,
Still drops some Joy from withering Life away ;
New Forms arise, and different Views engage,
Superfluous lags the Veteran on the Stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last Release,
And bids afflicted Worth retire to Peace.
But few there are whom Hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the Gulphs of Fate ;
From Lydia's Monarch should the Search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his End,

*Avarice re-
mains with
age, beca-
use he con-
tinues to count
and money
and money
and money*

At vobis Tufcae celebrantur gramina Nymphae,

Et facilis lenta pellitur unda manu.

30

Vivite felices, memores et vivite nostri,

Sive erimus, seu nos fata fuiffe volent.

Interea nigras pecudes promittite Diti,

Et nivei lactis pocula mixta mero.

ELEGIA

In Life's laſt Scene what Prodigies ſurprize,
Fears of the Brave, and Follies of the Wife;
From Marlborough's Eyes the Streams of Dotage flow,
And Swift expires a Driv'ler and a Show.

Its great Beauty will, it is preſumed, excuſe the Length of this Quotation.

26. *Or love, &c.*] Swimming was much practiſed by the Romans; an Exerciſe which they, as a military People, found ſerviceable to them on many Accounts, and which Britons, both on that Account, and as a naval People, would do well to practiſe more; for, as the Poet of the Seasons ſings,

This is the pureſt Exerciſe for Health,
The kind Refreſher of the Summer-heats;
Nor when cold Winter keeps the brightening Flood,
Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the Brink.
Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd
By the bold Swimmer, in the ſwift Illapſe
Of Accident diſaſtrous. Hence the Limbs
Knit into Force; and the ſame Roman Arm
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd Earth,
Fiſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the Wave.
E'en from the Body's Purity, the Mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic Aid.

Summer.

28. *Joy guide your Steps, and ſtill remember me!*] Tibullus was as warm in his Friendſhip as in his Love; and certainly,
if

While you the Naiad of your Fountain praise, 25
 Or lave, or spend in gentle Sport your Days:
 Yet, O my Friends! whate'er the Fates decree,
 Joy guide your Steps, and still remember me!

Mean Time, to deprecate the fierce Disease,
 And hasten glad Returns of vigorous Ease, 30
 Milk, mix'd with Wine, O promise to bestow,
 And fable Victims, on the Gods below.

T H E

if the Love of Fame is ever allowable, the wishing to be remembered, after Death, by one's Friends, is highly natural. The

Oblitus meorum, obliuiscendus & illis,

The World forgetting, by the World forgot,

of some Authors, is too misanthropical; for the Love of Fame being natural to Man, and the Source from whence have sprung most of the good Actions which have astonished or benefited Humanity, the Translator cannot join Issue with those, who condemn its Exertion.

31. *Milk, mix'd with Wine, &c.*] The old Schoiast on Statius, whose Comment, Barthius had in his Possession, calls Blood, Honey, and Milk, the Banquet of the Infernal Powers, *inferorum passus*. But this Passage in our Poet shews, that Wine was also Part of their Cheer.

Black Cattle were the only Victims sacrificed to the *Dii inferni*. The Ancients, say the Critics, generally offered to their Gods, those Beasts which they were supposed to hold in the greatest Abhorrence. When they sacrificed to the Infernal Powers, they turned their Palms downwards. There are two or three Instances, in the legendary Part of the Roman Story, of the ceasing of Plagues at Rome, upon immolating on the Altars of Pluto and Proserpine. Pluto's Altars at Tarentum were

chiefly remarkable for Miracles of this kind. These Sacrifices, which in Time gave Rise to the secular Games, the Jubilee of Paganism, were performed in the Evening ; as those to the Celestial Powers were in the Morning. The Priests were sprinkled with Water, when Offerings

Offerings were made to the Infernal Deities. See the old Scholiast on the fourth Isthmian Ode of Pindar. And it is certain from Homer (*Iliad*. ix. Lin. 566.) that those who addressed these Powers, fell on their Knees when they prayed to them.

ELEGIA SEXTA.

CANDIDE Liber ades ; sic fit tibi mystica vitis
 Semper ; sic hedera tempora vincita geras.
 Aufer et ipse meum pariter medicande dolorem.
 Saepe tuo cecidit munere victus Amor.

Care

We have seen, with what Cruelty Nessra had treated her Lover, all his Endeavours to fix her solely his, having proved hitherto ineffectual. But his Misery being now extreme, some Remedy must be attempted ; and Wine, by the joint Approbation of Antiquity, being esteemed the certain Antidote of Affliction, his Friends strongly recommended his making an Experiment of its Virtues : he follows their Advice, and begins the present Elegy with an Address to the God of Wine, in full Confidence of his being able to free him from his amorous Inquietude.

This Poem, which is one continued Struggle between the Powers of Love and Wine, but in which the latter triumphs over the former, the Translator has thrown into a Dialogue between the Lover and one of his boon Companions. This gives it a more spirited Air, but does not entirely remove all its Obscurities ; and hence the Translator has been led to believe, that it is imperfect ; unless, with some judicious Critics, it is supposed, that as the Author was agitated with a Diversity of Passions at the Time of his composing it, so the Hyperbaton and disorderly Connection was the Result of judicious Choice, and not the Fault of Imperfection.

In

T H E
S I X T H E L E G Y .

L O V E R .

COME, Bacchus, come! so may the mystic Vine
And verdant Ivy round thy Temples twine!
My Pains, the Anguish I endure, remove;
Oft hast thou vanquish'd the fierce Pangs of Love.

Haste,

In some Editions this Elegy is improperly split into two.

1. — *so may the mystic Vine.*] Why mystic? Because those who were initiated in the Mysteries of Ceres and Bacchus carried *thyrsi*, round which were twisted Vine Branches; or because those who assisted at the Orgies of Bacchus, wore Vine Garlands. See a Description of these frantic Ceremonies in the sixth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, ver. 587.

2. *And verdant Ivy, &c.*] Bacchus wore Grapes on his Horns, see Notes on the first Elegy of the second Book; and Ivy round his Temples.

Cur bedera cineta est? bedera est gratissima Baccho:

Hoc quoque cur ita sit, dicere nulla mora est.

Nysiades Nymphe, puerum quaerente noverca,

Hanc frondem cunis apposuerat novis.

Lib. iii. Fast. ver. 769.

K 5

But

Care puer, madeant generosò pocula Baccho : 5

I, nobis prona funde Falerna manu.

Ite procul durum curae genus, ite labores.

Fulserit hic niveis Delius alitibus.

Vos modo proposito dulces faveatis amici,

Neve neget quisquam me duce se comitem. 10

Aut si quis vini certamen mite recusat,

Fallat eum tecto cara puella dolo.

Ille facit dites animos Deus ; ille ferocem

Contudit, et dominae misit in arbitrium.

Armeniae tigres, et fulvas ille leaenas 15

Vicit, et indomitis mollia corda dedit.

Haec Amor, et majora valet, sed poscite Bacchi

Munera ; quem vestrum pocula sicca juvant ?

Convenit

But Constantinus Cæsar, in the eleventh Book of his Geopon. says, that Bacchus loved the Ivy because his favourite Boy Cissus was metamorphosed into that Plant. ВРОЕКН.

The true Reason however seems to have been, that the Ancients thought Ivy Chaplets had a Power of preventing Intoxication.

Those who conquered in poetical Contests, had, of old, a Wreath of Ivy bestowed upon them. Andreas Alciatus gives the following Reason for it :

Haud quaquam arescens bederæ est arbuscula, Cisso

Quæ puero Bacchum dona dedisse ferunt :

Errabunda, proceræ, auratis fulva corymbis,

Exterius viridis, cætera pallor habet.

Hinc aptis vates cingunt sua tempora sertis ;

Palescunt studiis, laus diuturna viret. Emb. 204:

15. But Love the Monsters of the Wood can tame.] The two great Italian Pastoral Poets have enlarged upon this Thought in their Tragi-comedies.

Haste, Boy, with old Falernian crown the Bowl, 5
 In the gay Cordial let me drench my Soul.
 Hence, gloomy Care! I give you to the Wind;
 The God of Fancy frolicks in my Mind!
 My dear Companions! favour my Design,
 Let's drown our Senses all, in rosy Wine! 10

C O M P A N I O N.

Those may the Fair with practis'd Guile abuse,
 Who, sourly wise, the gay Dispute refuse:
 The jolly God can Cheerfulness impart,
 Enlarge the Soul, and pour out all the Heart.

L O V E R.

But Love the Monsters of the Wood can tame, 15
 The wildest Tygers own the powerful Flame:
 He bends the stubborn to his awful Sway,
 And melts Insensibility away:
 So wide the Reign of Love!

C O M P A N I O N.

Wine, Wine, dear Boy!
 Can any here in empty Goblets joy?
 No,

*Van le tigre in amore
 Ama il leon superbo, &c.*

Amynt.

*Rugge il leon al bosco
 Ne quel rugito è d'ira
 Così d'amor sospira, &c.*

Past. Fido.

K 6

21. What

Convenit ex aequo, nec torvus Liber in illis,

Qui se, quique una vina jocosa colunt. 20

Jam venit iratus nimium, nimiumque severis.

Qui timet irati numina magna, bibat.

Quales his poenas qualis quantusque minetur,

Cadmaeae matris praeda cruenta docet.

Sed procul a nobis hic sit timor: illaque, siqua est, 25

. Quid valeat laesi, sentiat, ira Dei.

Quid precor ah demens? venti temeraria vota,

Aeriae et nubes diripienda ferant.

Quamvis

21. *What Terrors arm, &c.*] When the Gods appeared in Anger to Mortals, they were supposed to become much taller than usual. Thus Ceres, when she appeared to Erychton, who had violated her sacred Grove, trod indeed on the Ground, but with her Head she touched the Skies:

Δαμάτης δ' ἀφ' αἰθ' &c.

Callim. Hymn. in Cerer. ver. 58.

23. *Her Son who mock'd his Rites, &c.*] Pentheus, King of Thebes, was torn in Pieces by his Mother and the other Mænades, for having ridiculed the newly-introduced Orgies of Bacchus. See Ovid, Met. lib. iii. and Theocritus, Idyll. 26. See also the Βαχαι of Euripides.

29. *What pray'd I rashly for, &c.*] This is a fine Instance of amorous Irresolution; and the Prayer the Poet puts up to Heaven for the Happiness of his inconstant Fair, makes us compassionate him more, than if he had broke out into the most direful Execrations.

Tasso has given us a no less beautiful instance of this passionate Figure in his Gierusalem. Liberat. Canto xx. where Armida, being abandoned by Rinaldo, breathes Fury and Revenge; and, pursuing him through the Ranks of the Battle,

No, no! the God can never disapprove,
 That those who praise him, should a Bumper love.
 What Terrors arm his Brow? the Goblet drain:
 To be too sober, is to be profane!

Her Son, who mock'd his Rites, Agave tore, 25
 And furious scatter'd round the yelling Shore!

Such Fears be far from us, dread God of Wine!

Thy Rites we honour, we are wholly thine!

But let the sober Wretch thy Vengeance prove:

L O V E R.

Or her, whom all my Sufferings cannot move! 30
 — What pray'd I rashly for? my madding Prayer,
 Ye Winds! disperse, unratified, in Air:

For

Battle, aims an Arrow at his Heart; but scarce had the
 Shaft, left the Bow, when returning Love compelled her to
 wish it might miss its Aim:

*Lo stral volo; ma con lo stral, un voto
 Subito uscì, che vada il colpo a voto.*

Swift flies the Shaft, as swiftly flies her Prayer
 That all its Vehemence be spent in Air.

SPENCE.

Such sudden Changes of Passion give a vast Energy to poetical Compositions. They are frequent in the elegiac Poets; but no Instance of this Kind ever afforded the Translator more Pleasure than the following of Lotichius, who desiring his deceased Mistress's Shade often to appear to him, suddenly checks himself:

Quid

Quamvis nulla mei superest tibi cura, Neæra :

Sis felix, et sint candida fata tua.

30

At nos securæ reddamus tempora mensæ.

Venit post multos una serena dies.

Hei mihi, difficile est imitari gaudia falsa :

Difficile est tristi fingere mente jocum.

Nec bene mendaci risus componitur ore,

35

Nec bene sollicitis ebria verba sonant.

Quid queror infelix ? turpes discedite curæ.

Odit Lenæus tristia verba pater.

Gnosa, Thesææ quondam perjuræ linguæ

Flevisti ignoto, sola relicta, mari.

40

Sic cecinit pro te doctus, Minoi, Catullus,

Ingrati referens in pia facta viri.

Vos

Quid precor imprudens ? non fas ita velle prius

Otia sint cineri, sit sopor usque tuo.

Et tumultum myrti virides, & amaricus arnet ;

Et sedeat custos ad tua busta Venus. B. iii. El. 3.

37. *How forc'd the drunken Catch, &c*] This double Passion is aptly termed Dissimulation by Mr. Spence, in his ingenious Observations on Pope's *Odyssey*. Such Figures are viewed in a juster Light, when we look upon them as naturally expressive of what we feel within us, than when we regard them only as the artful Machineries of Writing.

43. *But learn'd Catullus, &c.*] Catullus is here called learned ; and Antiquity, with one Consent, bestows upon him that distinguished Epithet. He certainly understood the Greek Language, and translated, with some Applause, Callimachus's beautiful Poem on Berenice's Hair : but his Version from Sappho is very indifferent. Yet these per-
haps

For tho', my Love ! I'm blotted from your Soul,
Serenely rise your Days, serenely roll !

C O M P A N I O N .

The Love-sick Struggle past, again be gay : 35
Come, crown'd with Roses, let's drink down the Day !

L O V E R .

Ah me ! loud-laughing Mirth how hard to feign !
When doom'd a Victim to Love's dreadful Pain :
How forc'd the drunken Catch, the smiling Jest,
When black Sollicitude annoys the Breast ! 40

C O M P A N I O N .

Complaints, away ! the blythfome God of Wine
Abhors to hear his genuine Votaries whine.

* * * * *

L O V E R .

You, Ariadne ! on a Coast unknown,
The perjurd Theseus wept, and wept alone ;
But learn'd Catullus, in immortal Strains, 45
Has sung his Baseness, and has wept your Pains.

C O M -

haps obtained him the Reputation of Learning ; or perhaps it arose from his frequent Use of cramp Words : Men are often called learned even now-a-days, for no better Reasons. The Translator, however, is not of Opinion, that he merited that Distinction, so much at least as some of his Roman Predecessors. Nay, are not the best Critics

Vos ego nunc moneo : felix, quicumque dolore

Alterius difces posse carere tuo.

Nec vos aut capiant pendentia brachia collo, 45

Aut fallat blanda fordida lingua prece.

Efti perque fuos fallax jurarit ocellos,

Junonemque fuam, perque fuam Venerem,

Nulla

Critics now agreed, that had all his Poems perished, the World would have been at no very great Loss, except for the Piece here alluded to, his Epithalamium on Peleus and Thetis, and one or two more?

The most remarkable Part of Catullus's Character is, the Freedom with which, in his Writings, he attacked Julius Cæsar, at a Time when he was the sovereign Master of the World. That great, but wicked Roman understood the Importance of having the Men of Abilities and Learning on his Side, and therefore invited the Poet to sup with him on the Night his Pasquin was published. Could the Poet satirize after such an Act of Condescension? Something of the same Kind is also told us, of that most consummate of Politicians Philip, who more than paved the Way for his Son's Conquest of the East. See Dr. Leland's excellently written Life of that Monarch.

In the Poem which Tibullus here had in his Eye, there is an exquisite Stroke of Nature, where Ariadne runs into the Sea, as if to reach Theseus, who was sailing off.

*Tum tremuli salis adversas percurrere in undas
Mollia nudatæ tollentem tegmina suræ, &c.*

Ovid has written on the same Subject : but there is more real Beauty in the pathetic Exclamations and frantic Behaviour of Catullus's Ariadne, than in the witty but unaffected Epistle of Naso.

There appears no Connexion between this Story of Ariadne, and what either goes before or follows it. But if
the

C O M P A N I O N .

Thrice happy they, who hear Experience call,
 And shun the Precipice where others fall.
 When the Fair clasps you to her Breast, beware,
 Nor trust her, by her Eyes altho' she swear; 50
 Not tho', to drive Suspicion from your Breast,
 Or Love's soft Queen, or Juno she attest;

No

the Translator durst venture upon a Transposition, he would join -

Thrice happy they,
 and so on, to

Hence, serious Thoughts!

to the forty-second Line, and make it Part of the Advice which our Poet's Companion gave him. This Manner of disposing and connecting these Verses, would make the Story of Ariadne appear as Part of Tibullus's Answer, by which he would insinuate, that if the Women were deceitful, the Men art not much better, as witnesses the Treatment which Theseus, whom they all deemed a Hero, gave Ariadne.

50. Or Love's soft Queen, or Juno she attest.] The common Editions read

Junonemque suam, perque suam venerem.

But Broekhusius is of Opinion that Tibullus wrote

Junonemque suam, per Veneremque suam,

and produces several Instances of his using the *que* in that Manner. He closes his Quotations on that Subject with the following Sentence, which is in the true Spirit of a verbal Critic: *Hæc palæmonibus nostris exilia videbuntur, neque satis digna in quibus otium ponatur: mihi vero, quæ mea est humilitas, nihil*

Nulla fides inerit ; perjuria ridet amantum

Jupiter, et ventos irrita ferre jubet. 50

Ergo quid toties fallacis verba puellae

Conqueror ? ite a me seria verba procul.

Quam vellem tecum longas requiescere noctes,

Et tecum longos pervigilare dies !

Perfida, nec merito nobis inimica merenti. 55

Perfida, sed quamvis perfida, cara tamen.

Naiada

nihil exile habetur, quod faciat ad illustrationem sermonis Latini.

51. *No Truth the Women know, &c.*] Female Infidelity has been a common Topic of Inveſtive with the Wits of all Ages ; and yet, had they looked into their own Conduct with the ſame virulent Penetration, they would have found that the Lion made a juſt Obſervation to the Man, who vauntingly ſhewed him a Picture wherein one of the Lion-kind was repreſented as conquered by a Man, when that Monarch of the Woods ſaid, “ We Lions are not Painters.”

52. *And Jove connives, &c.*] Plato aſſigns a whimſical Reason for Jupiter’s Good-nature in this Affair ; the Pleaſures (ſays he) are Infants, incapable of Underſtanding and Judgment, and therefore not liable to Punishment for Perjury, or Breach of Promiſe.

59. *O let my Paſſion, &c.*] *Nobis merenti*, in the Original, as Broekhuſius obſerves, is an elegant Græciſm (*archaiſmus*), which Terence and the moſt correct Roman Poets have admitted. There are many ſuch Græciſms in both Milton and Shakeſpear ; the former, no doubt, thought the joining a Singular with a Plural an Elegance ; but it is a Queſtion whether the Inſtances of this Kind which occur in the tragic Bard are not the Effect of Chance, or Fault of Tranſcribers, &c. This Pentameter is the only Turn on Words to be found in Tibullus. When ſparingly admitted, ſuch Turns are doubtleſs Beauties. Mr. Dryden makes Virgil the Parent of this Elegance in Compoſition :
that

No Truth the Women know; their Looks are Lies.

L O V E R.

Yet Jove connives at amorous Perjuries.

Hence, serious Thoughts! then why do I complain?

The Fair are licenc'd by the Gods to feign. 56

Yet would the Guardian Powers of gentle Love,

This once indulgent to my Wishes prove,

Each Day we then should laugh, and talk, and toy,

And pass each Night in hymeneal Joy. 60

O let my Passion fix thy faithless Heart!

For still I love thee, faithless as thou art!

Bacchus

that Critic however is mistaken, as Homer has a Turn on the Words, II. xx. where Hector says, that at all Events he will attack Achilles :

και ει πυρι χειρας βοικας

Ει πυρι χειρας βοικας μεν αιδωνι Λιδρω.

Not from you Boaster shall your Chief retire,
Not tho' his Heart were Steel, his Hands were Fire :
That Fire, that Steel, your Hector should withstand,
And brave the vengeful Heart, and dreadful Hand.

So very attentive was Mr. Pope not to lose any of the Beauties of his Original. And if Mr. Dryden (Dedicat. to Juvenal) had looked, he would have found that Catullus used this Charm in Writing before Virgil.

*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo convulsus aratro,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber :
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ :*

Idem

Naida Bacchus amat; cessas ô lente minister?

Temperet annosum Marcia lympha merum.

Non ego, si fugiat nostrae convivia mensae

Ignotum cupiens vana puella torum,

60.

Sollicitus

*Idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ.
Sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est.
Cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.*

Carm. Nupt. 60.

It must indeed be owned, that Virgil and Ovid more frequently use Turns, both on Words and Thoughts. Neither is Milton wholly destitute of that Beauty, though Mr. Dryden says he could find none such in his Poems, as witness the following charming Verses, where Eve addresses our general Ancestor:

With thee conversing, I forget all Time!
All Seasons, and their Change, all please alike.
Sweet is the Breath of Morn, her Rising sweet
With Charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His orient Beams, on Herb, Tree, Fruit, and Flower
Glistering with Dew; fragrant the fertile Earth.
After soft Showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the Gems of Heaven, her starry train;
But neither Breath of Morn, when she ascends
With Charm of earliest Birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful Land; nor Herb, Fruit, Flower,
Glift'ring with Dew; nor Fragrance after Showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird; nor Walk by Moon,
Or glittering Star-light, without thee is sweet.

This

Bacchus the Naiad loves ; then haste, my Boy !
 My Wine to temper cooler Streams employ.
 What tho' the smiling Board Neæra flies, 65
 And in a Rival's Arms perfidious lies,
 The

This Quotation Mr. Addison has inserted in one of the Tatlers (No. 114.) and indeed Mr. Mason makes this Turn on Words characteristic of Milton's Manner, in that beautiful Poem of his, intitled Musæus.

Various this peaceful Scene, this mineral Roof ;
 This 'Semblance meet of Coral, Ore, and Shell ;
 These pointed Chrystals fair, 'mid each Obscure
 Bright glistening ; all these slowly-dripping rills,
 That tinkling stray amid the cooly Cave.
 Yet not this various peaceful Scene, with this
 Its mineral Roof, nor this Assemblage meet
 Of Coral, Ore, and Shell ; nor 'mid th'Obscure
 These pointed Crystals glittering fair ; nor Rills
 That straying tinkle thro' the cooly Cave,
 Deal Charms more various to the raptur'd Sense,
 Than thy mellifluous Lay.

61. *Bacchus the Naiad loves, &c.*] Bacchus was brought up by the Nymphs ; which, says Vulpius, is a poetical Figure, signifying that Wine ought to be mixed with Water.

Αἱ Νυμφαὶ τοῦ Βακχοῦ ἐν τῷ πυρρῷ ἢ ἡλαθ' ὁ κερρῷ
 Νιψεν, ὑπερ τεφρῆς ἀρεῖ κολιόμενον.
 Τότε καὶ σὺν Νυμφαῖς βρομαίῳ φίλος, πρὸς δὲ νιν εἰς ἴσος
 Μισσεῖσθαι, δεξή πυρρῷ ἐπι κολιόμενον.
 Ἀνθολογία.

*E cinere ut Bacchum nymphæ cessere sorores,
 Membraque lavarunt fonte perennis aquæ,
 Junctus amicitia est Nymphis. Si forte repellas,
 Natum de flammis experiere Deum.*

And Plato, in his poetical Language, calls the mixing of Wine with Water, the taming a mad God with a sober one. 68. *Let*

Sollicitus repetam tota suspiria nocte.

Tu puer, i, liquidum fortius adde merum.

Jam dudum Syrio madefactus tempora nardo

Debueram fertis implicuisse comas.

ELEGIA

68. *Let rosy Garlands, &c.] Jam dudum in the Original, says Broekhusius, formula venusta de tempore non longo in re presente, & scriptoribus elegantibus adamata.*

Festus observes, that the boon Companions, of old used sometimes to tie Birds to their Garlands, not only to amuse themselves with their Songs, but also to be kept awake by their pecking; so ingenious were they in the article of drinking!

The Garlands used at first upon these Occasions, were made of fine Wool; and therefore Theocritus calls them *αιος ανθη*, the Flower of the Sheep.

Parsley,

The live-long Night, all sleepless, must I whine?
Not I—

C O M P A N I O N.

Quick, Servants! bring us stronger Wine.

L O V E R.

Now Syrian Odours scent the festal Room, 70
Let rosy Garlands on our Foreheads bloom.

T H E

Parsley, Roses, Ivy, &c. came afterwards to be worn; for which, as well as for the Introduction of Essences in Drinking, the Toppers of Antiquity were indebted to the fair Sex. Lipsius has given us the *leges convivales* of the Ancients.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

NULLA tuum nobis subducet femina lectum.
 Hoc primum juncta est foedere nostra Venus.
 Tu mihi sola places : nec jam, te praeter, in urbe
 Formosa est oculis ulla puella meis.
 Atque utinam possis uni mihi bella videri ! 5
 Displiceas aliis ! sic ego tutus ero.
 Nil opus invidia est ; procul absit gloria vulgi :
 Qui sapit, in tacito gaudeat ille sinu.

Sic

Although this Poem is usually published at the End of the fourth Book, yet as some old Critics assert, that Tibullus wrote only three Books of Elegies, and as this Piece, in the Opinion of Broekhusius, has all the Marks of Tibullian Legitimacy, the Translator has taken the Liberty to place it here ; not strictly rendered, but more paraphrastically, as, in his Opinion, better suited to the Genius of the alternate Stanza. What induced the Translator to turn Paraphrast with this Elegy, was, that though the Critics unanimously ascribed it to Tibullus, yet did he think, that the Thoughts had not that Simplicity, which constitutes one of the characteristical Beauties of our Poet. And though Tibullus is mentioned in the Poem, no Argument can thence be drawn of its being the Work of our Poet,

T H E
SEVENTH ELEGY.

I.

TO you my Tongue eternal Fealty swore,
 My Lips the Deed with conscious Rapture own;
 A fickle Libertine I rove no more,
 You only please, and lovely seem alone.

II.

The numerous Beauties that gay Rome can boast,
 With you compar'd, are Ugliness at best;
 On me their Bloom and practis'd Smiles are lost,
 Drive then, my Fair! Suspicion from your Breast.

III.

Ah no! Suspicion is the Test of Love:
 I too dread Rivals, I'm suspicious grown;
 Your Charms the most insensate Heart must move;
 Would you were beauteous in my Eyes alone!

IV.

I want not Man to envy my sweet Fate,
 I little care that others think me blest;
 Of happy Conquests let the Coxcomb prate;
 Vainglorious Vaunts the silent Wife detest.

V. Su.

Poet, as in After-times, those who excelled in Elegy affected to style themselves Tibullus: and it is known that Nero used to call the poet Nerva by that Appellation.

Sic ego secretis possim bene vivere filvis,

Qua nulla humano fit via trita pede. 10

Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra

Lumen, et in folis tu mihi turba locis.

Nunc licet e coelo mittatur amica Tibullo :

Mittetur frustra, deficietque Venus.

Haec tibi sancta tuae Jononis numina juro, 15

Quae sola ante alios est mihi magna Deos.

Quid

11. *Your Charms the most insensate Heart must move ;
Would you were charming in my Eyes alone !*] This, exclaims the polite Dutch Commentator, is Rusticity itself ! For what more cruel, to a fine Woman, could he wish, than that she should please one Man only ? And what do the Ladies aim at, in all their Finery and Variety of Drefs, but to appear amiable even to those whom they neither can, nor wish to love ?

Delectant etiam castas præconia formæ.

And what Woman did you ever see, however vile and wretched, whose Face or Person you dared, in her own Presence, to contemn with Impunity ; or who thought herself ugly ? Beauty they prefer to Life itself ; and Death they view without Dismay, if they carry their Charms along with them. Thus far Brockhusius.

D'Urfey, who was the first, that gave the French an Idea of Pastoral Romance, has copied this Thought of our Author ; and, indeed, it better suited such languid unnatural Compositions as the Astrea, than the serious Sensibility of the Elegiac Muse.

12 — *in folis tu mihi turba locis.*] Cowley has imitated this ; or rather, such Conceits were in his Way.

How happy here, should I
And one dear She, live, and embracing die ;
She who is all the World, and can exclude
From Desarts, Solitude.

I should

V.

Supremely pleas'd with you, my heavenly Fair!
 In any trackless Desert I could dwell;
 From our Recess your Smiles would banish Care,
 Your Eyes give Lustre to the Midnight Cell.

VI.

For various Converse I should long no more,
 The blythe, the moral, witty, and severe;
 Its various Arts are her's, whom I adore;
 She can depress, exalt, instruct, and cheer.

VII.

Should mighty Jove send down from Heaven a Maid,
 With Venus' Cestus zon'd, my Faith to try,
 (So, as I Truth declare, me Juno aid!)
 For you I'd scorn the Charmer of the Sky.

VI. For

I should have then this only Fear,
 Left Men, when they my Pleasure see,
 Should hither throng to live like me,
 And so make a City here.

How much more truly does Prior represent the Content-
 ment which Lovers feel in one another's Company?

My Conqueror now, my lovely Abra held
 My Freedom in her Chains; my Heart was fill'd
 With her; with her alone, in her alone
 It sought its Peace and Joy; while she was gone,
 It sigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her Stay;
 Return'd, she chas'd those Sighs, that Grief, away;
 Her Absence made the Night, her Presence made the
 Day.

Quid facio demens? heu heu mea pignora cedo.

Juravi stulte; proderit iste timor.

Nunc tu fortis eris, nunc tu me audacius ures.

Hoc peperit misero garrula lingua malum. 20

Jam faciam quodcumque voles: tuus usque manebo,

Nec fugiam notae servitium dominae.

Sed Veneris sancte confidam victus ad aras.

Haec notat injustos, supplicibusque favet.

The Pastoral Writers often ascribe still greater Force to the Charms of their Galateas and Phyllises, perhaps very impertinently.

25. *Should mighty Jove, &c.*] Thus finely imitated by Croxal:

Were I invited to a Nectar Feast
 In Heaven, and Venus nam'd me for her Guest;
 Tho' Mercury the Messenger should prove,
 Or her own Son, the mighty God of Love;
 At the same Instant let but honest Tom
 From Sylvia's dear terrestrial Lodging come,
 With Look important say — "Desires — at Three,
 "Alone — your Company — to drink some Tea."
 Tho' Tom were mortal, Mercury divine,
 Tho' Sylvia gave me Water, Venus Wine;
 Tho' Heaven was here, and Bow-street lay as far
 As the vast distance of the utmost Star;
 To Sylvia's arms with all my Strength I'd fly;
 Let who would meet the Beauty of the Sky.

VIII.

But hold ! you're mad to vow, unthinking Fool !

Her boundless Sway you're mad to let her know :

Safe from Alarms, she'll treat you as a Tool —

Ah, babbling Tongue ! from thee what Mischiefs
flow !

IX.

Yet let her use me with Neglect, Disdain ;

In all, subservient to her Will I'll prove ;

Whate'er I feel, her Slave I'll still remain,

Who shrinks from Sorrow, cannot be in Love !

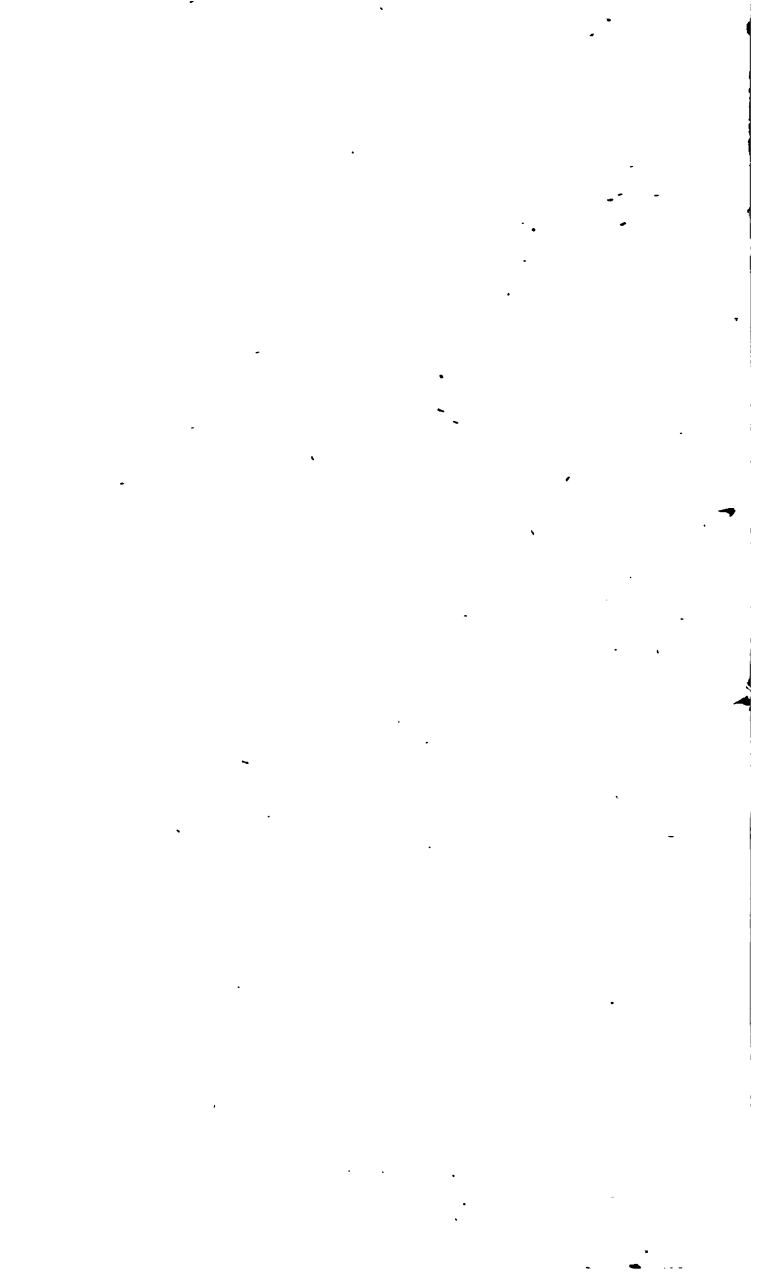
X.

Imperial Queen of Bliss ! with Fetters bound,

I'll sit me down before your holy Fane ;

You kindly heal the constant Lover's Wound,

Th'inconstant torture with Increase of Pain.

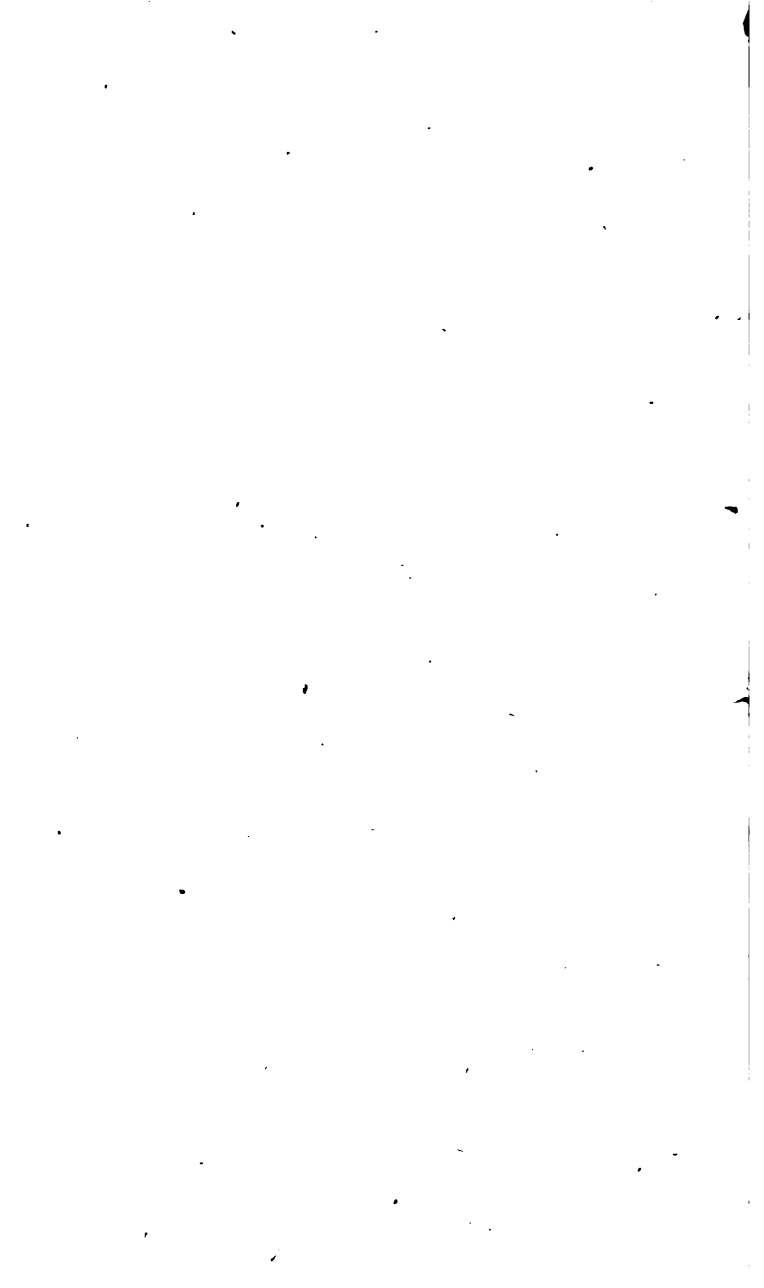


T H E

P O E M S

O F

S U L P I C I A.



ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME of the best modern Commentators contend, that the little Poems which compose this Fourth Book, are not the Work of Tibullus. Their chief Arguments are derived from the Language and Sentiment; in both which, it is said, and with more Justice than is common on such Occasions, that they bear no Resemblance to our Poet's Productions.

But if the following little Pieces are not the Composition of Tibullus, to whom shall we impute them? Shall we, with Caspar Barthius, and Broekhusius, ascribe them to Sulpicia, the Wife of Calenus, who flourished in the Reign of Domitian? This Opinion is by no means improbable, for we know from Martial and Sidonius Apollinaris, that Sulpicia was eminent in those Days for her Poetry.

*Omnes Sulpiciam legant puellæ,
 Uni quæ cupiunt viro placere.
 Omnes Sulpiciam legant mariti,
 Uni qui cupiunt placere nuptæ.
 Non hæc Colchidos adserit furorem,
 Diri prandia nec refert Thyestæ ;*

Scyllam, Byblida, nec fuisse credit :

Sed castos docet & pios amores,

Lusus, delicias, facetiasque.

Cujus carmina qui bene æstimarit,

Nullam dixerit esse nequiores,

Nullam dixerit esse sanctiores.

Tales egregiæ jocos fuisse.

Udo crediderim Numæ sub antro.

Hac condiscipula, vel hac magistra

Esses doctior & pudica Sappho :

Sed tecum pariter simulque visam

Durus Sulpiciam Phaon amaret.

Frustra : namque ea nec Tonantis uxor,

Nec Bacchi, nec Apollinis puella,

Crepto sibi viveret Cal. no. Mart. L. x. Ep. 35..

But to this Proof, it is objected by Vulpius, that as the following Pieces are of a Strain different from those celebrated by Martial, so they could not be written by the Wife of Calenus, but are Tibullus's; and that the Sulpicia they praise, was the Daughter of Servius Sulpicius, the famous Lawyer, some of whose Epistles to Cicero are still extant: For, she who is called Sulpicia in this Book, adds he, certainly lived in the Reign of Augustus, as Horace himself mentions Cerinthus, and Messala is named in the eighth Poem. To this it may be answered, that it cannot be proved, that Sulpicia had never been in Love before she married Calenus; or had never composed any other Poems, besides those of the conjugal kind.

kind, so much extolled by Martial? Nay, have we not her own Testimony, that she wrote some thousands of Pieces?

Cetera quin etiam, quot denique millia lusi!

And we know from some of Sulpicia's Lines, preserved by the old Scholiast on Juvenal, that she sometimes wrote in a Manner the very reverse of that which the Epigrammatist celebrates; and of course she may still be the Author of these Poems. Nor does it follow from Horace's having made mention of one Cerinthus (lib. i. sat. 2. lin. 81.) who was fond of a rich Mistress, that therefore this Mistress was Sulpicia; unless it could be proved, that Cerinthus never loved any but Sulpicia; and that there never was a Person of the Name of Cerinthus, but in the Age of Augustus. Again, though Messala is mentioned in the eighth Poem of this Book, it cannot thence be inferred, that this was our Poet's Patron; unless it could be proved that the Name Messala (which is not true) expired with that illustrious Roman. Therefore the following Poems may still be the offspring of Martial's Sulpicia.

But against this Opinion it is farther urged by Vulpianus, that Quintilian (lib. i. cap. 11.) plainly alludes to,

*Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movet
Componit, furtim subsequiturque decor,*

in the following Sentence : *Neque enim gestum oratoris componi ad similitudinem saltationis volo, sed subesse aliquid ex hac exercitatione puerili, unde nos non id agentes, furtim decore ille discipulis traditus prosequatur.* But that eloquent Rhetorician, says Vulpius, would have been ashamed to use the Words of a Woman, who was then alive; and therefore it is more probable, that he borrowed his Illustration from Tibullus, a Poet of an established Reputation.

We cannot see any Reason, however, why Quintilian should be more ashamed to borrow from a contemporary Poetess, if her Words suited his Purpose, than from a dead Poet, let his Character be ever so great. Nay, the great Rhetorician, we apprehend, would rather have chosen to have expressed himself in the Words of a Woman, who was honoured with the Epithet of Learned, which was Sulpicia's Case, than to have used the Language of Tibullus, or any other Person, when treating of a Subject (viz. Decency of Gesture) wherein the Fair Sex must be allowed to be the most competent Judges. But why might not Quintilian stumble upon *componit* and *furtim decor*, without having ever read this Poem? Can any Reason be assigned to the contrary? Or rather, did not his Subject naturally lead him to express his Sentiments of Oratorical Gesture in these very Words?

Some Critics, however, whom the Translator has consulted, and who acknowledge the Futility of Vulpius's Arguments, are yet of Opinion, that the first, third, and fifth Poems of this Book cannot be of Sulpicia's

picia's writing, but must be the Work of Cerinthus, or some Poet; as Sulpicia, they say, could not, with any Grace, write the Encomium on her own Person; nor can the Poem on her Birth-day be, with any more Propriety, ascribed to her; and it is evident, they think, that the fifth Poem is the Composition of a common Friend.

Nor, granting this, every Difficulty is not yet surmounted: the twelfth Poem, according to some others, cannot be Sulpicia's, for from the following Lines:

*Nunc licet, e caelo, mittatur amica Tibullo;
Mittetur frustra, deficietque Venus.*

it is, they assert, plainly the Composition of Tibullus. *Tibulli carmen arbitror* (says Broekhusius) *ipsa dictione ita persuadente & numeris ad Albiannum characterem artificiose conformatis*: adding, that it has certainly slipped out of its Place, and must belong to the third Book, as the old Critics inform us, that Tibullus wrote no more than three Books of Elegies.

Although we have so far admitted this Opinion, as to place that Poem at the End of the third Book, yet that our Poet certainly wrote more Elegies than we have of his at present, is obvious, both from his Works themselves, and from Horace: nor can the Translator help being of Opinion, that, however similar the metrical Composition in the twelfth Poem may be to that of Tibullus, yet the Mode of Thinking is very different from his; and therefore, if Tibullus is the Author, he either in this Piece, imitated Ovid, or the Piece itself was written by somebody else, perhaps in the
Age

Age of Domitian, who was so fond of Tibullus, as to be willing to usher his own Productions into the World under the Sanction of his Name.

But if the fourth Book was composed by Sulpicia, how comes it, objects Vulpius, to be found in all the ancient MSS. of Tibullus? To this it may be answered, that the old Librarians used commonly, in order to enhance the Price of their MSS. to join to an Author, who had not left many Works behind him, any Writer who composed in what they thought a similar Taste. By this Means, a Satire, which our Sulpicia certainly wrote, was long ascribed by some to Juvenal, and by others to Aufonius, from having been found in the MS. Works of those two Poets; till some Critics of more Understanding * proved to the Learned, neither Juvenal, nor Aufonius, but Martial's Sulpicia wrote it.

Such are the Arguments by which the Commentators support their different Opinions. The Reader must determine for himself. But if the Translator might be permitted to pronounce on the Subject, he would say, that if any Weight might be laid on Difference of Style, and especially of Thought, the following Poems cannot be the Work of Tibullus:—but whether Martial's Sulpicia, or who else wrote them, is not in his Power to determine. But as Sulpicia is the only Person to whom the Critics attribute them, the Translator, not knowing any one else, who can shew

* Scaliger, &c.

a preferable Claim, has retained her Name in the Title Page.

Notwithstanding, however, it cannot be absolutely ascertained (and how can Controversies of this Sort be absolutely ascertained?) who was the Person to whose happy Talent we owe the following Poems; every Reader of Taste will allow, that they abound with striking Beauties; and that upon the whole, those Critics do no great Injury to Tibullus, who still ascribe them to that Poet.

As Sulpicia and Cerinthus perfectly understood one another, we must not expect in their Poems those Sallies and Transitions of Passion, that frantic and despondent Air, so observable in Tibullus: for these are the natural Emanations of a heated Fancy and a distracted Heart. But the Poems before us abound in what the Moderns denominate Gallant Flattery. Most of them shew the Poet and happy Lover. They give us little Anecdotes of their Passion, and make us regret we have not more.

S U L P I C I Æ
P O E M A T A.

P O E M A P R I M U M.

SULPICIA est tibi culta tuis, Mars magne, ka-
lendis,

Speſtatum a coelo, ſi ſapis, ipſe veni.

Hoc Venus ignoſcet ; at tu, violente, caveto,

Ne tibi miranti turpiter arma cadant.

Illius

4. *Even Cytherea will indulge the Sight.*] One of the Criticks has obſerved upon this Paſſage, that Venus muſt either have had great Confidence in her own Charms ; or have been little ſollicitous what became of her Paramour Mars, to indulge him in this Interview.

6. *Beware your Hands unner'd, &c.*] When Euryclea, in the Odyſſey (lib. xix.) diſcovers Ulyſſes (whom ſhe was bathing) by the Scar in his Leg, her joyful Surprize is finely imagined, by her being ready to faint, and her dropping the Jar of Water. Nor leſs beautiful is the Surprize-
teſtified by Paris, when by Chance he beheld the fair Boſom of Helen :

Dum

S U L P I C I A ' s
P O E M S.

POEM THE FIRST.

GREAT God of War! Sulpicia, lovely Maid,
To grace your Calends, is in Pomp array'd.
If Beauty warms you, quit th'ethereal Height,
E'en Cytherea will indulge the Sight :
But while you gaze o'er all her matchless Charms, 5
Beware your Hands should meanly drop your Arms!

When

*Dum stupet visis (nam pocula forte tenebam)
Tortilis e digitis excidit ansa meis.*

Ep. Her. lin. 251.

Menage, in his Bird-catcher and Adonis, gives a no less fine Instance of Astonishment; but Milton has surpassed them all, in the Picture he has drawn of Adam's Consternation and Horror, upon being told by Eve that she had eat of the forbidden Fruit, which is a beautiful Contrast to the Joy which she shewed in narrating the Fact :

Thus Eve, with Count'nance blythe, her Story told,
But in her Check Distemper flushing glow'd.

On

Illius ex ocul's, quem vult exurere Divos,
Accendit geminas lampidas acer Amor.

5

Illam

On th'other Side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal Trespafs done by Eve, amaz'd,
Astoned stood, and blank ; while Horror dull
Ran thro' his Veins, and all his Joints relax'd ;
From his slack Hand the Garland, wreath'd for Eve,
Down dropt, and all the faded Roses shed :
Speechless he stood, and pale ; till thus at length
First to himself he inward Silence broke.

Book ix. l. 886.

What the Author of this Poem ascribes to the Power of
Beauty, Pindar ascribes (perhaps no less truly) to the Force
of Harmony.

Χρυσία φερεμένη Ἄσπαστος, &c.

Pyth. Od. 1.

which the late Mr. West has thus poetically rendered :

Hail, golden Lyre ! whose Heaven-invented String
To Phœbus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs,
Who in sweet Chorus, round their tuneful King,
Mix with thy sounding Chords their sacred Songs—
The Dance, gay Queen of Pleasure ! thee attends ;
Thy jocund Strains her listening Feet inspire :
And each melodious Tongue its Voice suspends,
Till thou, great Leader of the heavenly Choir !
With wanton Art preluding, giv'st the Sign —
Swells the full Concert then with Harmony divine.

D E C A D E II.

Then, of their streaming Lightnings all disarm'd,
The smouldering Thunder-bolts of Jove expire :
Then, by the Music of thy Numbers charm'd,
The Birds fierce Monarch drops his vengeful Ire ;
Perch'd on the Sceptre of th'Olympian King,
The thrilling Darts of Harmony he feels ;
And indolently hangs his rapid Wing,
While gentle Sleep his closing Eye-lid seals ;

And

When Cupid would the Gods with Love surprize,
He lights his Torches at her radiant Eyes.

A secret

And o'er his heaving Limbs, in lose Array,
To every balmy Gale, the ruffling Feathers play.

But what gave Rise to this Quotation, follows Decade III.

Ev'n Mars, stern God of Violence and War,
Sooths with thy lulling Strains his furious Breast,
And, driving from his Heart each bloody Care,
His pointed Lance consigns to peaceful Rest.

Which Image, as well as that of the Eagle, are thus imitated by two excellent Poets of our own Days.

O! Sovereign of the willing Soul
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing Airs,
Enchanting Shell! the fullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft Controul.
On Thracia's Hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the Fury of his Car,
And dropp'd his thirsty Lance at thy Command.
Perching on the scepter'd Hand
Of Jove, thy Magic lulls the feather'd King
With ruffled Plumes and flagging Wing;
Quench'd in dark Clouds of Slumber lie
The Terror of his Beak, and Lightning of his Eye.

Ode by Gray.

What follows, is from Dr. Akenfide's Hymn to the Naiads :

With Emulation all the sounding Choir,
And bright Apollo, Leader of the Song,
Their Voices thro' the liquid Air exalt,
And sweep their lofty Wings : those awful Strings,
That charm the Mind of Gods ; that fill the Courts
Of wide Olympus with Oblivion sweet
Of Evils, with immortal Rest from Cares ;
Assuage the Terrors of the Throne of Jove ;
And quench the formidable Thunderbolt

Of

Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit,

Componit furtim, subsequiturque Decor.

Seu solvit crines, fufis decet esse capillis :

Seu comfit, comitis est veneranda comis.

16

Urit, seu Tyria voluit procedere palla :

Urit, seu nivea candida veste venit.

Talis

Of unrelenting Fire, with slacken'd Wings,
While now the solemn Concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the Sceptre of his Lord
Sleeps the stern Eagle, by the number'd Notes
Possess'd, and satiate with the melting Tone;
Sovereign of Birds. The furious God of War,
His Darts forgetting, and the rapid Wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er th'embattled Plain,
Relents, and sooths his own fierce Heart to Ease.

Doddsley's Collect. vol. vi.

While such Imitations make it doubtful, to whom the Palm of Preference should be given, all Complaints of Decay of poetical Genius among us, must be imputed, either to Ignorance or Malice.

8. *He lights his Torches, &c.*] Andreas Schettus makes our Author's indebted to Euripides for this Thought; and yet what he quotes from that excellent tragic Poet, has little or no Reference to the Text. The Words are,

Ἐρως ἔρως, ὃ κατ' ἄμματα
Σταθεῖς ποδῶν, εἰσάγων γλυκυσίαν
Ψυχῇ χαρῆν, ὡς σπιγδαῖον.

Hippol. ver. 525.

Broekhusius has collected most of the Passages from the ancient and modern (Latin) Poets, where Love is either said to lurk in the Eye, or bask in the Cheek of a fine Woman, but gives justly the Preference to the Text. Thoughts of this Kind however, are now-a-days too threadbare even to please a Chambermaid.

9. *A secret Grace her every AE, &c.*] Cardinal Bembo and Count Castiglione have both imitated this Passage. The latter inserted his Imitation in a Poem he addressed to his Wife Elizabeth Gonzaga, on her singing, and is as follows :

Quidquid

A secret Grace her every Act improves,
 And pleasing follows wheresoe'er she moves : 10
 If loose her Hair upon her Bosom plays,
 Unnumber'd Charms that Negligence betrays :
 Or if 'tis plaited with a labour'd Care,
 Alike the labour'd Plaits become the Fair.
 Whether rich Tyrian Robes her Charms invest, 15
 Or all in snowy White the Nymph is drest,
 All, all she graces, still supremely fair,
 Still charms Spectators with a fond Despair.

A thou-

*Quidquid agit, certant pariter componere furtim
 Et Decor & charitis, & pudor ingenuus.*

Elizabeth had a fine Genius for Poetry.

13. *Or if 'tis plaited with a labour'd Care.*] *Comæ, awo ru καομαεν, dicuntur Capilli aliqua cura compositi ; teste Festo.* And Servius adds, that *coma* belongs to Women's, as *caesariis* does to Men's Hair : but this Distinction is too refined ; Tibullus himself applies *coma* to the Hair of a Boy. Vide Book i. El. 10.

17. *All, all she graces, &c.*] Lord Lansdown has some Thoughts analogous to these of our Poetess.

When Myra walks, so charming is her Mien,
 In every Motion every Grace is seen.

And again,

With Charms so numerous Myra can surprize,
 The Gazer knows not by what Darts he dies ;
 So thick the Volley, and the Wound so sure,
 No Flight can save, no Remedy can cure.

Ovid's Vertumnus is a Master-piece. See Metamorphosis, lib. xiv.

Talis in aeterno felix Vertumnus Olympo,
Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

Sola puellarum digna est, cui mollia caris 15
Vellera det fucis bis madefacta Tyros ;

Possideatque, metit quidquid bene olentibus arvis
Cultor odoratae dives Arabs segetis ;

Et quascumque niger rubro de litore conchas
Proximus Eois colligit Indus equis. 20

Hanc vos, Pierides, festis cantate kalendis,
Et testudinea Phoebe superbe lyra.

Hæc solenne sacrum multos celebretur in annos.

Dignior est vestro nulla puella choro.

ELEGIA

21. *The richest Tints, &c.*] This and the Remainder of the Poem are also imitated by Castiglione ; and tho, he hath well performed, yet Francius, who has also adopted the Sentiments of our Author, hath surpassed the Count in a Poem addressed to that great Scholar, but midling Poet, *Monf. Menage*.

23. *To thee th' Arabian Husbandman, &c.*] It was so commonly believed, in the Time of Augustus, that Arabia, be-
sides

A thousand Dresses thus Vertumnus wears,
And beauteous equally in each appears. 20

The richest Tints and deepest Tyrian Hue,
To thee, O wonderful Maid! are solely due:
To thee th' Arabian Husbandman should bring
The spicy Producé of his eastern Spring:
Whatever Gems the swarthy Indians boast, 25
Their shelly Treasures, and their golden Coast,
Alone thou merit'st! Come, ye tuneful Choir!
And come, bright Phœbus! with thy plaintive Lyre!
This solemn Festival harmonious praise,
No Theme so much deserves harmonious Lays. 30

T H E

vides Spices, contained immense Quantities of Gold, that the Emperor marched thither a considerable Army, A. U. C. 729. which perished by Sickness. A like Fate attend every Army, which invades any Country on such an Account.

POEMA SECUNDUM.

PARCE meo juveni, seu quis bona pascua campi,
 Seu colis umbrosi devia montis, aper.

Nec tibi sit duros acuisse in praelia dentes.

Incolumem custos hunc mihi servet Amor.

Sed procul abducit venanti Delia curas. 5

O pereant silvae, deficiantque canes.

Quis furor est, demens densos indagine colles

Claudentem, teneras laedere velle manus ?

Quidve juvat furtim latebras intrare ferarum ?

Candidaque hamatis crura notare rubis ? 10

Sed tamen, ut tecum liceat, Cerinthe, vagari,

Ipsa ego per montes retia torta feram.

Ipsa

3. ——— *my lov' d Cerintbus spare!*] The Cerinthus whom Horace mentions, was a beautiful Slave from Chalcis; and under this Name, applied only to the handsome, Sulpicia probably veiled her regard for some young Person of Fashion.

4. *Know, Cupid! I consign him, &c.*] Mr. Gay, in his fine Ballad, intitled William and Susan, has the following pretty if not true Thought,

Love

T H E
S E C O N D P O E M.

WHETHER, fierce churning Boars! in Meads
ye fray,

Or haunt the shady Mountain's devious Way;

Whet not your Tusks, my lov'd Cerinthus spare!

Know, Cupid! I consign him to your Care.

What Madnes 'tis, shagg'd tractless Wilds to beat,

And wound, with pointed Thorns, your tender Feet:

O! why to savage Beasts your Charms oppose?

With Toils and Blood-hounds why their Haunts in-
close?

The Lust of Game decoys you far away;

Ye Blood-hounds perish, and ye Toils decay! 10

Yet, yet could I with lov'd Cerinthus rove

Thro' dreary Defarts, and the thorny Grove:

The cumbrous Meshes on my Shoulders bear,

And dare the Monsters with my barbed Spear:

Could

Love will ward off the Bullets as they fly,

Left precious Drops should fall from Sufan's Eye.

11. *Yet, yet could I with lov'd Cerinthus rove.*] However disagreeable Field-sports were to the amiable Sulpicia, yet to

VOL. II.

M

have

Ipsa ego velocis quaeram vestigia cervae,

Et demam celeri ferrea vincla cani.

Tunc mihi, tunc placeant silvae; sic, lux mea tecum 15

Arguar ante ipsas concubuisse plagas.

Tunc veniat licet ad casses, illaesus abibit,

Ne Veneris cupidae gaudia turbet, aper.

Nunc sine me fit nulla Venus; sed lege Dianae,

Caste puer, casta retia tende manu. 20

Et quaecumque meo furtim subrepet amori,

Incidat in saevas diripienda feras.

At tu venandi studium concede parenti,

Et celer in nostros ipse recurre sinus.

POEMA

have the Pleasure of Cerinthus's Company, she was willing to undergo all the Fatigues and Dangers of Boar-hunting. Such is the Nature of Love!

Had Guarini our Sulpicia in his Mind, when he made Dorinda thus address Sylvio?

*Te seguero compagna
Del tuo fido, Melampo assai piu fida:
E quando sarai fianco
T'auschiugerd la fronte:
E sovra questo fianco,
Che per ti mai non posa, bavrà riposo.*

It is thus that Prior describes the Disguises which Henry assumed, in order to obtain the Affection of the beautiful Emma:

When Emma hunts, in Huntsman's Habit dress,
Henry on Foot pursues the bounding Beast;
In his right Hand his beachen Pole he bears,
And graceful at his Side his Horn he wears, &c.

Again,

Could track the bounding Stags thro' tainted
Grounds, 15

Beat up their Cover, and unchain the Hounds :

But most to spread our artful Toils I'd joy,
For while we watch'd them, I could clasp the Boy!
Then, as entranc'd in amorous Blifs we lay,
Mix'd Soul with Soul, and melted all away ! 20
Snar'd in our Nets, the Boar might safe retire,
And owe his Safety to our mutual Fire.

O! without me ne'er taste the Joys of Love,
But a chaste Hunter in my Absence prove.
And O! may Boars the wanton Fair destroy, 25
Who would Cerinthus to their Arms decoy!
Yet, yet I dread! — Be Sports your Father's Care;
But you, all Passion! to my Arms repair!

T H E

Again,

A Falc'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks ;
With her of Tarfels and of Lures he talks ;
Upon his Wrist the towering Merlin stands,
Practis'd to run, and stoop, at her Commands, &c.

Again,

A Shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with his jolly Pipe delights the Groves :
The neighbouring Swains around the Stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his Song, &c.

And lastly,

A frantic Gypfy, now, the House he haunts,
And in wild Phrases speaks dissembled Wants :
With the fond Maids in Palmestry he deals ;
They tell the Secret first, which he reveals, &c.

 POEMA TERTIUM.

HUC ades, et teneras morbos expelle puellae :
 Huc ades intonsa Phoebæ superbe coma.

Crede mihi, propera, nec te jam Phoebæ pigebit,
 Formosæ medicas adplicuisse manus.

Effice, ne macies tabentes occupet artus, 5
 Neu notet informis pallida membra color.

Et quodcumque mali est, et quidquid triste timemus,
 In pelagus rapidis devehat amnis aquis.

Sanctæ veni, tecumque feras quicumque sopores,
 Quicumque et cantus corpora fessa levant. 10
 Neu

7. *Come, Phœbus, &c.*] Would not a long Enumeration of the Epithets of Apollo have been extremely improper here? and does not his immediate Call for Assistance shew the Greatness of the Writer's Concern?

When Laura was at the Point of Death, how very coldly does Petrarch place her next to Jupiter, instead of breaking forth into passionate Exclamations? and how poorly consolatory is his Vision? Prim. Part. Canzon. 12, 13, 14, &c.

9. *Or real Ills, or whate'er Ills we fear.*] Hence Apollo, from the Greeks, had the Appellation of θεὸς ἀλιξιακός, (*deus malorum depulsor*), bestowed on him; as the Latins called him *Averruncus*.

10. *To Ocean's farthest Verge, &c.*] All Expiations and purgaments

T H E
T H I R D P O E M.

COME, Phoebus! with your leafy-floating Hair,
 O sooth her Torture, and restore the Fair!
 Come, quickly come! we supplicant implore,
 Such Charms your happy Skill ne'er-fav'd before!
 Let not her Frame, consumptive pine away, 5
 Her Eyes grow languid, and her Bloom decay;
 Propitious come! and with you bring along
 Each pain-subduing Herb, and soothing Song;
 Or real Ills, or whate'er Ills we fear,
 To Ocean's farthest Verge let Torrents bear. 10
O! rack

ments were, by the Ancients, performed either on the Brink of a River, or on the Sea-shore: this Practice continued long after the Introduction of Christianity, for we are informed by Petrarch, that he saw the Women of Cologne, with Garlands on their Heads, wash their Arms in the Rhine, while they muttered some foreign Charm. The Poet, wondering both at the Crowd and the Action, enquired the Reason, and was told, that it was a very ancient Rite, the common People believing that all the Calamities of the ensuing Year were prevented by the solemn Ablution of that Day. *Vide lib. i. Ep. 4.*

Neu juvenem torque, metuit qui fata puellae,
 Votaque pro domina vix numeranda facit.
 Interdum vovet : interdum, quod langueat illa,
 Dicit in acternos aspera verba Deos.
 Pone metum, Cerinthe : Deus non laedit amantes : 15
 Tu modo semper ama : salva puella tibi est.
 At nunc tota tua est ; te sola candida secum
 Cogitat, et frustra credula turba sedet.
 Nil opus est fletu ; lacrimis erit aptius uti,
 Si quando fuerit tritior illa tibi. 20
 Phoebe fave ; laus magna tibi tribuetur, in uno
 Corpore servato restituisse Duos.
 Jam celebrer, jam laetus eris, quum debita reddet
 Certatim sanctis lotus uterque focus.
 Tunc te felicem dicent pia turba Deorum : 25
 Optabunt artes et sibi quisque tuas.

ELEGIA.

Petrarch flourished in the fourteenth Century, and was no less eminent for his Latin (inasmuch that he obtained the Appellation of the Restorer of that Language), than for his Italian Compositions. In Propriety, Exactness, Elegance, and Melody he surpassed all his poetic Predecessors ; and so much was he esteemed, that a Man, for having shot, out of Wantonness, at his Statue in Padua, and broke its Nose, was hanged by the Venetians. Vindefino Spira published the first Edition of his *Rime*, at Venice, A. D. 1470.

O!-rack no more, with harsh, unkind Delays,
 The Youth, who ceaseless for her Safety prays ;
 'Twixt Love and Rage his tortur'd Soul is torn ;
 And now he prays, now treats the Gods with Scorn.

Take Heart, fond Youth! you have not vainly
 pray'd,

Still persevere to love th'enchancing Maid : 16

Sulpicia is your own ! for you she fights,
 And flights all other Conquests of her Eyes :

Dry then your Tears ; your Tears would fitly flow
 Did she on others her Esteem bestow. 20

O come ! what Honour will be yours, to save
 At once two Lovers from the doleful Grave ?
 Then both will emulate exact your Skill ;
 With grateful Tablets, both your Temples fill ;
 Both heap with spicy Gums your sacred Fire ; 25
 Both sing your Praises to th'harmonious Lyre :
 Your Brother-Gods will prize your healing Powers,
 Lament their Attributes, and envy yours.

T H E

18. *And flights all other Conquests of her Eyes.*] Some Editions read *sedula* ; and indeed the Epithet is more consonant to the Interpretation which Broekhusius and the Translator have given of the Passage. Vulpinus explains the *credula turba* to be those, who, either about Sulpicia's Bed, or in the Temples of the Gods, put up Petitions for her Recovery.

27. *Your Brother-Gods, &c.*] This is an elegant Compliment on the Professors of Medicine.

POEMA QUARTUM.

ESTNE tibi, Cerinthe, tuae pia cura puellae,
Dum mea nunc vexat corpora fessa calor ?
Ah ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
Optarim, quam te si quoque velle putem.
Nam mihi quid profit morbos evincere, ubi tu
Nostra potes lento pectore ferre mala ?

POEMA QUINTUM.

QUI mihi te, Cerinthe, dies dedit, hic mihi sanctus,
Atque inter festos semper habendus erit.
Te nascente novum Parcae cecinere puellis
Servitium, et dederunt regna superba tibi.
Uror ego ante alias : juvat hoc, Cerinthe, quod uros,
Si tibi de nobis mutuus ignis adest, 6
Mutuus adfit amor; per te dulcissima furta,
Perque tuos oculos, per Geniumque rogo.

Magne

T H E
F O U R T H P O E M.

ON my Account, to Grief a ceaseless Prey,
 Dost thou a sympathetic Anguish prove?
 I would not wish to live another Day,
 If my Recovery did not charm my Love:
 For what were Life, and Health, and Bloom to me,
 Were they displeasing, beauteous Youth! to thee.;

T H E
F I F T H P O E M.

WITH Feasts I'll ever grace the sacred Morn,
 When my Cerinthus, lovely Youth! was born.
 At Birth, to you th'unerring Sisters sung
 Unbounded Empire o'er the Gay and Young:
 But I, chief I! (if you my Love repay,) 5
 With Rapture own your ever-pleasing Sway.
 This I conjure you, by your charming Eyes,
 Where Love's soft God in wanton Ambush lies!

Magne Geni, cape tara libens, votisque faveto:

Si modo, quum de me cogitat ille, calet. 10

Quod si forte alios jam nunc suspirat amores;

Tu, precor, infidos, sancte, relinque focos.

Nec tu sis injusta Venus; vel serviat acque

Vinctus uterque tibi, vel mea vincla leva.

Sed potius valida teneamur uterque catena, 15

Nulla queat posthac nos soluisse dies.

Optat idem juvenis, quod nos: sed tectius optat.

Nam pudet haec illum dicere verba palam.

At tu, Natalis, quoniam Deus omnia sentis,

Adnue; quid refert clamne, palamne roget? 20

P O E M A

19. *In secret my Cerintus begs the same.*] In this manner he prayed, lest any of the Auditors should envy him, say the Commentators; or lest a fascinating Tongue (*lingua fascinatix*) should prevent the Completion of his Prayers. None, add they, chose in an audible Voice to lay open their real Wants to the Gods, lest the Bystanders should over-hear them; and therefore all those, who desired of the Gods, what was extravagant, or what was immodest, or in short what they did not chuse to own, either muttered their Vows, or whispered them in the Ear of their Deity. And thus the Ancients, as Seneca expresses it, told that to
God,

This by your Genius, and the Joys we stole,
 Whose sweet Remembrance still enchants my Soul! 10

Great natal Genius! grant my Heart's Desire,
 So shall I heap with costly Gums your Fire!
 Whenever Fancy paints me to the Boy,
 Let his Breast pant with an impatient Joy:
 But if the Libertine for others sigh 15
 (Which Love forbid!) O Love! your Aid deny.
 Nor, Love! be partial, let us both confess
 The pleasing Pain, or make my Passion less.
 But O! much rather 'tis my Soul's Desire,
 That both may feel an equal, endless Fire.

In secret my Cerinthus begs the same,
 But the Youth blushes to confess his Flame:
 Assent, thou God! to whom his Heart is known,
 Whether he public ask, or secret own.

T H E

God, which they were ashamed a Mortal should be made
 privy to. *Quanta dementia est hominum? turpissima vota Diis
 insurrant: si quis admovent aurtm, conticefcnt; & quod fcire
 hominum nolunt, Deo narrant.* Ep. 10. See this Impiety fe-
 verely treated by Persius, in his second Satire.

POEMA SEXTUM.

NATALIS Juno, sanctos cape turis honores,
 Quos tibi dat tenera docta puella manu.

Tota tibi est hodie ; tibi se lactissima comsit,

Staret ut ante tuos conspicienda focos.

Illa quidem orandi causas tibi, Diva, relegat : 5

Est tamen, occulte cui placuisse velit.

At tu, sancte, fave, ne nox divellat amantes :

Sed juveni, quaeso, mutua vincla para.

Sed bene compones ; alli non ille puellae

Servire, aut cuiquam dignior illa viro.

10

Nec

2. *The Incense offer'd by the learned Fair.*] Sulpicia had a good Title to that Epithet ; for in the following Line, she said no more of her poetical Endowments, than she modestly might,

Primaque Romanas docui contendere Grajis.

That the Romans should have produced not one Poetess before Sulpicia, to put them more upon a Level with the Greeks, is Matter of no small Astonishment ; since, as Cato observed, the Romans governed the World, but the Women governed the Romans. How many fair Poetesses has this Island produced ? and in particular, how many does Britain at present boast of, whose Writings, both in Prose and Verse, may be compared, much to their Advantage, with all the female Productions of Antiquity ?

Besides

T H E
S I X T H P O E M.

A CCEPT, O natal Queen! with placent Air,
 The Incense offer'd by the learned Fair,
 She's rob'd in cheerful Pomp, O Power divine!
 She's rob'd to decorate your Matron-shrine;
 Such her Pretence; but well her Lover knows 5
 Whence her gay Look, and whence her Fingry flows.

Thou, who dost o'er the nuptial Bed preside,
 O! let not envious Night their Joys divide,
 But make the Bridegroom amorous as the Bride! }
 So shall they tally, matchless lovely Pair!
 A Youth all Transport, and a melting Fair! 10
 Then

Besides Sulpicia, the Poets mention Perilla and Theophila. Perilla lived in the Augustan Age, and is praised by Ovid, Trist. lib. iii. El. 7. The other was a Cotemporary of Martial's, who celebrates her, Lib. 7. Ep. 68. Their Works, if ever they published any, are now lost. But we have a Virgilian Canto on the Life of our Saviour, written in the Reign of Theodosius and Honorius, by Proba Falconia. This Poetess, who was married to a Person of proconsular Dignity, is accused by some of having betrayed Rome into the Hands of Alaric the Goth; but Cæsar Baronius has fully cleared her from that disloyal Imputation.

Juvenal,

Nec possit cupidus vigilax deprendere custos,

Fallendique vias mille ministret Amor.

Adnse, purpureaque veni pellucida palla.

Ter tibi fit libo, ter, Dea casta, mero.

Præcipit en natae mater studiosa, quid optet, 15

Illâ aliud tacita clam sibi mente rogat.

Uritur, ut celeres urunt altaria flammæ ;

Nec, liceat quamvis, sana fuisse velit.

Sic juveni gratis, veniet quum proximus annus,

Hic idem votis jam vetus adfit Amor. 20

P O E M A

Juvenal, Boileau, and others, have expressed, in their Writings a vast Aversion to learned Women ; and indeed were all of the Sex, who have Learning, to be such as they represent them, the Translator would heartily join with the Satirists : but how can he do it, whilst he has the Honour to know some Ladies, who possess as great a Fund of Erudition, as most Men are enriched with, and who, nevertheless, are intirely free from all those disagreeable Concomitants, with which these Poets have loaded their learned Women ? In short, when we consider in what Manner the Welfare of Society depends upon the Fair Sex, we cannot but own, that their Understandings ought to be cultivated with much Assiduity : a fine Woman, with a good Heart, and an improved Head, is the loveliest Object in the Creation.

9. *So shall they tally, &c.*] The Word *componere*, in the Original, is a Metaphor taken from Gladiators, who were then said *componi*, when they fought together, and were well matched.

VULPIUS.

13. ——— *in purple Pomp appear.*] That is, in a Palla of Purple ; which not only Apollo and his Votaries, with Osiris, wore, but in which also Bacchus, Mercury, Pallas, Night, the Furies, Discord, and even Rivers were habited. *Ades semper* (says Macrobius) *ita se & sciri & coli numina maluerunt, qualiter in vulgus antiquitas fabulata est ; quæ & imagines*

Then let no Spies their secret Haunts explore ;
Teach them thy Wiles, O Love! and guard the Door.

Assent, chaste Queen ! in purple Pomp appear ;
Thrice Wine is pour'd, and Cakes await you, here. 15
Her Mother tells her for what Boon to pray ;
Her Heart denies it, tho' her Lips obey.

She burns, that Altar as the Flames devour ;
She burns, and flights the Safety in her Power.

So may the Boy, whose Chains you proudly wear, 20
Thro' Youth the soft indulgent Anguish bear ;
And when old Age has chill'd his every Vein,
The dear Remembrance may he still retain !

T H E

gines & simulacra formarum talium prorsus alienis, & etates tam incrementi quam diminutionis ignaris, & amictus ornatusque varios corpus non habentibus adsignavit.

BROEKE.

16. *Her Heart denies it, tho' her Lips obey.*] Vulpus retains the old Reading,

jam sua mente rogat,

and explains it, as if Sulpicia were now *sui juris & arbitrii*, of Age and fit to make Vows for herself ; but had that ingenious Commentator attended to the Words *clam & tacita* in the same Line, he would have seen that the true Reading was that which is retained in the Text.

17. *She burns, that Altar as the Flames, &c.*] Merrage observes of the Original of this Passage, that an active should not follow a passive Verb ; and therefore contends that the *urunt* should be *uruntur* : and yet we know that the contrary Practice is warranted by some of the purest Writers of the Augustan Age ; and, if the Translator is not mistaken, that learned Grammatian himself has, in his Latin Poems, fallen into the mode of Expression, which he here condemns in Sulpicia.

POEMA SEPTIMUM.

INVISUS natalis adest, qui rare molesto,

Et sine Cerintho tristis agendus erit.

Dulcius urbe quid est ? an villa sit apta puellae,

Atque Eretino frigidus annus agro ?

Jam nimium, Messala, mei studiose quiescas,

Non tempestivae saepe propinque viae.

Hic animum, sensusque meos abducta relinquo :

Arbitrii quoniam non finis esse mei.

P O E M A

2. *When to your cold, cold Villa I must go.*] The Villa, mentioned in the Original, is Eretum, now Monte Ritondo. It was situated upon a high Hill, not far from the Banks of the Tiber, and was therefore cool, even in the Midst of Summer. Cluverius places it at the Distance of fourteen Miles from Rome ; but Holstenius, in his Annot. Geogr. on the Authority of Antoninus's Itinerary, and Ferrarius removes it four Miles farther off.

T H E
S E V E N T H P O E M.

I.

AT last the natal odious Morn draws nigh,
When to your cold, cold Villa I must go;
There, far, too far from my Cerinthus Sigh :
Oh why, Messals ! will you plague me so ?

II.

Let studious Mortals prize the sylvan Scene ;
And ancient Maidens hide them in the Shade ;
Green Trees perpetually give me the Spleen ;
For Crowds, for Joy, for Rome, Sulpicia's made !

III.

Your too officious Kindness gives me Pain.
How fall the Hail-stones ! hark ! how howls the
Wind !
Then know, to grace your Birth-day should I deign,
My Soul, my All, I leave at Rome behind.

T H E

POEMA OCTAVUM.

SCIS iter ex animo sublatum triste puellae ;
Natali Romae jam finis esse tuo.

Omnibus ille dies nobis natalis agatur,
Qui necopinanti nunc tibi forte venit.

POEMA NONUM.

GRATUM est, securus multum quod jam tibi deme
Promittis, subito ne male inepta cadam.

Si tibi cura toga est potior, pressumque quasillo
Scortum, quam Servi filia Sulpicia :

Solliciti

1. *That I descended, &c.*] From the Original, the Commentators conclude, that Sulpicia was the Daughter of that famous Servius Sulpicius, who died at Modena, whilst he was engaged in an Embassy to Antony, which he had undertaken at the Request of the Consuls Hirtius and Pansa, and of the Senate : but then they seem to forget that Servius was a Prænomen common to all the Males of the Sulpician Family, and therefore not distinguishingly characteristic of any of them. *Those* who suppose that Tibullus wrote these Poems, and believe he was born in 710, make him a Post before his Birth ; for, says Broekhusius, Sulpicia

T H E
E I G H T H P O E M.

AT last the Fair's determin'd not to go :
My Lord ! you know the Whimfies of the Sex.
Then let us gay carouze, let Odours flow ;
Your Mind no longer with her Absence vex :
For oh ! confider, Time incessant flies ;
But every Day's a Birth-day to the Wife !

T H E
N I N T H P O E M.

THAT I, descended of Patrician Race,
With Charms of Fortune, and with Charms of
Face,

Am so indifferent grown to you of late,
So little car'd for, now excites no Hate.
Rare Taste, and worthy of a Poet's Brain, 5
To prey on Garbage, and a Slave adore !
In such to find out Charms, a Bard must feign
Beyond what Fiction ever feign'd of Yore.

Her

cia speaks of her Parents as if both were alive. Although
the Translator is persuaded that the Pieces in this Book
are

Solliciti sunt pro nobis, quibus illa dolori est,
 Ne cedam ignoto, maxima cura, toro.

are not Tibullus's, yet he can see nothing in the Poem to support this Assertion. Sure Sulpicia might call herself the Daughter of Servius Sulpicius, notwithstanding her Father's Death ;

POEMA DECIMUM.

NE tibi sim, mea lux, aequè jam fervida cura,
 As videor paucos ante fuisse dies ;
 Si quidquam tota commisi stulta juventa,
 Cujus me fatear posuisse magis,
 Hæsterna quam te solum quod nocte reliqui,
 Ardorem cupiens dissimulare meum.

POEMA

Her Friends may think Sulpicia is disgrac'd ;
 No! no! she honours your transcendent Taste. 10

Death; and the two last Lines of the Original may be applied to her nearest Relations or Guardians, with as much Propriety as to her Parents.

T H E
 T E N T H P O E M.

IF from the Bottom of my love-sick Heart,
 Of last Night's Coyneſs I do not repent,
 May I no more your tender Anguiſh hear,
 No longer ſee you ſhed th'impaſſion'd Tear.

You graſp'd my Knees, and yet to let you part —
 O Night more happy with Cerinthus ſpent !
 My Flame with Coyneſs to conceal I thought,
 But this Concealment was too dearly bought.

T H E

